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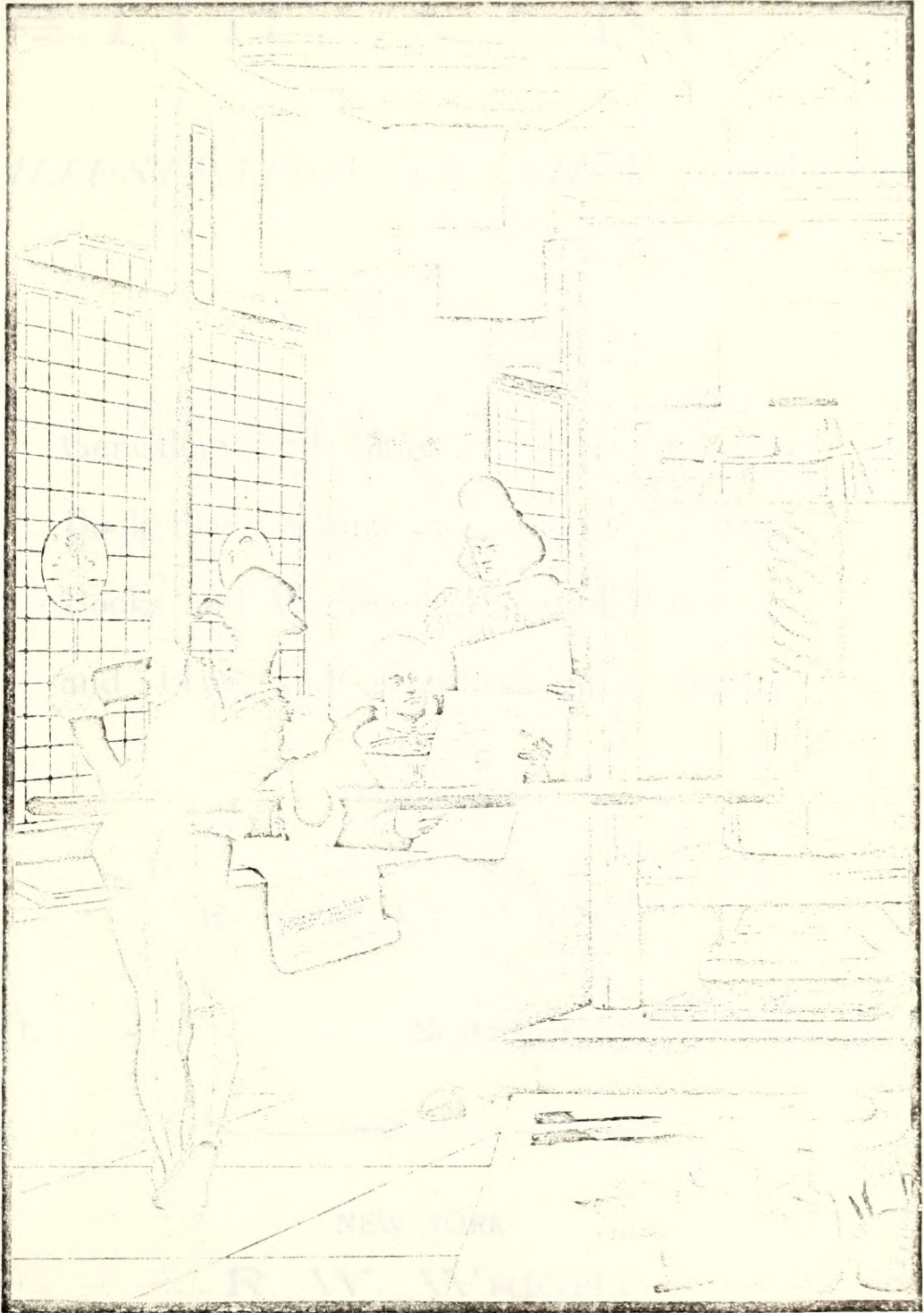


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THE CURIO

Volume I. - September, 1887, to February, 1888.



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From THE CURIO

for September, 1887.

From the decoration of the Sorbonne.

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PLATE 2. PLAN OF THE

THE DUND

From the plan of the fortification
as first mentioned in the text.

THE CURIO

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

Genealogy and Biography, Heraldry and
Book Plates, Coins and Autographs, Rare
Books and Works of Art, Old Furniture
and Plate, and other Colonial Relics.

EDITED BY

E. DE V. VERMONT

Volume I. - - - September, 1887, to February, 1888.

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THE CURIO

VOLUME I.

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OUR FRIEND THE COLLECTOR.

I DO not speak of that petty official elected by the vote of a dozen taxpayers and of fifty corner-grocery idlers, who takes in the village rates and sometimes turns them over into Canadian channels.

Nor do I mean that more pompous and better fed functionary, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, who levies upon imported goods a tax of sixty per cent or more. Both these gentlemen *collect* money from their fellow-citizens for so-called public purposes, and manage generally to get fat and comfortable by means of fair pay, little care and moderate work.

My friend the collector is of a different stamp; and if THE CURIO is ever to become his organ—to which honor it humbly aspires—it is just as well for him to know that we met him before, that we applaud his idiosyncrasies, have a warm sympathy for his weaknesses, and recognize his usefulness in the social fabric.

His money, he pays out freely; his time, he spends with a positive recklessness on his self-assigned task; his brains, he molds carefully, so as to fit his reigning, his absorbing fancy.

And like all fanatics, whose life has but one object, he deserves careful study, sound advice (if it can be forthcoming), and, at any rate, admiration for his fixity of purpose—a rare and desirable virtue.

Man has been called a “scraping and a collecting animal,” and but few four-footed creatures follow him in that track. Whenever civilization rises, the collecting taste lifts up its head and asserts itself. The acquirement of wealth is but a commonplace manifestation of the same spirit, and, as the home, in its loveliness and in its sanctity, grows up and obtains permanency and durability, the collector’s genius

presides over its beautifying operations and coordinates the treasures scattered about by past and present generations. As an English friend of mine used to say, “Ages and ages ago, before the modern collectors of flint implements were ever dreamt of, there were, no doubt, some gentlemen known by synonyms of ‘Big-flint-splinter,’ or ‘Neat-Chip-Chopper,’ who prided themselves on wonderful collections of flint arrow-heads and skin-scrapers,” and I do not need to go back for such manifestations of the collecting spirit to those models, eternally thrown in the face of the modern inventor—the Chinese.

I wonder why the Concord School of Philosophy, or some other Association of Transcendental Psychological Analysts never attempted to investigate this peculiar and universal bend of the human mind, so general, indeed, and so absolutely accepted that it only draws public attention when directed toward extraordinary objects, like murderers’ black caps, as in Inspector Byrnes’ cabinet, or death-masks, as patiently brought together through the efforts of Mr. Laurence Hutton.

When the Astors collect real-estate deeds and mortgages, when Jay Gould collects shares and bonds, when some men collect wives (as that Langford who was sentenced to seven years’ transportation for marrying just as many maidens), when some women collect husbands (as that lady in Haarlem who, in 1641, “having been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being a widow again, was prohibited to marry in the future,”) no one seems to attribute such peculiarities to that same human bias that leads others to collect books, or pictures, or china—or bugs, when, after all, these are but the rather commonplace forms of the collecting mania.

How diverse, how changeable it has been, the history of the world is there to tell, for that very mania was always pretty closely mixed up with the current events of the life of humanity. I suppose that the Egyptian felt a special pride in his collection of mummies, just as the Phœnician merchant, in his commercial metropolis of Tyre, took pleasure in assembling manuscripts and other manifestations of a budding intellectual development. In Rome, the Greek statue mania had taken a strong hold on the contemporaries of Cicero, and they speak of 700 portraits collected by Varro and colored by a lady named Lalla. Coin and medal collectors prospered in Eneas Vico's time, and doubtless long before him, and so on, and so on, down to modern days, when full-fledged eccentricities abound still in that line, to the never-dying myrth of the non-collector, or of the man who collects something else.

For, in truth, there is nothing that collectors will not collect. Already they accumulate assortments of "old boots and shoes," and any one who has studied, in a loving spirit, the old shoes in the *Musée de Cluny*, in Paris, will admit that there may be less interesting crazes. Among the decorative shoon of the last century is a pair that seems to prove that Madame de Pompadour was no Cinderella. The "bones" of old bodices are also objects now greatly coveted, and it must be admitted that these bones are often prettily carved and pleasant to look at, however inconvenient they may have proved in the wearing. These ancient articles of dress are decidedly of a lower grade, especially when compared with old books, old prints, or any of the thousand varieties of artistic bric-à-brac; but all the same, and all the more, do they prove their possessors to be worthy—if peculiar—representatives of the same unconquerable habit.

Shall I run over a few more of the original traits of the collecting propensity, beginning with King George the Fourth and his collection of "saddles," and with these precursors or our own Byrnes and Huttons, Mr. Urquhard, who collected the halters with which criminals

had been hanged, and Dr. Heavyside, who made a little gallery of casts from their faces? Always in the same cheerful strain, Mr. Tiffin mentions also Dr. Thurnam's large collection of Anglo-Saxon, Roman and British skulls found in England.

In the naughty Tom-and-Jerry time it was a fashion with the "fast gents" of the period to collect knockers, bell-pulls, rattles, lanterns, and staves of the old watchmen or "Charlies" (they call them "cops" on this side), and in short anything they could preserve as trophies of a night at Covent Garden.

If we come down (or, rather, go up) to more worthy collections, we are reminded of Princess Charlotte's collection of "shells"—a royal example much followed since the lovely lady's demise—and our Dutch ancestors clamor for recognition as tulip collectors, and quote the enormous prices paid by these, otherwise staid and economical tradesmen, for new and rare roots. One root, they say, sold for 4,600 florins, some \$1,850, together with a new carriage, a pair of grey horses and a set of harness.

And now that I have pointed out a few of the singular objects accepted as worthy of a temporary collecting craze, I may turn my prospecting lantern, full face, to the collector himself, my friend of to-day—and of to-morrow, I hope—and I shall endeavor to classify him under one of these three headings, the collector *for show*, the collector *for himself*, the collector *for art or science's sake*.

Of the first, the less said the better. For whoever makes it his province to hunt up the ridiculous in social life, he is, by all odds, the most entertaining of the three. But for those whom human silliness renders melancholy, not merry, he stands as a sad spectacle.

Generally as ignorant as he is conceited, he thinks a mere smattering of those matters pertaining to his chosen branch of collecting, all that is needed to throw a fine golden powder in his fellow-beings' wide-open eyes, and if his choices are not always the *best* (far from it), the prices he

pays are certainly the *highest*, and extensively advertised to be such. He is the bric-à-brac dealer's, the old bookseller's, the print-vender's natural born prey. All trade tricks, worn out by repeated use, are sure to catch him, more than once even, for his colossal vanity does not admit of his being duped. Holding at arm's length any sound advice, if any such be imprudently offered him, he walks his way, with his silly head lifted up as if to say: "I am the King of collectors, and I paid *cash* for the honor." He it was, without doubt, who, at the receipt of a catalogue of very cheap and mediocre books, from a New York bibliopole, telegraphed in hot haste, "What will you take for your catalogue as it stands?" A price being quoted, the *distinguished amateur* telegraphed, "Send the books along," and, no doubt, he prided himself on his "smartness and business talent," as much as though the "job lot" had been the cream of Quaritch's or Bonaventure's stock, or the rarest gems from the "shining store" of Messrs. Morgand & Fatout.

But of the collector *for show*, be he our own Mrs. Morgan, or some far-west pork-packer on a literary or artistic spree, I will not say a word more, as assuredly THE CURIO does not wish to sing for him the pæan of the collecting mania.

How different and how comforting to consider by force of sheer contrast, is the collector *for himself*, the great egotist of the profession, the man for whom there exists in this world but one friend, his mania, but one enemy, the man who stands between him and some long-coveted treasure. I do not know if America, hurrying, breathless America, has many specimens of that beaver-like *homunculus*, silent as the tomb, and designing as a nun in wait for an abbess' crozier; but Europe is full of such persistent self-lovers, so constant and so true to the domineering passion, that before such flame the historic love of the Romeos, the Leanders and the Paolos is bound to pale. "He prowls," says a talented *confrère*, speaking of the book-hunter, "through unfrequented places, in crowded London and the Latin-quarter of Paris; he knows the book haunts and the sec-

ond-hand merchants of Edinburgh, and is familiar with the quays of Dublin. Generally, his person is not prepossessing; he is not the neatest of the neat; he is not much to look at; he may be a damaged-looking clothes-horse; but place him among books and he will soar to the stature of the broken giant. The sight of a book-shelf brings to his mind and tongue the glories of Nineveh, with its cuneiform-stamped tablets and heroic inscriptions, the countless rolls of Alexandria and the red obelisks of the Nile; the myriads of Cordova and Paris, of the British Museum and the Vatican, of the Duke of Roxburghe's Boccaccio and the presses of Caxton and Aldus."



Balzac, the great, the only Balzac, has portrayed for us in his "Cousin Pons"—a translation of which counts amongst the literary services rendered this country by Messrs. Robert Brothers—the grand profile of the collector *for himself*. He introduces to his readers a poor, drudging music-teacher and orchestra player, who has invested every franc of his hard-won earnings in the collecting of exquisite paintings, prints, bric-à-brac and other rare mementoes of the dainty XVIII. century. Despised by all, even by his kindred, trodden upon as a nobody, slow, patient, and ever courageous, the "croque-notes" unites to a complete technical knowledge a marvellous intuition of the beautiful, and his treasures are for him, pride, bliss and life. There is no conceit in his case, no desire for show, no ambition of the despicable shoddy-genteel sort. I wish every one of my readers would look up to that realistic and elevating picture of old "Cousin Pons," the true, honest and complete type of the collector *for himself*; they would find there more than a powerful creature of fiction—they would find in it an example.



But there is a still higher grade in that collecting tribe I am studying with you in this rapid article. And, thank God, it is fairly even richly represented upon our ever generous continent. Men there are, and women, too, whose intelligence and heart have induced them

to give their time, their money, the best of their faculties, to accumulating for others, for us all, these scattered *chefs-d'œuvre* born of the literary and artistic efforts of the gifted ones, and destined to brighten our minds and enrich our store of knowledge. When the Astors and the Lennoxes place in our hands their admirable collection of books, when the Seneys and the Wolfes add to our museum the most valuable examples of old and modern art, when many others, in more humble fashion, bring to the common hoard all these treasures, chosen by their cultured taste and paid with their money, we feel that the collecting propensity is nothing less than a public benefactor, and we bless the Creator to have placed such an ennobling instinct in the bosom of the human race.



It is thus, that under its threefold aspect, going over the whole gamut, from sheer affectation and conceit to pure sublimity and disinterestedness, the collecting instinct offers the richest field for constant and earnest study. The collections already made but hidden to general view; the collections in process of development; the dead and living collectors; the

dispersed rarities coveted by so many, understood by so few: all these, in our country, have need of an historiograph, of an honest critic, of a friend; that is, of a voice in the wilderness of our ultra-civilized zone, pointing out the quaintness or the loveliness of things, and bringing it all to be weighed, looked through, appraised, as it were, under the strong light of sound common sense, sure taste and practical knowledge.



Such a task THE CURIO proposes to assume unhesitatingly. Its friendly contributors are already many; they have been chosen one by one, amongst those who know, and who can express in clear periods, the how and the why of things. The general public, "the greater wit of all," as Voltaire calls it, will generously assist us in filling up the unavoidable gaps, and with time, patience, and unflinching impartiality, this modest periodical may grow up to become the indispensable *vade mecum*—the faithful and trusted companion of "our friend the collector."

To deserve such a favor, and to work earnestly for it, is the wish and the will of his obedient servant,

The Rambler.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

TWELVE or fourteen years had elapsed before the invention of Guttenberg and of his associates, Fust and Schœffer, of Mainz or Mayence, had been allowed its right of citizenship on French soil. In 1466, it is true, a small gothic in-folio had been published in Cologne, in the French language. It was the first printed in that tongue, and its title was "*les Histoires de Troyes*," by Raoul Le Fevre, chaplain to the Burgundian Dukes.

In spite, however, of the efforts of Nicholas Jenson—later established at Venice and the inventor of the so-called *Roman Type*—it was only in 1458 that two prominent teachers at the Sorbonne University, Jean Heinlin and Guillaume Fichet, undertook to bring over from Basel three adepts from the Mayence typographical establishment. Their names were Ulrich Gering, Michael Freyburger and Martin Krantz. Out of this peculiar partnership, posterity has chosen and placed foremost the name of *Fichet*, the learned rhetorician, and that of *Gering*, the scholarly compositor and printer.

The picture we give, as a frontispiece to the first number of THE CURIO, has been enselected from the beautiful triptic of Mr. F. Flameng, entitled "*Histoire des Lettres*." It gives a view of the room in the Sorbonne building where the press of Gering and his friends was erected, and we see before us the two worthy doctors to whose energy is due the establishment, *in terra gallica*, of the first printing plant. The first book published—it was finished in 1470—gave to the world, in Latin, the letters of *Gasparin of Bergamo*. We present to our readers a fac-simile of the type employed by the first printers on French ground, to print that first specimen of their noble art.

Misisti nuper ad me suavissimas Gasparini pergamensis epistolae, non a te modo diligent emendatas: sed a tuis quoque germanis impressoribus nitide & terse tractatas. Magnam tibi gratiam Gasparinus

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN PEDIGREES.

Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY, JOHN TEACKLE of Philadelphia, b. 3 April, 1817, s. his uncle, Austin Montgomery, Esquire, of Philadelphia, in the Male Representation of the family of Montgomery, original Earls of Eglinton, and Lords of Kilwinning, etc., etc., 5 November, 1855; m. 25 June, 1856, Alida Gouverneur, daughter of Francis Rawle Whar- ton, Esquire, of Philadelphia; has no issue.

After a few years passed in civil engineering, Mr. John T. Montgomery read law, and was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar, 8 March, 1844.

The heir apparent to the Male Representa- tion of the Family of Montgomery is the Rev. William White Montgomery, of the Episcopal Church, a half-brother of the present Repre- sentative.

LINEAGE.

I. ROBERT DE MONTGOMERIE (believed to be descended from Roger of Mundegumbrie, one of the Norman nobles who accompanied William the Conqueror, and who was made Earl of Shrewsbury), obtained from Walter, 1st High Steward of Scotland, in the latter half of the 12th century, the lands of Eaglesham, forming the southeast portion of Renfrewshire. This estate, for two centuries the chief possession of the Scottish family of Montgomery, has remained their property, undiminished, for the long period of seven hundred years. His son,

II. SIR JOHN DE MONTGOMERIE, "Miles," of Eaglesham, m. Helen, co-heiress of her father, Robert de Kent, of Innerwick, by whom he had three sons. The eldest, who succeeded him, was

III. ALAN DE MONTGOMERIE, "Miles," of Eaglesham, who received in his father's life- time the estate of Innerwick, depending from the Abbey of Kelso. He died before 1234, leaving three sons from an unknown wife, the eldest one, who succeeded him, being

IV. SIR ROBERT DE MONTGOMERIE, "Miles," of Eaglesham; he became, on the death of his French kinsman, Guillaume de Mont- gomerie, Comte de Ponthieu et de Montgomerie,

the chief of the Montgomeries. He died with- out issue, circa, 1261, and was succeeded by his brother, the second son of Sir Alan (III.).

V. SIR JOHN DE MONTGOMERIE of Eagles- ham, and also of Eastwood, his patronymic estate before he succeeded his brother. The name of his wife is unknown. He left four sons and a daughter, the eldest of the sons succeed- ing him in 1285.

VI. SIR JOHN DE MONTGOMERIE of Eagles- ham and Eastwood. He was one of the great Barons of Scotland, summoned to appear at Berwick, in 1291, and was afterwards, with many of his countrymen, it is said, obliged to swear fealty to Edward I., though his name does not appear on the Ragman's Roll, as those of two of his brothers. Almost all the barons and gentry at that time, particularly those in the Lowlands, took their oath to Edward, Bruce himself not hesitating to be among the number. As soon as Bruce asserted his claim to the Scottish throne, Sir John joined his standard, as did most of those who, in 1296, had been obliged to take their oath to the English monarch, and remained a steady friend to the independence of his country. He married Janet, daughter of John Erskine, also one of the barons who in 1296 swore fealty to Edward, and left issue two sons and a daughter. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. SIR ALEXANDER DE MONTGOMERIE of Eaglesham and Eastwood, who seems to have been a man of ability, having been em- ployed on diplomatic missions to England. In 1285 he was one of the barons dispatched thither to treat for the release of their captive Sovereign, taken prisoner at the battle of Dur- ham (1347). He was called by the title of "Lord Montgomerie," although that Parlia- mentary peerage was granted to the family only in 1448-9. He married first a daughter of the first Earl of Douglas, by whom he had no issue; secondly, Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Dunbar and March, by whom he had a son, who succeeded him, prior to the year 1388. That son was,

VIII. SIR JOHN DE MONTGOMERIE of Eaglesham, who distinguished himself at the battle of Otterburne (1388), capturing Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur), whose ransom helped him to build the castle of Polnoon, in the barony of Eaglesham. He m. Elizabeth, dau.

and heiress (by his wife Egidia Stewart, half-sister of King Robert II., and widow of Sir James Lindsay of Crawford) of Sir Hugh Eglinton of that ilk, descendant and representative of Bryce Eglinton, who acquired certain lands from the community of Irvine, which were re-granted to his grandson Rodolph in 1206. By this marriage John de Montgomerie acquired the baronies of Eglinton and Ardrossan, and had issue:

John, his successor, and Alexander, who acquired from his mother the lands of Bonnington, in the barony of Ratho, in 1387. According to the ballad of "Chevy Chase," he had also an eldest son, Hugh, slain at Otterburne, who d. s. i. His second son,

IX. SIR JOHN DE MONTGOMERIE of Eglinton and Eaglesham, more usually designed as "of Ardrossan," a hostage for the Earl of Douglas and for James I., m., 1st, Agnes of the Isles; secondly, Margaret, dau. of Robert Maxwell of Caerlaverock, and d. in or before 1429, having had issue:

1. Alexander, his successor.

2. Robert of Giffen (an estate which seems to have been regarded as the messuage or special apanage of the master or heir apparent of Eglinton; at different times, subsequently it was given off, either whole or in portion, to the younger members of the family).

X. SIR ALEXANDER DE MONTGOMERIE, first Lord Montgomerie, succeeded his father before 1429. With regard to the creation of the peerage of Montgomerie, it is difficult to assign anything like the precise date, although Burke dates the elevation January 31, 1448-9. Sir John de Montgomerie, Lord of that ilk, is stated to have been the first Lord Montgomerie, but his predecessors were styled "Lord Montgomerie" for three generations already. (See VII.) On July 3, 1445, Alexander de Montgomerie, along with Duncan de Campbell, Patrick de Graham, William de Somerville, and Herbert de Maxwell, is styled "Parliamenti nostro Dominus," in the charter erecting the Lordship of Hamilton, by James II., to which instrument these noblemen were witnesses. As other parties mentioned were raised to the peerage, according to Douglas and other authorities, about that period, there is reason to believe that Alexander de Montgomerie, who was of equal rank, must have also been raised at the same time. Lord Montgomerie m. Margaret, second dau. of Sir Thomas Boyd of Kilmarnock, and had issue,

1. Alexander, Master of Montgomerie, who m. Elizabeth, eldest dau. of Sir Adam Hepburn of Hales, and d. in 1452, leaving three sons, viz.:

1. Alexander, successor to his grandfather.

2. Robert of Braidstane, ancestor of the Earls of Mount Alexander.

2. George, first of the Montgomeries of Skelmorlie, Co. Ayr.

3. John of Giffen.

4. Thomas, Parson of Eaglesham, Rector of the University of Glasgow.

Lord Montgomerie dying, circa 1470, was s. by his grandson,

XI. SIR ALEXANDER DE MONTGOMERIE second Lord Montgomerie, who m. Catherine, dau. of Gilbert, 1st Lord Kennedy, and had issue, Hugh, 3d Lord, two other sons and a daughter. He died prior to the year 1484, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

XII. HUGH DE MONTGOMERIE, third Lord Montgomerie, and subsequently first Earl of Eglinton, having been so created by James IV. in 1508.

He was under age at the time of his father's death, as on October 11, 1484, he executed a revocation of all grants made during his minority. He was concerned in the revolt of the barons against James III., in 1487, which resulted in the death of that King, as he fled from the battle of Sauchie, and the accession of his son to the throne, June 11, 1488, and in the following year he was made a member of the Privy Council, and was in great favor with James IV., who created him Earl of Eglinton, and granted him the Constabulary of Rothesay. The Lord of Eglinton was one of the Lords to whom the tuition of James V., when in his minority, was entrusted by the Duke of Albany, the Governor, and in 1536 was, with the Earl of Huntley, appointed joint Governor of Scotland by James, when he went to France for his bride, the Princess Magdalene.

The quarrel between the Cuninghames and the Montgomeries showed itself more violently during Hugh's lifetime. The gift of the Bailliary of Cuninghame to the Master of Montgomerie (1848-9), was the original cause of dissatisfaction to the former family, and led to many encounters between the two parties.

Cuthbert Cuninghame, Lord Kilmaurs, subsequently the first Earl of Glencairn, seems to have been the first implicated on the side of the Cuninghames. He and Archibald, his brother, with others of his family, were found guilty in a court held in 1498, before the Earl of Huntley, of forethought felony, committed by them on Hugh Lord Montgomerie, when holding a court of the Bailliary of Cuninghame; and for breaking the King's protection, for all of which they were fined. With faults on both sides, the encounters were frequent. In

a battle fought between the sons of the two Earls and their adherents in January, 1507-8, several of the combatants lost their lives. The decree of the commission confirmed the settlement of the Bailliary on the Earl of Eglinton, in 1509, thus widening the breach between the two families, and increasing the animosity of the Cuninghames. Indeed, the mutual hatred of the families found many occasions for encounter. It was in revenge for the murder of Cuninghame of Watterstoun by the Montgomeries, it is said, that the Cuninghames under William, Master of Glencairn, made a furious inroad upon the possessions of the former, and succeeded in burning Eglinton Castle in 1526. In the conflagration the evidences of the family were wholly destroyed, a misfortune which induced James V. to grant to the Earl of Eglinton a charter, *de novo*, of all his lands in Ayr, Renfrew, etc. Nearly a century later, we can trace to this family feud the cause of the alienation of the estates and title of the family from the heirs male in favor of a female branch.

The Earl married Lady Helen, daughter of Colin Campbell, first Earl of Argyll, by whom he had six sons and eight daughters. He died at an advanced age in November, 1545, and was succeeded by his grandson, his two elder sons predeceasing him.

The three elder sons of the first Earl were:

1. Alexander, Master of Montgomerie, who died young, in 1498-9. "He is documented by a contract, dated June 1, 1498, betwixt Hugh, Lord Montgomerie, and Archibald Edmonstoun of Duntreath, that Alexander de Montgomerie, son and heir of the said Lord, shall, God willing, marry Elizabeth Edmonstoun, daughter of Archibald; and have with her a portion of 1300 marks; failing Alexander, the second, and failing the second, the third son of Lord Montgomerie, to marry Elizabeth."

2. John, Lord Montgomerie, who married the daughter of Archibald Edmonstoun, of Duntreath, who had been affianced to his elder brother. He was the father of the second Earl of Eglinton.

3. Sir Neil de Montgomerie of Lainshaw, who was the ancestor of the present lineal Male Representative of the Montgomeries, the Lainshaw branch (now American) being Heir Male to the Representation of the family, and also to its estates and titles, on the death of the fifth Earl. The descent of this line will be found in full, succeeding the account of the fifth Earl's life.

John, Lord Montgomerie, took an active part in the bloody feud with the Cuninghames. In 1505, when Master of Montgomerie, he was

summoned in Parliament for having been participant in attacking and wounding William Cuninghame of Craigens, King's Crouner for Renfrewshire; but at this he did not appear. It was not long subsequent to this that he was himself wounded in the battle referred to above, fought January 20, 1507-8, between Sir William Cuninghame and his adherents, and the Montgomeries. Twelve years after this, he met his death in the skirmish, on the High Street of Edinburgh, commonly called "Cleanse the Causeway," May 20, 1520, in which the families of Douglas and Hamilton were the principal actors.

By his wife Elizabeth he had three children, of whom

Archibald, Lord Montgomerie, who survived his father, but not his grandfather, the first Earl, and died without issue, before 1540, his brother Hugh appearing as Master of Eglinton, on the 4th of December of that year; and

XII. HUGH DE MONTGOMERIE, second Earl of Eglinton, who succeeded his grandfather in 1545. He had enjoyed his honors scarcely a twelvemonth when he died, in 1546. His wife was Marion, daughter of George, fourth Lord Seton, by whom he left three children, of whom

XIV. HUGH DE MONTGOMERIE, third Earl of Eglinton, who was a minor at the time of his father's death. His father's uncle, Sir Neil Montgomerie of Lainshaw, during his minority, assumed the command of the clans and vassals, and possession of the family castles of Eglinton and Polnoon. The third Earl proved himself a steady supporter of Queen Mary. He was in arms in her behalf at Langside, in 1568, and with many other Barons of account was taken prisoner. He was, by invitation of the Earl of Bothwell, one of the leading nobles present at "Ainslie's Supper" in Edinburgh in April, 1567, with a view of obtaining their signatures to a document approving his marriage with Queen Mary, but it is said that Eglinton, on learning what was expected of him, in place of complying left the house. He was present at the Parliament of 1570, held by the Regent, Earl of Lennox, when Stirling Castle was taken by a *coup de main* by Huntley, Lord Claude Hamilton and others; he was taken prisoner with several other lords, and carried off to Edinburgh, but subsequently liberated. He at last submitted, in April, 1571, after his zealous partisanship of the Queen, to the authority of James VI., and was sent to Doune Castle. He was soon, however, released.

The Earl of Eglinton, married first: Lady Jean Hamilton, daughter of James, Duke of

Chatelherault and Earl of Arran, who was Governor of Scotland during Mary's minority; but the marriage was dissolved in 1562, the parties standing in the fourth degree of consanguinity, and being unable to obtain the Pope's dispensation therefor. There was no issue by this union. He afterwards married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Drummond of Innerpeffry, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. He died in the month of June, 1585. His children were:

1. Hugh, who succeeded him.
2. Robert de Montgomerie of Giffen.
3. Margaret, who married her kinsman, Robert Seton, first Earl of Winton, by whom she had, with other children:

1. Robert Seton, second Earl of Winton.
2. Sir Alexander Seton of Foulstruther, afterwards Montgomerie, the sixth Earl of Eglinton, who married first, Anne, eldest daughter of Alexander Livingstone, the first Earl of Linlithgow; and secondly, Margaret, daughter of Walter Scott, first Earl of Buccleuch. By the former, he was the ancestor of the second line of the Earls of Eglinton, of whom now (1887) is Archibald William Montgomerie, the fourteenth Earl, and also Earl of Winton, the latter title having been given to his father, when he was served in 1840, heir male to George Seton, the fifth Earl of Winton.

The eldest son of the third Earl,

XV. HUGH DE MONTGOMERIE, fourth Earl of Eglinton, married first, Egidia, daughter of Robert, fourth Lord Boyd, and had one child, a son,

HUGH, his successor, and married secondly, Helen, daughter of Thomas Kennedy of Bargeny, by whom he had no issue.

The old Montgomerie and Cuninghame feud found its highest victim in the life of this Earl. While returning from a visit to his cousin, Sir Neil Montgomerie of Lainshaw, he was shot at the east end of the town of Stewarton, April 12, 1586, by a party of the Cuninghames and their friends, under the leadership of John Cuninghame of Ross, brother to the Earl of Glencairn, David Cuninghame of Robertland, Alexander Cuninghame of Aikert, *whose sister was Lady Lainshaw*, together with other members of the Glencairn family. The path is still shown, called the Weeping Path, along which he rode, until he came to the ford of Annock, where he fell dead from his horse. One account states that Lady Lainshaw, carried away by her Cuninghame hatred, and unknown to her husband, was the one to give the signal to her relatives of the Earl's approach. Lady

Lainshaw by this connection with the doings of her brother and cousins, effectually alienated the entail of the family estates and titles from her own descendants. The Earl's murder was more immediately revenged by his brother Robert Montgomerie of Giffen, who afterwards killed Alexander Cuninghame of Aikert, and a cousin, Patrick Cuninghame of Corshill.

XVI. HUGH DE MONTGOMERIE, fifth Earl of Eglinton, and last of that title of the Male Line of the family. He married his cousin Margaret, daughter of his uncle Robert of Giffen, but had no children. He appears from the records of the time to have been a favorite with James VI., who granted him the dissolved Abbey of Kilwinning, with all its lands and titles, erecting the same into a temporal lordship, besides investing him with the patronage of sixteen parishes, under a grant dated in 1603.

The Earl of Eglinton, foreseeing that he would die childless, made a resignation of his Earldom, dated at *Seton*, July 27 and August 1, 1611, and had a new grant of it (a practice not unusual in the Scottish peerage), under the great seal, dated November 28, following with the former precedency to him and the heirs male of his body. Failing which, the Earldom of Eglinton and Lordship of Kilwinning, comprehending Eglinton, Ardrossan, Robertoun, Dreghorn, Giffen, Wrichtyhill, Torbolton, Methie, Langschaw, and Kilwinning, in Ayrshire; Eaglesham, Eastwood, Langside, Caldwell and Lochliboside, in County Renfrew; Bonytoun and Piltoun, in shire of Edinburgh; Lochransay, in Arran, and the Island of Little Cumray, were settled on Sir Alexander Seton of Foulstruther (the son of his aunt Lady Margaret Montgomerie, Countess of Winton) and heirs male of his body; which failing, Thomas and John Seton, and their heirs male; whom all failing, to his own nearest and lawful heirs male whatsoever, bearing name and arms of Montgomerie.

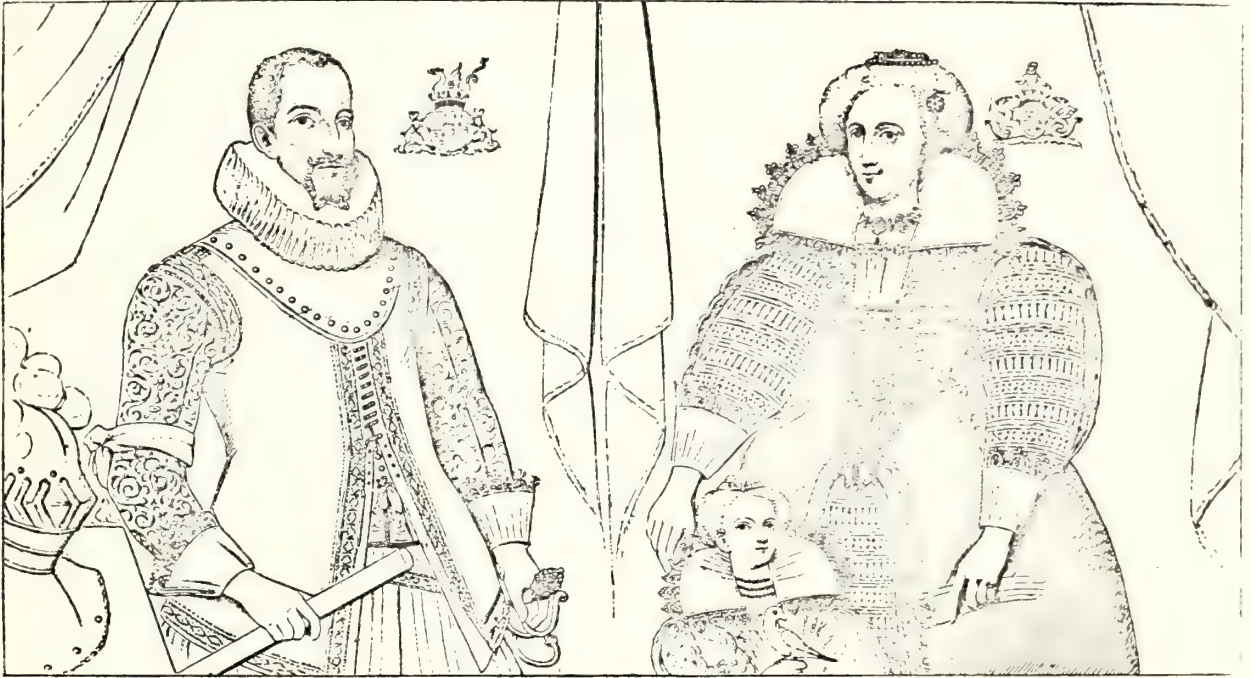
This action of the Earl's was to the prejudice of his cousin, Sir Neil Montgomerie of Lainshaw, who was the heir male; but the murder of the Earl's father by Lady Lainshaw's near relatives, and her own supposed complicity in the deed, furnish sufficient reason, without seeking further, for the Earl thus diverting his estates from his heirs male. The Earl died in 1612, when his cousin, Sir Alexander Seton, agreeably to this new grant, assumed the name and arms of Montgomerie and the title of the Earl of Eglinton. James VI., on learning the circumstance, ordered his Privy Council of Scotland to convene Sir Alexander before them and discharge him from using this title, as he

was not the heir male of the family. The Council accordingly wrote, addressing him "Mr. Alexander Seton," but he refused to compeer by that title, at the same time giving his reason, through his uncle, Sir William Seton, for adopting the title of the Earl of Eglinton, which was, that he had been served heir to his cousin, the late Earl. The King, however, would not allow him to use the title, which was kept in abeyance for two years. Sir Alexander, afterwards marrying Lady Anne Livingstone, who

of Winton, mother and father of the 6th Earl of Eglinton, according to the deed of 1611.*

Upon the extinction of the first line of the Earls of Eglinton, the Male Representation of the family of Montgomerie was carried on by descendants of Sir Neil Montgomerie of Langschaw or Lainshaw, who was the third son of the first Earl (XII). He had married Margaret, daughter and heiress of Quintin Mure, Laird of Skeldon.

(To be Continued.)



was one of the maids of honor to the Queen, thus obtained an amount of court influence sufficient to induce the King to accede to his assuming the title, James granting him a charter, dated Whitehall, March 24, 1615, ratifying and confirming the honors, dignities and precedence enjoyed by any former Earls of Eglinton, with a clause of *novodamus*.

Had the Earl made this generous disposition of his honors and estates at *Eglinton* instead of at *Seton* there would have been no historic ground upon which to charge the Setons with undue influence over their cousin, who thus under the Seton roof permitted their ambition to use so well the lever of revenge in inducing him to disinherit his heir male in their favor.

We give here the portraits of Lady Margaret Montgomerie and of her husband, the first Earl

*The original of the portraits with which this article is illustrated are in the possession of Mr. Hay, and evidently by the brush of Jameson, who seems to have copied the pictures of husband and wife from separate representations, and joined them very awkwardly on one canvas; the painting is in perfect preservation, which is seldom the case with Jameson's works, and the coloring good; but though Lady Winton is tolerably handsome, one sees no charms to justify the rapture of the poet Montgomerie, whose Laura, probably as much from consanguinity as other attractions, she long continued to bloom.

The Mr. Hay here mentioned is William Hay, of Drummelsier, great grandson of the Honorable Elizabeth Seton, daughter of Alexander first Viscount, of Seton. He was son of the first Earl of Tweeddale, by the Lady Margaret, daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl of Eglinton. The portraits are now at Dunrobin Castle, County Berwick, in the possession of his great-great-grandson, William James Hay, Esq.

Something now about the artist Jameson: George Jameson, sometimes Jamesone, whom Walpole (*Anecdotes of Paintings*) called the Vandyck of Scotland, was born at Aberdeen, in 1586. He was, about 1616, a pupil of Reubens, at Antwerp. He visited Italy, and his portrait is in the Painters' portrait gallery at Florence. He died in the year 1644.

MONTGOMERIE *versus* SETON.

THE EGLINTON PEERAGE.

To the Editor of THE CURIO:

DEAR SIR: The Setons of New York, as Representatives of Parbroath and Senior Cadets of the House of Winton, submit through me the following considerations on what has been termed an *unjustifiable transaction*.

I. The resignation of the Earldom and the getting of a new charter changing the descent, was not an unusual practice in Scotland. Sir Alexander Seton of Foulstruther, was as closely related in blood to Hugh Montgomerie, the fifth Earl, as was this one's cousin, Sir Neil Montgomerie of Lainshaw, his mother being the only daughter of the third Earl.

II. The vexatious delay in acknowledging Sir Alexander heir to the titles and estates of his uncle, did not arise from any doubt as to the justice and legality of the proceeding, but from the venal intrigues of the court at London. In a copy of that rare work, "The History of the House of Seytoun," by Sir Richard Maitland, with continuation by Alexander Viscount Kingston, presented to the late William Seton, Esquire (U. S. N.), of "Cragdon," Westchester County, N. Y., by a Scottish kinsman, a note in manuscript says that Sir Alexander succeeded to the Earldom "not without much opposition from the *favourite* Duke of Buckingham;" and Mr. George Seton, in his recently published "Memoir of Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline and Lord Chancellor of Scotland," writes that "The Privy Council, when applied to by the King, in May, 1613, with reference to the descent of the Eglinton honors, disclaimed all interference on the ground of their incompetency to deal with such matters."

III. That the Earl of Eglinton transacted this business at Seton, rather than in his own castle, is no proof of "ambition" or of "undue influence" on the part of the noble family whose blood he inherited, and with which he was still more closely connected through his aunt, Countess of Winton. There his life was safe, and there in the vicinity of the capital he could enjoy a refined and educated society such as could not be found amidst the barbaric splendor and profusion of Ayrshire. "The

palace of Seton, or Seton House," says the "Gazetteer of Scotland" (Vol. II., p. 645), "built in the reign of James VI., and one of a class which excelled in taste and elegance any mansions which were built during the next three or four reigns, was esteemed at the period much the most magnificently constructed and furnished house in Scotland. It had gardens and terrace walks, which, as well as its apartments, were the delight of kings."

IV. The Montgomeries ought to be proud that their ancient race survives with its own *name* and *title* in the Scotch Peerage, even if the earlier arms have been somewhat modified by the Earls of Eglinton "ever since they came from the House of Seton," and even although our common chief sits in Parliament as *Winton*. The Earldom of Eglinton was worthy of being transmitted to the gallant "Graysteel," as Sir Alexander was called from his quick temper and promptness to draw his sword, rather than to an obscure branch of the original possessors. From the earliest period the family of Seton have stood prominent in the history of Scotland. Their military ardor and their dauntless and patriotic bearing appear from their ancient war cry of "Sett-on!" and from their earliest motto, still borne by their descendants, of "Hazard yet Forward."

It was in consequence of so many other noble families having sprung from them that the Barons of Seton were styled, *Magnæ Nobilitatis Domini*; and of their intermarriage upon four different occasions, with the royal family, that their shield obtained the addition of the royal or double tressure. A recent authority following up the learned Anderson in his "Diplomata Scotiæ," states that the house of Winton, on account of its innumerable high connections and ramifications, may now be held the noblest in North Britain. The unshaken loyalty with which the family ever supported the throne of Scotland is marked by another of their mottoes—*Intaminatis fulget honoribus*—and it was this heroic spirit and steady loyalty to the ancient dynasty of their country that led to the forfeiture of the vast estates in 1715, and left the high honors which they bore in abeyance for a time.

Monsignor Seton, D.D.

OLD ENGLISH SONG.

*O for a Booke and a shadie nooke, eyther in-a-doore
or out;
With the grene leaves whispr'ing overhede, or the
Streete cryes all about.
Where I maie Reade all at my ease, both of the Newe
and Olde;
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke, is better to
me than Golde.*

FROM DR. JOHN FERRIAR'S BIBLIOMANIA.

*Like poets, born, in vain Collectors strive
To cross their Fate, and learn the art to thrive.
Like CACUS, bent to tame their struggling will,
The tyrant-passion drags them backward still:
Ev'n I, debar'd of ease, and studious hours,
Confess, 'mid anxious toil, its lurking pow'rs.
How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
The small, rare volume, black with tarnish'd gold.*

WHAT SHAKESPEARE THOUGHT OF BOOKS.

*Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough.*

Tempest, I., 2.

*Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.*

Tempest, I., 2.

*Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred
in a book.*

Love's Labour Lost, IV., 2

*The books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.*

Love's Labour Lost, IV., 3.

*Come, and take a choice of all my library;
And so beguile thy sorrow.*

Titus Andronicus, IV., 1.

AMERICAN BOOK-PLATES AND THEIR ENGRAVERS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

WITHIN the last twenty years a taste seems to have manifested itself for the collecting of these small engravings, called in Europe "EX LIBRIS," and which are generally found on the inside cover of books, and sometimes on the back of title pages. In the earlier examples collected by us we find that these engravings either bear simply the owner's name, or are of an Heraldic character. It was not before the latter part of the XVIII. century that what is known as the allegorical book-plate came into more general use. In our time, the enthusiastic collector of book-plates has placed the different specimens which have come under his notice, under separate headings, known as: The Jacobean (1700-45), the Chippendale (1750-75), the



Book-plate of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Ribbon and Wreath (1790-1820), etc.; and he has followed in the classification of these small prints a regular system, borrowed from the standard European works on the matter.

These Heraldic marks of ownership, while often used simply to proclaim before the world the illustrious descent of their owners, were in many cases also used to manifest literary and refined tastes. One must therefore notice that to the collectors of the present time these book-plates serve as guides, to indicate what kind of literature was most to the taste of the prominent men of the last century. When we con-

sider the difficulties and expenses which the possession of books entailed during the first colonial periods, one must admit that anything that points out to what the tastes of our ancestors were in that direction, is to be accepted as of general interest.

We will begin now our nomenclature, throwing into foot-notes all biographical remarks concerning the owners of the book-plates, and keeping in the text proper all that which concerns the engravers only. Blazoning as far as practicable and justifiable has been added under each book-



ARMS: Sable, a chevron between three boys' heads couped proper, crined, or entwined about the necks with snakes proper. *CREST:* A boy's head couped at the shoulders proper, entwined about the neck with a snake vert.

plate, the proper authorities upon the matter duly consulted whenever the shadings did not show clearly the proper tinctures.

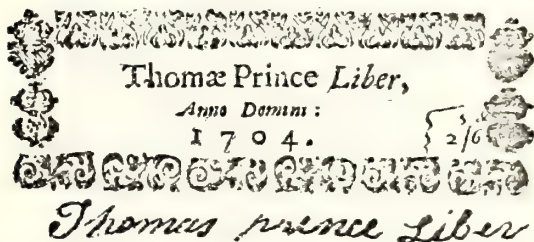
The first plate given here is that of the *Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts*. That society sent out, during the early portion of the XVIII. century, a great number of parish libraries, comprising in many cases books to the value of £300, of which books but very few have come to us. The destruction of the famous Hutchinson Library by a mob, and the dispersal of the Henry Knox, Vaughan,* and Mather Libraries, are but few

* *Samuel Vaughan* settled in Hallowell, Maine, was intimate with Washington, Priestley, and with many other leading men of the day. *Benjamin*, his son, was born at Jamaica, April 9, 1751, and died at Hallowell, December 5, 1835; he added materially to the library of his father.

instances of the many disastrous incidents of the same kind that could be mentioned. Our older College Libraries have been equally unfortunate; Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, and Princeton having all suffered from fire; and Mr. John Pintard, of New York, used to say that he had seen the British soldiers carrying away books in their knapsacks from the library of Columbia College and barter them for grog.* Many of the libraries belonging to owners of a loyalist tendency were taken away from the country, while the remnants of what few remained in Virginia and the other Southern States were in many cases either destroyed or scattered during the late rebellion. It can be said that there is not to-day in America a single private library kept intact for 150 years, while abroad, in England, family pride, the laws of hereditary descent, and continuous security, have kept things, and books especially, together and in perfect order. In America, the reverence for things belonging to the Past is not, as yet, of a strong character, and may be said to be only in its infancy, as the average American thinks more of the every-day life and of the immediate future than he does of the centuries gone by.

Among the libraries of the early colonial times, the two probably best known are the ones belonging to *Thomas Prince*, of Boston, and *James Logan*, of Philadelphia.

That Thomas Prince† commenced early as a collector of books, is shown from a label affixed to a number of books in his library, and which reads: "This book belongs to the New



England Library, begun to be collected by James Prince, upon his entering Harvard College, July 6th, 1703, etc."

* Such ravages were repeated in the Southern cities during Sherman's march, when wheelbarrows, loaded with valuable literary matter, stolen from private libraries in Savannah, were tumbled through the streets to be sold for liquor.

† *Thomas Prince* was born in Sandwich, Mass., May 15th, 1687. He graduated from Harvard in 1707; in 1709 he went to Europe, and after spending about six years and a half in England, part of which time he was settled as minister at Coombs in County Suffolk, he returned to America in 1717. Several churches endeavored to secure his services as pastor, but he accepted the call from the Old South Society, to which he was ordained, October 1, 1718; his connection with it ceasing only at his death, October 22, 1758.

His own modest label we reproduce. The volumes were deposited in the steeple chamber of the old South Church, and by Prince's will they were given in trust to that society, during the occupation of the church by the British soldiers. A number are said to have been carried off and destroyed; the remaining portion is now deposited in the Boston Public Library.

The Prince Library was especially rich in works relating to New England History and to Theology.

The volumes belonging to James Logan* bear the book-plate we here give. James

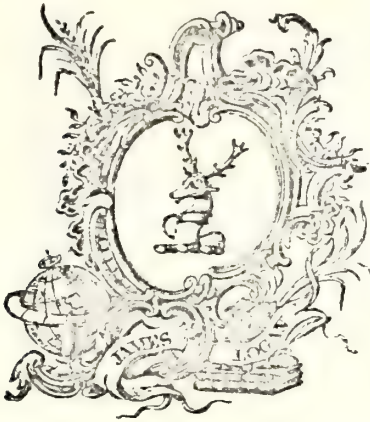


ARMS: Or; a lion passant, sable, in chief three Roman piles of the second. CREST: A stag's head erased, gules, attired, collared and lined or.

Logan doubted his right to use these particular arms, for, as early as September 9th, 1713, in a letter to a correspondent of the same name, Cornet George Logan, he says: "N. Griffiths informing me that thou desirest ye coat of arms belonging to our name, I give thee in wax what I have on my seal, but I believe neither of us have any good right to it, being what the English Logans of Oxfordshire carry; but those of Scotland, I am told, have a very different one (yet a good one), which I have never seen. However, having an

* *James Logan* was born in Laugan, County Armagh, Ireland, October, 20, 1674. Before 13 years of age he had acquired a proficiency in the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages. After the battle of the Boyne, his parents fled to Edinburgh, and from thence they removed to Bristol, England, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1698 William Penn invited him to go with him to Pennsylvania, as his secretary, and for many years afterwards he was the trusted business agent of the Penn family. He occupied several of the highest offices in the colony; was Receiver General, Chief Justice, President of the Council, and for a while its Chief Magistrate. He is the author of a number of works, among which the most famous is his translation of Cicero's *De Senectute*, printed with a preface by Benjamin Franklin. This work Franklin considered the *chef d'œuvre* from his press, and on his subsequent visit to England took a number of copies with him to distribute among his friends.

occasion for a seal, and finding only this in my way, I made use of it, nor do I fear a citation to ye Herald's office for my presumption." By



his will, Logan left his library to the city of Philadelphia, and singularly enough in the catalogue of that library, published in 1760, there does scarcely appear, among the nearly 3,000 volumes, a single book bearing an American imprint.

It is not our intention to go into any account of early European book-plates and of their engravers. Surely such names as Duerer, Raphael Morghen, Bartolozzi, Hogarth, Chodowiecki,



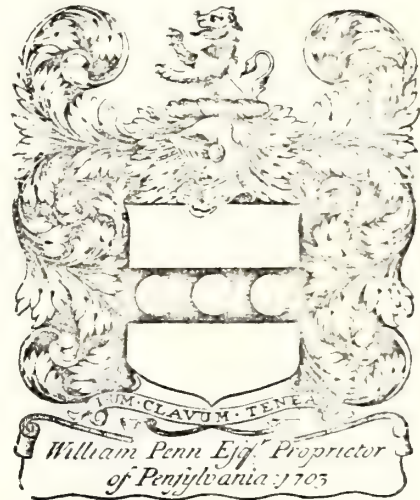
ARMS: *Argent, three holly leaves, in chief, vert and a hunting horn, in base, sable, stringed and garnished gules.*
CREST: *A dexter hand with a pruning knife pruning a vine proper.*

Bewick, Picart, Pine and Gravelot, do not need any introduction to the readers of THE CURIO.

We will therefore simply state, that the earliest examples of European book-plates date from the beginning of the XVI. century.

The qualities which go towards making a book-plate of especial value and interest are of a three-fold character. It should have the engraver's name signed to it, should be dated, and should bear the owner's name and address. A good example of a plate of that description, that of John Burnet, is here given, being one of the few of this character engraved in America.

We find it also to the interest of our readers to give in this article the book-plate used by William Penn,* although it has been engraved



ARMS. *Argent, on a fess, sable, three plates. CREST: A demi lion rampant argent, gorged with a collar, sable, charged with three plates.*

in Europe, and can hardly be said to be strictly an American book-plate.

The last surviving son of the great Quaker, Thomas Penn,† used the following book-plate, which we give also, as a singular inscription, "first proprietor," makes this plate one of especial interest to American collectors.

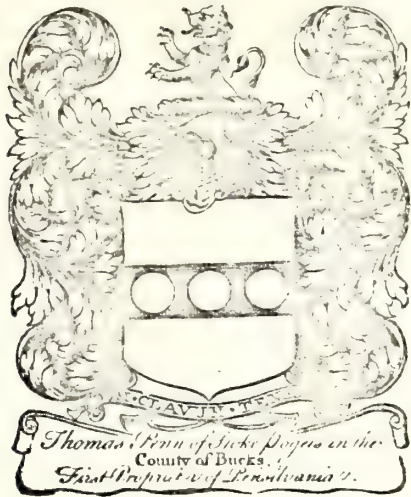
The earliest example of a dated plate, the work of an American engraver, is that of Thomas Dering, engraved by Nathaniel Hurd in 1749. (See next page.)

Of the earlier dated examples, all are the work of English engravers. It is to the Southern Colonies' honor to have possessed the earliest-dated plates. It is true that, before 1700, the South contained the largest and most

*William Penn was born in London, Oct. 14, 1644, and died in England, July 30th, 1718.

†Thomas Penn, the last surviving son of William Penn, was born March 8th, 1702, and died in London, March 21st, 1775.

valuable libraries in America.* It is also a they were to the mother country by custom.



well-known fact, in history, that the colonists of Virginia occupied a higher social status in

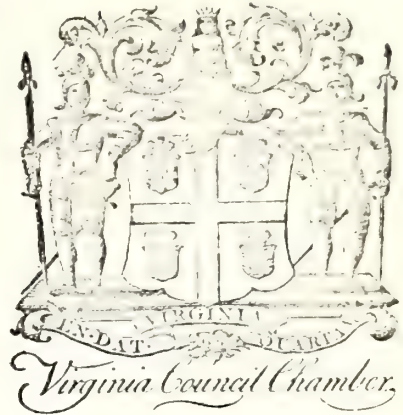


ARMS: Gules, three roebucks' heads couped, or. **CREST:** A roebuck's head couped, or.

England than did the earlier settlers of New England; thus it is that the earliest American book-plates are to be found in the libraries of the Virginia Cavaliers.† Not, however, until about 1790 is there one such plate that bears the name of an American engraver. Bound as

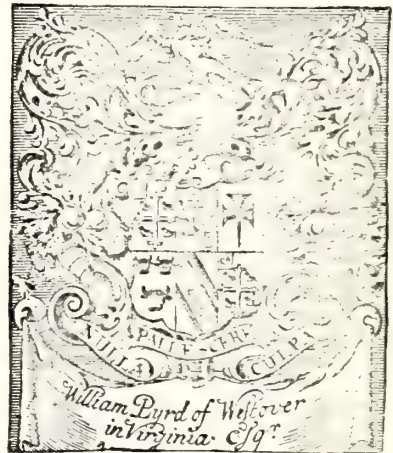
* William Byrd was born in Virginia, March 28, 1674. No pains nor expense were spared in his education under the instruction of Sir Robert Southwell. "With a mind stored with useful information and his manners cultivated in royal Courts, he returned to his native country to adorn its annals." He died August 26, 1744.

† William Stith was born in Virginia, in 1689; was President of William and Mary College and author of a history of Virginia, published in 1747. He died in Virginia, September 27, 1755. (See next page.)



ARMS: Argent, a cross gules between four escutcheons, each regally crowned proper; the first and fourth escutcheons, England; the second, France; the third, Ireland. **CREST:** A maiden queen couped before the shoulders proper, her hair dishevelled of the last, vested and crowned with an Eastern Crown, or. **SUPPORTERS:** Two men in complete armor with their beavers open, on their helmets three ostrich feathers argent, each charged on the breast with a cross gules and each holding in his exterior hand a cross proper.

kindred, trade and in many other ways, the Virginians ordered their book-plates, ribbons, shoes,



ARMS: Quarterly of six: first and sixth; argent a cross moline between three martlets gules, on a canton azure a crescent for difference; second; azure, a lion collared; third; or, a cross pattée fitchée, sable; fourth; argent, three bulls' heads cabossed sable; fifth; argent, on a bend cotised sable, three crescents of the field. **CREST:** a bird rising, gules.

spinets and Cheshire cheese from London tradesmen.*

But with the Puritans, it is different. There are very few examples of "Ex Libris" which

* R. Bolling, of Virginia, was born in June, 1730, and died in February, 1775.

have the appearance of having been used much before 1730. With the New Englanders the book-plate seems to have been a plant of slow



ARMS: *Argent, a chevron engrailed, between three fleurs-de-lis sable.*

growth. Sometimes an elder son, while being educated at the universities of Oxford or Cambridge, or while traveling abroad, would bring home with him a plate, but the number of such literary mementoes is small. Many of the early settlers brought over with them seals or rings bearing arms; the early wills made in the



ARMS: *Sable, an escutcheon ermine, within an orle of eight martlets argent.*

Colonies giving many examples of their use.* We may reasonably suppose that very few

* This is believed to have been the plate used by John Allen, an early bookseller and publisher of the *News-letter*, in Boston. From the general design and the crude execution of the work, it must be taken for an early American engraving (1720-30).

emigrants brought with them a seal or ring bearing arms to which they could not claim a right. Before 1730, there was not in America any person skillful enough to do seal-cutting, and such tokens used before that date must have been of English manufacture. But, with the growing wealth of the colonies, the increas-



ARMS: *Azure, a lion rampant argent holding in the forepaws a sheaf of wheat. CREST: a hand cuffed holding in pale an open book with the word "Mature" on it.*

ing taste for display, and the desire which was strong among many of the wealthier citizens of copying English manners and customs, the goldsmiths and engravers soon found plenty of employment.*

From 1750 to 1775 there was hardly a family



Isaac Royall Esq.
of Antigua

ARMS: *Azure, three garbs . . . banded . . . CREST: a demi lion rampant holding in his forepaws a garb of the shield.*

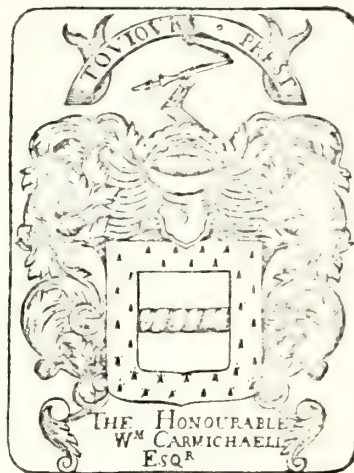
* Isaac Royall, born 1672. After a residence in Antigua of forty years, he returned to Medford, where he purchased of the widow of Lieutenant-Governor Usher a house and over five hundred acres of land, for which he paid the sum of £10,350 7s. 9d. He did not live long to enjoy his princely estate, but died shortly afterwards, June 7, 1739.

of wealth or social distinction but could show its family arms engraved and used as a book-plate, or painted by some of the numerous herald-painters who flourished during that period. The engraver of that day, unlike those of the present time, did not confine himself to any special branch of his calling. From the numerous advertisements in the newspapers of XVIII. century we find him engraving upon copper, brass, gold and silver plate (many examples of which are still in the possession of our older churches and families), painting arms and escutcheons, cutting seals, engraving music, maps, portraits, caricatures, invitation cards, shop bills, and making the small metal cuts used in the newspapers of that time. The American engraver was self-taught, and in most instances furnished with few of the advantages of his English brethren, obliged as he was to fashion his own rather primitive tools and to exercise his talent in all branches of his profession. In general his work must be praised for its accuracy and relative finish; in book-plate work he did certainly as well as the average artist in England from 1740 to 1780. If, at times, he may be accused of imitating the work of English engravers, it ought to be attributed in a measure to the period in which he lived. In general design and decoration he followed pretty closely the English engravers. If in possession of a copy of Guillim or some other old work on Heraldry, he drew his ideas from the cuts given in these books, and in some cases he did not hesitate to make literal transcript from these ancient but still valuable works. Not always possessing an accurate knowledge of Heraldry, his drawings of the various coats of arms are in some cases real curiosities of Heraldry; but in this respect at least he has hardly been improved upon by engravers of our time. His eagles resemble buzzards, and he is guilty of numerous other peculiarities, which may be pointed out as we go further on in this exhaustive review.

For several years after the Revolution, the use of Coats of Arms seems to have fallen slightly into disfavor, the period of 1780 to 1810 being a seemingly barren one.* Cooper in his "Notions of an American picked up by a Traveling Bachelor," speaks of John Cadwalader, of New York, as having destroyed his arms, presumably on account of his intensely republican sentiments. In direct opposition to this, is the story told of John Vassal, (1730-97) who remained so loyal to the English

Crown that he would never use on his arms the family motto: *Sacpe pro rege, semper pro republica*. (Often for the King, always for the Commonwealth.)

Up to the present time we do not know the names of more than 400 persons having used



ARMS: *Argent, a fess wreathed azure and gules within a bordure ermine. CREST: a dexter hand and arm in armor erect, holding a broken spear proper.*

in America, before 1825, Heraldic book-plates. Possibly the overhauling of some of our older college libraries would bring forth many an interesting volume, the cover of which might show, used as book-plate, the arms of some family, the descendants of which are yet unaware that their ancestors ever used such emblems of gentility.

While it was not uncommon abroad for women to be possessors of a book-plate, yet early America could show but one such, having belonged to one of the most accomplished women of Colonial times.

Elizabeth Græme, to whom belongs this proud distinction, was the youngest child of Dr. Thomas Græme, a member of the Provincial Council and otherwise a distinguished and wealthy citizen, the possessor of Græme Park, about 20 miles from Philadelphia. She was born February 3, 1736-7. In her seventeenth year she was engaged to be married, but for some unexplained reason, the engagement was broken off. To divert her mind, she translated Fenelon's *Telemachus* into blank verse. The work was never published, the manuscript being deposited in the Philadelphia Library. She afterwards married Mr. E. Hugh Henry Ferguson, ten years her junior.

At the outbreak of the Revolution her husband took sides with the Crown; they separated and were never re-united. She figures in

* William Carmichael was born in Maryland; Delegate to Congress from Maryland, from 1778 to 1780; Secretary to the Legation during John Jay's Mission to Spain, and Chargé d'Affaires for thirteen years. He died February, 1795.

history as the bearer of the famous letter of the Rev. Jacob Duché to Washington, in which he urges him "to return to his allegiance to the King." Washington sent the letter to Con-



gress saying "he highly disapproved of the intercourse she seemed to be carrying on, and expected it would soon be discontinued." During the latter part of her life she was quite poor. She is the authoress of a number of poems,

some of which evince considerable literary merit. Her death occurred near Philadelphia, Feb. 23, 1801. The arms as given on her book-plate (a copy of which we have been unable to procure) are: Argent, issuant from a fess embattled gules, three piles or; in chief a rose between two mullets (colors indistinguishable); a martlet for difference. The arms of Græme of Garvock and Bolgowan, from whom the family are said to have descended are: Or, 3 piles, issuant from a chief sable, charged with three escallops, within a double tressure flory counterflory gules.

While no attempt has been made to classify the various professions of the holders of American Book-plates, it is noticeable that the majority of these emblems belong to members of the legal profession. Out of a club formed by twenty of the principal lawyers of New York in 1770, calling itself the "Moot," more than one-half of its members were possessors of book-plates.*

Richard C. Lichtenstein.

* *Peter Wyncoop*, of New York, born April 18, 1744; died February 3, 1815.

THE IDEAL COLLECTION.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, being asked by Sir Hans Sloane the (founder of the British Museum) to send him what curiosities he could find in his travels, sent him a poetical catalogue of "rarities," from which the following are extracts:

*From Carthage brought, the sword I'll send
Which brought Queen Dido to her end.
The stone whereby Goliath died,
Which cures the headache, well apply'd.
A whetstone, worn exceeding small,
Time us'd to whet his scythe withal;
The pigeon stuffed which Noah sent
To tell him when the waters went.
A ring I've got of Sampson's hair,
The same which Delilah did wear:
Saint Dunstan's tongs, which story shows
Did pinch the devil by his nose.
The very shaft, as all may see,
Which Cupid shot at Anthony;
And, which above the rest I prize,
A glance of Cleopatra's eyes;
Some strains of eloquence which hung,*

*In Roman times, on Tully's tongue;
I've got a ray of Phæbus' shine,
Found in the bottom of a mine:
A lawyer's conscience, large and fair,
Fit for a judge himself to wear.
In a thumb-vial you shall see,
Close cork'd some drops of honesty
Which, after searching kingdoms round,
At last were in a cottage found:
An antidote, if such there be,
Against the charms of flattery,
I've not collected any Care,
Of that there's plenty everywhere;
But after wondrous labours spent,
I've got one grain of rich content.
This my wish, it is my glory,
To furnish your nicknackatory.*

SEALS OF THE COLONIAL GOVERNORS OF NEW YORK.

I. PETRUS STUYVESANT.

GOVERNOR PETRUS STUYVESANT, the last of the Directors-General of the colony of New Netherlands before its surrender to the English, came to New Amsterdam in May, 1647. He married in Amsterdam Judith Bayard, a French Huguenot, and had two sons, Balthazar, born 1647, died 1678, and Nicholas William, born 1648, died 1698. Upon the surrender of the colony in 1664, the Governor went to Holland to give to the States-General an account of his administration. Returning to New York he passed the remainder of his life on his estate in the Bowery.



After the surrender, Balthazar removed to the West Indies, where he married and had two children, Judith, born in 1674, and Katherine, born in 1675.

Nicholas William married Maria, daughter of William Beckman, who died leaving a daughter Judith; he afterwards married Elizabeth Slechtenhorst and had three children: Petrus, born March, 1684, drowned in 1705, unmarried; Anna, who married the Rev. Mr. Pritchard of New York, and died without issue; and Gerardus, born 1690, died 1777. Gerardus married Judith, daughter of Balthazar Bayard, and had four children, Nicholas, born 1722, died 1780,

unmarried; Petrus, born in 1727 and died September 7, 1805; and two other sons, Petrus and Gerardus, who died in infancy.

Petrus, the great-grandson of the Governor, married Margaret, daughter of Gilbert Livingston, and had many children, amongst whom, Judith, wife of Benjamin Winthrop of New York; Cornelia, wife of Dirck Ten Broeck of Albany; Nicholas William, who died in 1833, leaving several children; Margaret, died 1824, unmarried; Elizabeth, wife of Nicholas Fish; Peter Gerard, and several others who died in infancy.

Three different pictures of the arms of the Director-General Petrus Stuyvesant have been presented to the public. The first of these, chronologically, is to be found in "Valentine's Manual of the Common Council of the city of New York," for 1852, given herein. The second is engraved on stone and set over one of the dormer windows opening on the great court of the Capitol at Albany. The blazon of these arms is as follows: Gules, a stag courant; on a chief argent a hunting hound in pursuit of a hare; all proper. Crest: a knight's helmet surmounted with a royal crown out of which issues a demi stag, salient, proper. Motto: *Jovi prestat fidere quam homini*. The upper division occupies a little more than one-third of the field, but is nearer being a third than a half.

The third picture of the Stuyvesant arms is in *America Heraldica*, edited by Mr. E. de V. Vermont.* The blazon is as follows: Per fess or and gules; in chief a hound following a hare; in base a stag courant; all proper and contourné. Crest: Out of a prince's coronet, or, a demi stag, salient and contourné, proper. Motto: *Jovi prestat fœderi*.

The differences here are quite remarkable and too great to allow of any conclusion but that one, or all, are incorrect.

The first form of these arms, mentioned above, is said to have been engraved from the original seal of Governor Petrus Stuyvesant loaned by Gerard Stuyvesant for the purpose of procuring an exact copy thereof for the "Manual," and, unless the engraver took unwonted liberties in his work, it ought to be regarded as of the highest authority. The picture on page 413 of the "Manual" is that

* See *America Heraldica*, plate III.

of the seal of Governor Stuyvesant and is blazoned as follows: Azure, party per fess; in upper a hunting hound in pursuit of an antelope; in lower an antelope courant; all proper. Crest: Out of a prince's coronet a demi antelope salient, proper. (The animal in chief is slightly smaller than the one in base, and the engraver may have mistaken a hare for an antelope. And he may have made another mistake in making the base azure instead of gules.)

The legend on the seal is: *S. Pet. Stuyvesant: N: Belgii: et Ceraso Ins. Gubernator.*

No heraldic motto accompanies this.

Now, in regard to these three forms we may remark of the carved arms of the capitol, they are incorrect as to the division of the shield. The upper portion is not exactly a chief nor is the field divided per fess. It should be either the one or the other. On the other hand the motto is unexceptionable as to Latin, which cannot be said of that in *America Heraldica* where the construction is very unusual if not impossible. Indeed it is probable that *fæderi* is an error for *fidere*. Another very unusual feature of the arms in the latter work, is the position of the animals in the charge, *contourné*. (*) In heraldry motion of animals and objects, as vessels, is usually towards the dexter side of the shield. As to the charge in the base of the arms in the Manual, it is clearly an antelope (†) and not a stag, as in the two others. It is highly probable that the motto of the arms in the Capitol is the correct one, although a change of *fæderi* to *fidere* in the second form would be unexceptionable.

Collating these three forms, our conclusion is, that the true arms of this family are: Party per fess, azure and gules; in upper a hunting

(*) There is nothing impossible, nor even unusual in European Heraldry, in heraldic charges being *contourné*, that is, turned towards the sinister instead of the dexter side of the shield. The arms as given in *America Heraldica* are found painted in colors in T. Gwilt-Mapleson's "Hand-Book of Heraldry," New York, 1852, and blazoned in Rietstap's "Armorial Universel," 1st Edition, 1861. [Ed.]

(†) The Heraldic authorities describe an "Antelope" as having straight horns thrown backwards; the animal found in the Stuyvesant Seal has the usual horns of the stag, *not* of the antelope. [Ed.]

hound in pursuit of a hare; in lower an antelope courant; all proper. Crest: Out of a prince's coronet a demi antelope salient, proper. Motto: *Fovi præstat fidere quam homini.*

II. THOMAS DONGAN.

Colonel Thomas Dongan, born in 1634, was a younger son of Sir John Dongan, an Irish baronet, and was appointed governor of the province in September, 1682. He landed at Nantasket and proceeded thence to New York by land, where he arrived August 23, 1683. He was suspended in 1688 by Sir Edmund Andros and retired to his farm at Hempstead, L. I. Later he returned to Ireland and inherited the family estate and title, his brother having been attainted for treason. He died December 14, 1715.

His arms appear on his privy seal attached to official documents, now preserved in the New York State Library. The seals do not show color, but as we know the tinctures of the family arms, we assume they were identical in both.

The arms of the family as given by Burke were: Quarterly, first and fourth gules, three lions passant, or, each holding in dexter paw a close helmet argent garnished of the second; second and third azure, six plates, on a chief or a demi lion rampant gules.

The arms on Gov. Dongan's seal are: [Supplying the tinctures from the former blazon] Quarterly, first and

fourth gules, three lions passant, or, each holding in dexter paw a close helmet argent garnished of the second; second, azure, six plates, on a chief or, a demi lion rampant gules; third, azure, a talbot passant or. (*)

The tincture of the field of the third quarter is conjectured to be azure, and that would necessitate that of the charge to be argent or, and the latter is taken because it appears in the first and fourth, and good heraldry in England was inclined to adopt few rather than a variety of colors in the institution of arms.

George Rogers Howell.

(*) The tinctures of the third quarter are that of the family of Burgoigne. We do not know through what alliance these arms figure in Gov. Dongan's arms. [Ed.]



Thomas Dongan

OLD PLATE.

GIFTS TO HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

PRIOR to the Revolution, our ancestors depended largely upon the mother country for articles of luxury, and great quantities of plate were brought over. As early as the middle of the XVII. century, and from the time of John Hull, the Boston Mint-master, there were goldsmiths to be found in New York, Philadelphia and Boston.* "In 1767 the silversmiths of Philadelphia petitioned for the establishment of an assay office to regulate assays and stamp gold and silver."

During the Revolution, and in the South, during the late war, valuable records and plates were destroyed. It is the aim of the writer of this paper to collect, as far as possible, accurate accounts of Old Plate, especially that of native makers, of whose history so little is at present known.

In the appendix of "A sketch of the History of Harvard College," by Samuel A. Eliot, in table II., Donations, etc., is the following entry:

"1644, Mr. Richard Harris, a great silver salt, valued, in 1654, at £5. 1. 3., at 4s. per ounce, and a small trencher-salt valued, in 1654, at 10s. - - - - - £5. 11. 3."

This salt cellar, (1) height 4 5-8 inches, diameter 6-58 inches, has unfortunately no maker's mark or date-letter. It has two marks only: 1st, a Leopard's head, crowned; 2d, a Lion, passant, the latter mark on each of the three feet. It is engraved with the initials I. G. E., and with this inscription (put on of late years): "The gift of Mr. Richard Harris of Cambridge, 1644." The principal article of domestic plate at this period was the *saler* (now corrupted into *cellar*), which was placed in the middle of the table; persons of distinction sat nearest the head of the table or above the salt, and inferior relations or dependents below it. It seems rather to have served this purpose than to hold salt for the meal, a supply of which was usually placed near each person's trencher, in a smaller salt cellar, called a "trencher"-salt.

There are further entries of gifts of plate in 1656, 1664, and in 1683. In 1699 the "Hon. William Stoughton erected a building called Stoughton Hall." . . . "In 1700 probably the same gentleman gave a large silver bowl, 48 1-2 ounces, and a goblet, 20 ounces." The

"large silver bowl" is the two-handled cup and cover (2) with fluted and godrooned base and cover, and ornamental cast handles. It has one mark only, I. C., a mullet below, lobed shield. It is engraved with a Coat of Arms, blazoned: "On a Saltier, between four door staples, an escalop. Crest: A demi-lion between feet an escalop," (*) and with this inscription:

*The gift
of the*

Hon. William Stoughton,

who died at

Dorchester,

July 7,

1701.

The maker's name is to be found on several pieces of plate, in England. The plain tankards, *ex dono* Sebright, Jesus College, Oxford, are among those thus marked and still in use; they were made in 1685. (Cripp's *Old English Plate*.) In 1731 "Col. Samuel Brown, of Salem, left, by his will, £60 to the College, for the purchase of a piece of plate." (†) The two-handled cup (3) is inscribed:

From

the bequest of

Col. Samuel Brown.

of

Salem,

1731.

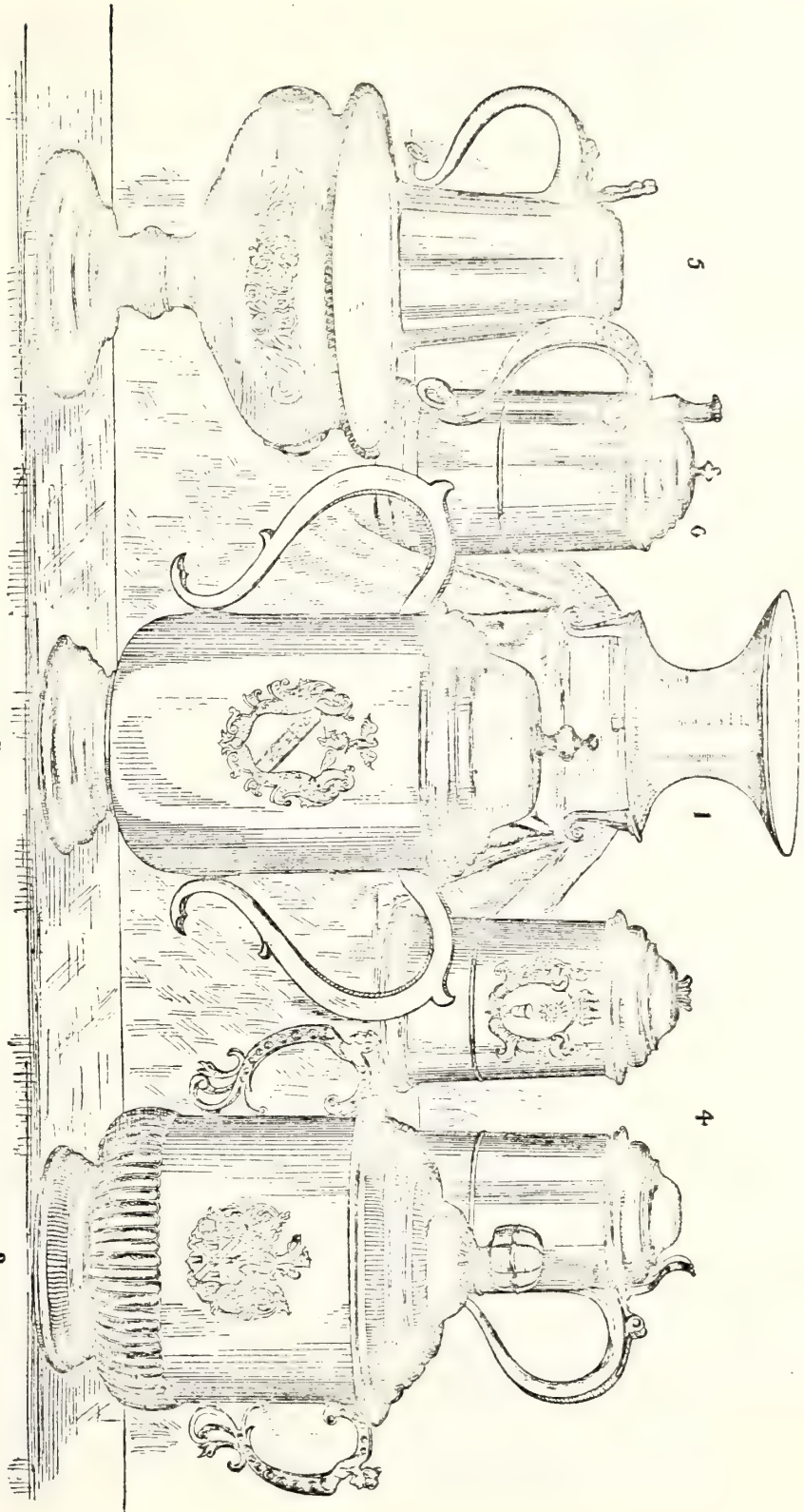
It bears: *Arms*: On a bend three spread eagles, and for *Crest*: An eagle displayed. (‡)

* See *America Heraldica*, p. 142.

† Through the kindness of Dr. Francis Brown, of Boston.

‡ See *America Heraldica*, p. 54.

* *A History of American Manufactures* (1668-1860) by J. L. Bishop.



THE HARVARD COLLEGE OLD PLATE.

Engraved from a Photograph taken by the GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO., with kind permission of President Eliot.

The maker, JOHN BURT, was a Boston goldsmith. He made the large flagon presented to the New North Church in 1745, now in the possession of Kings Chapel.

The two tankards (4) were presented by John and William Vassal in 1729, "*each weighing about 20 oz.*"

They were made by I. Kneeland and are inscribed :

Donum
Johannis Vassal
Commensalis.
A. D., 1729.

Donum
Guilielmi Vassal.
Commensalis
A. D., 1729.

The Vassal arms are engraved on each : a sun in chief and a chalice in base. *Crest* : A ship with masts and shroud all proper. *

The plain tankard (5) has one mark, E. W., fleur de lys below, shaped shield. This maker's mark is on four silver basons belonging to the Second Church, Boston. One with the

*See *America Heraldica*, p. 85.

Foster Coat of Arms, two presented by Edward and Thomas Hutchinson, May, 1711, and a baptismal bason presented by "Adam Winthrop, 18 August, 1706." Another plain tankard (6) is marked E. Cobb. The date, 1638, is scratched on the handle, also the initials :

E	The coin at the lower end of
H D	the handle with the legend Anna.
E	Dei. Gratia. E., is a Queen Anne
L D	shilling, struck at the Edinburgh
M	mint, 1707-8.
H D	This vessel probably was made
M	in Boston during the early part
I D	of the XVIII. century.

A standing dish, or bason 6 3-4 inches high and 9 inches in diameter, is evidently the christening bason for which Judge Wendell gave, in 1817, "*twenty half eagles.*"

It is marked JONES, 37 MARKET STREET, and is very poor in point of design and execution.

With the exception of those on the Vassal Tankards, the inscriptions are of recent date, the Coats of Arms, however, appear to have been engraved prior to presentation.

Thanks are due to President Eliot of Harvard for his kindness in allowing the silver to be inspected and photographed, and to the Gorham Manufacturing Company, silversmiths, for the use of the photograph and drawing.

In conclusion, the writer would state that he will be most thankful for any notes or impressions from the marks upon silver, or for any account from old records, etc., of native silversmiths.

J. H. Buck.

THE HOBBIES OF THE BOOK HUNTER.

HOW many and innocent they are, these hobbies of the Book Hunter! How they help to diversify life, amuse the mind, lighten the purse!

If I were called upon to state the germinal hobby of the Book Hunter I think I should name his desire to visit old shops.

The environment, as the evolutionists say, has its influence on the Book Hunter.

Amid the recesses of a shop stored with bookish treasures, he learns the titles, dates, illustrations of printed rarities. He familiarizes himself with editions. He gradually grows to dislike the commonplace and cheap.

What delightful visions he sees in the old shops! Here an Aldus bows to him with old-time dignity. There an Elzevir smiles at him with coquettish grace.

The Book Hunter in the early stage of his mania is apt to commit many blunders.

An old book too often seems to him a rare book.

It takes years for a Book Hunter to learn that it is not age but condition which gives a book its value.

How pleasantly those hours in an antiquarian book store pass! You loiter, you open a volume on this shelf and on that, you cull a thought or a sentence here or there.

The second hobby of the Book Hunter is the accumulation of catalogues. He asks for one when he goes into a shop; he examines it closely when he gets home.

A catalogue is a dry thing to most men.

To the Book Hunter it is the inventory of things which he does or does not possess

the printed hint to treasures which he would love to possess.

He reads item after item and imagines how that Baskerville, that Tonson, that Didot, that Jouaust would look on his shelf.

How temptingly books are described by ingenious cataloguers!

What a crescendo of enthusiasm in the words *Limited Edition, Rare, Extremely Rare*, to the man with the touch of the mania!

Catalogues litter the table of the Book Hunter. He reads them pencil in hand and marks and marks.

There is poetry to him in the laconic statements of Quaritch of London, Fontaine of Paris, Rosenthal of Munich.

When a man has frequently visited old book shops and perused old book catalogues, ten to one, he becomes a collector.

At first his hobby is to buy anything and everything odd, rare and curious.

He purchases right and left, fast and furious.

Madame and Mademoiselle protest.

He does not listen to either fair protestant, but exclaims with Rantzau:

"Golden volumes, richest treasures!
Objects of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands with rapture seize!
Brilliant wits and musing sages,
Lights who beamed through many ages,
Left to your conscious leaves their story;
And now their hope of fame achieved,
Dear volumes you have not deceived!"

The mania of our Book Hunter grows by what it feeds on.

His friends whisper that he is ruining himself buying books.

He continues; receives letters and catalogues from booksellers; orders whatever strikes his fancy; stores away his treasures.

"I will rival," he says to himself, "D'Hoym and Heber. My collection shall be immense."

This continues for some time.

The day of reckoning comes, however, and the ambitious Book Hunter recognizes that his purse will not allow him to compete with the D'Aumales and the Rothschilds.

He recognizes that he has been too generous in his purchases and resolves to confine himself to certain specialties.

He has heard that one collector has gathered about him all the editions of his favorite author, another possesses rare bindings, a third extends and extra-illustrates his books, a fourth goes in for erotica.

Our Book Hunter gets a new hobby. He, too, will adopt some special line.

See him now in the auction room, studying the situation, watching the auctioneer, scanning the bidders.

What a mixed crowd there!

Men with long purses and short purses; men who nod at the auctioneer, and men who shout at him; bibliophiles, bibliomanes, bibliopoles, bibliognosts, men with special fads and men with vague aspirations are seated on little chairs, catalogue in hand, and pencil at the lips.

How various the hobbies of the Book Hunter!

Some, like M. de Rebecq, go mousing among the bookstalls for oddities, and, unlike him, do not find, for a mere song, six original plays of Molière that happened to be bound in with an old medical poem. The good luck of M. de Rebecq was worth hundreds of pounds and hours of joy to him.

Other book hunters are keen in quest of some volume that was once the property of a famous man. M. de Latour, walking along the Quai du Louvre, picked up a shabby little copy of the "Imitatio Christi" in one of the boxes. He opened it. On the title page he read:

"A. J. F. Rousseau."

Needless to add that M. de Latour did not sleep that night.

One of the oddest hobbies of the Book Hunter is the craving for first editions of old and modern authors.

The first edition of a Keats, a Thackeray, a Dickens, a Shelley, a Tennyson, he maintains, will reveal to the reader the original, unpurgated, unrestrained thought of the author.

"The texts of later editions," says the man with a hobby for first editions, "are always changed."

"Delightful, therefore," he exclaims, "to read the work of a writer in its pristine state."

"But the price," I venture to remark, "the price is triple. Modern editions are just as good, better sometimes than your first editions."

"I am willing to pay for my hobby," answers the Book Hunter with a smile, showing me his shelf, on which are ranged Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, with the imprint of Ticknor and Fields.

There is no good reasoning with a Book Hunter who has a hobby.

He generally has every kind of a book in his library but a book on logic.

And yet sometimes the Book Hunter has method in his madness.

Allow me to cite an example.

Mr. Ruskin maintains that if men spend so much money on such luxuries as horses and wines, they ought to be willing to spend it on such luxuries as rare and beautiful books. When, therefore, Mr. Ruskin originally published his different works, he had them bound in the finest bindings and fixed upon each one of the volumes the price he thought its literary contents and the artistic workmanship deserved. The prices of Ruskin are very fancy at times, but they are generally just.

There are book hunters who hate your ponderous folios, your dunce-head encyclopædias, your prosy dictionaries. They like little books, light, elegant, portable books.

The edition Cazin, dated mysteriously, "à Londres," is to their phantasy.

Long works, they exclaim with La Fontaine:

"Les longs ouvrages me font peur.
Loin d'épuiser une matière
Il faut n'en prendre que la fleur."

These collectors who do not like long works, who wish to get at the gist of an author, do not buy a whole set of his works. They have the hobby of buying their favorite piece of a favorite author.

They will not, for instance, invest in "Goethe's Gesammelte Werke," which everybody has and which you can buy for eight dollars.

They buy "Die Leiden des Jungen Werther's" (Leipzig, 1774, two volumes,) and pay seventy marks for the hobby.

That, the original edition of Werther, has associations, has the perfume of the time.

Hence its charms for the collector.

Bear with me as I now allude to another hobby, that of extra-illustration.

Dr. Granger, of England, who lived in the last century, was the father of this mania.

He tore up richly illustrated books, and then decked some pet book of his own in the borrowed plates.

A work that had originally consisted of say two volumes was, by this process, enlarged to six or ten volumes.

You can easily understand that this hobby of extra-illustration is an expensive hobby. It takes both plenty of time and plenty of money.

Mr. Daniel M. Tredwell, in his "Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books," describes the process in a most interesting manner.

But the pleasure of it!

Take an extra-illustrated Shakespeare, for instance, and you will have a set of volumes such as will be your delight all your life long.

Portraits, views, play bills, photographs, con-

tribute their share to make your copy of the Bard of Avon unique and unapproachable.

The set has grown from ten to twenty volumes.

If you are not afraid to ascertain in figures what you have spent on it, you will find that the total will be in the neighborhood of six thousand dollars.

I have seen sets in New York, extra-illustrated and extended, which cost their proud owners fully that good round sum.

Some day or other I may speak of some of these rarities.

Books on the stage and on the tender passion are especially adapted to extra-illustration.

I have often wondered what Nell Gwynne would have said had she seen her "Life," by Cunningham, extra-illustrated and magnificently bound.

Strange fate of some books!

They pass to posterity by reason of their illustrations.

"The pictures for the page atone,
And the text is saved by beauties not its own."

One of the most tyrannical of the hobbies of the book hunters is the mania for rare, odd, rich bindings.

Some crave for the master-pieces, of Grolier, Derome, Le Gascon. Others are not satisfied with a covering for their books unless it comes from the artistic hands of Thibaron, Matthews, Trautz-Bauzonnet.

All true book lovers wish to have their volumes appropriately clothed. It is a hobby with them.

Divines like Bossuet and Jeremy Taylor must be bound in dark purple.

The Fathers of the Church feel most comfortable in the purity of white vellum.

Rousseau, trenchant and radical, your true book lover binds in red.

A fantastic poet like Poe should be bound in something fantastic.

A folio of Shakespeare looks best in paneled Russia.

The leathers of Japan and China, with erratic colors and bright designs, are used to advantage for books like the "Opium Eater" of De Quincey.

M. Octave Uzanne, in his "Caprices d'un Bibliophile," advises book hunters to bind their books according to the contents. "Do not use the ordinary half binding for everything," he says in substance, "use old scraps of brocade, velvet, embroidery, to deck your volumes."

"Doubtless," adds Mr. Andrew Lang, in *The Library*, "a covering made of some dead

lady's train goes well with a romance by Crebillon and engravings by Marillier."

I pass to another hobby of the Book Hunter. I mean that for suppressed, facetious, erotic books.

This, for reasons that are patent, is a hobby which must be pursued with secrecy.

At auction the collector of these books gives an assumed name. At home he shows his treasures only to his most intimate friends.

He has copies of the "Pucelle" of Voltaire, of "Boccaccio," of the "Secret Cabinet of the Royal Museum of Naples," extended, extra-illustrated copies, which are worth more than their weight in gold.

This hobby for books which the virtuous Dauphin would not have been allowed to pursue, is an odd hobby, but it is a hobby all the same.

There are men of all kinds of taste in this wicked world.

"Books, books again, and books once more,
These are our theme, which some miscall
Mere madness, setting little store
By copies either short or tall.
But you, O slaves of shelf and stall,
We rather write for you that hold
Patched folios dear and prize 'the small,
Rare volume black with tarnished gold.' "

These lines are by Mr. Austin Dobson.

They give some insight into the enthusiasm of a true book lover.

Why do you suppose that book hunter measures that book with a pocket rule?

To ascertain the height of the volumes, the breadth of the margin. Your genuine book

hunter is particular as to margin and heights.

He does not care about the number of feet that Mt. St. Elias soars toward the sky, but he does care how many fractions of an inch his Elzevir stands on his shelf.

He does not bother about the exact area of the United States, but he is particular about the width of the Pickering that lies on his library table.

The hobbies of the book hunters!

They are almost as numerous as the languages spoken by Mezzofanti.

Just ask the old and young booksellers of New York, men who have had experience, and they will bear me out in my statement.

What queer people with queer notions enter the shops of Mr. Francis, of Mr. Luyster, of Mr. Putnam, of Mr. Benjamin, of Mr. Coombes!

How many men with hobbies sit and chat with Mr. Bonaventure, Mr. Bouton, Mr. Delay, Mr. Duprat!

With what keen eyes Mr. R. H. Dodd, of Dodd, Mead & Co., and Mr. Hageman at Worthington's have studied these collectors, their tastes, eccentricities, humors!

I sometimes wonder whether it would not be a good idea to classify book hunters as well as books.

That might make an original catalogue.

How shall I close this rambling essay?

In the words—with one exception—of Sir Walter Scott to Richard Heber:

"Adieu, dear reader, life and health,
And store of literary wealth."

Lewis Rosenthal.

BOOKBINDING AS A FINE ART.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE natural instinct of man is to adorn what he loves. As he loves himself best, he indulges, first of all, in the luxury of dress, and beautifies his own fragile person. Then he looks around, finds his home shabby and bare, and puts all his spare cash into furniture, wall decorations, bric-à-brac. The books he reads with most pleasure strike him next, as deserving a garb worthy of their contents, and he calls for the bookbinder and the gilder to give their artistic care to the creation of dainty book-vestments.

And thus it was, since literature became a power in this world. Of far Eastern binding

we do not pretend to discourse here, but we will simply mention, amongst the earlier known friends of books and bookbinding, Phillatius who ushered bookbinding into the world by inventing a glue to stick together the leaves of a book. Athens built him a statue. The book soon ceased to be kept in scrolls, tied up with straps of purple color, took the form that it has now, and went into cases of wood, ivory or metal, as a jewel into a casket.

The bookbinders of ante-Christian times were the slaves, all at the same time story-tellers, caterers of knowledge to the wealthy copyists. The fortunate men of the period were glad to

atone for their good fortune, by protecting the learned and being generous to the deserving. In the first monastic community, founded by St. Pachomius in the IV. century, the scribes were taught to bind their books. As the scribe's calligraphy became more ornate, his books were also better adorned, until St. Austin and St. Jerome, following in the wake of Seneca, would have him lashed for an extravagant display of jewelry "that ill becomes wisdom, Diogenes having gone through the world in rags and Christ having died naked at the door of his temple." The world heeded not the rebuke and went its uneven way. There was time for riotous folly and time for standing in a shroud at the closed gates of cathedrals; there were books that glared insolently with precious stones, and books that dragged chains like convicts and repentant pilgrims; there were the "Book of Greek Scriptures" inserted between two plates of gold, decked with precious stones and cameos, which Theolinda gave to the Cathedral of Monza, and the "Book of Gospels," studded with gems, and bearing, in the centre, on an agate, the engraved portraits of the Emperor and his sons. It was given by Ada, Charlemagne's sister, to the Abbey of St. Maximin at Trèves. And there was an infinity of books in heavy boards, covered with the plainest hog-skin, embossed, made to close with clasps of metal and containing a secret recess in the interior of the binding for a crucifix guarded by a metal door. The precious bindings became booty for pillagers; the poorer ones went the way of these bronze statues that, in a later age of so-called progress, were turned into cannon-balls, and of these deeds of land and these parchment-patents who were stretched on drums, to beat a patriotic tattoo.

A Nuremberg chronicle, with its original stamped leather covers, is a specimen, still preserved, of German handicraft, that has won for Germany credit that should be shared with Holland and Belgium, where there were many skillful bookbinders (not only goldsmiths, enamellers or upholsterers, branching into book-binding), at the beginning of the XIV. century. Long after the invention of printing, that blew out the world's reverential, but distant, regard for books and put in its place a horror of blank paper,* there were many books bound in velvet, silk, lace, figured satin, with clasps and corners of copper and gilt, with roses imprinted on them and buttons and tassels innumerable, as for a May-day queen's gown. But for a

bookbinder as for a shoemaker, there is nothing like leather, and for a bibliopegist there is nothing like morocco leather. The pillagers of the Caliph's library at Cairo were without a bibliopegistic guide, or they would not have turned the morocco covers of its most valuable books into shoes, whilst the marauding Crusaders in Palestine, acting in a spirit of conservatism rather surprising for the times, came home with bindings of morocco leather, wrought to imitate the plumage of a bird's wing, for which rare find they might have rested forever on their laurels.

Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary (1443-90), was the most ardent book-lover of his time. The books of the Buda Library, founded by him, were bound in various colored morocco, elaborately tooled and gilded by Italian artists, and bore the symbol suggested by the Roman etymon of his name: a crow with a ring in its beak.

The Turks under Soliman II., in 1526, destroyed the Buda Library, and the praise due to Mathias Corvinus, for having led the Western world in biblioegy has gone to Maioli and Grolier.

Thomas Maioli, Demetrio Canevari, Charles Borromeo, Pius V., the dukes of Ferrara, the Doges of Venice, were patrons of biblioegy in Italy in the XVI. century,* but Maioli's name as a book lover leads the others, in merit as well as in date. The inscription on his books, *Th Maioli et Amicorum* either is not true, or is wonderful if true, for it is hardly in a book-lover's nature to lend his books to his friends, or to wish for books that he will not possess unreservedly.†

So well have the apologists of the French Revolution managed to obliterate, in a number of cases, the merits of the old nobility, that many of the services rendered to art, literature, science, by members of the first order would have been absolutely forgotten, were it not for a few earnest searchers, anxious to re-establish the truth and the reality of things. So it is that Grolier's name might have fallen into total oblivion if that worthy nobleman had not been, besides a book-collector, an enthusiastic patron of bookbinding as a fine art.

Jean Grolier, Vicomte d'Aguisy, was born at

* Venice was, for Italy, the original teacher of Bookbinding, and the gilt anchor, with dolphin entwined, of the Aldi, is found on many a work, printed and bound in the early XVI. century.

† However, that formula was adopted by many other collectors of books in the XVI. century. Besides Grolier's, there exist volumes of the same epoch with the marks: *Thoma. Wotni et Amicorum*, *M. Lawini et Amicorum*. Besides, Maioli used also the (less hospitable) mottoes of: *inimici mei mea mihi non me mihi*, and *ingratis servire nefas*.

* It has been estimated that over 13,000 editions of books have been printed during the XV. century alone. The work of the bookbinder was indeed beginning in real earnest.

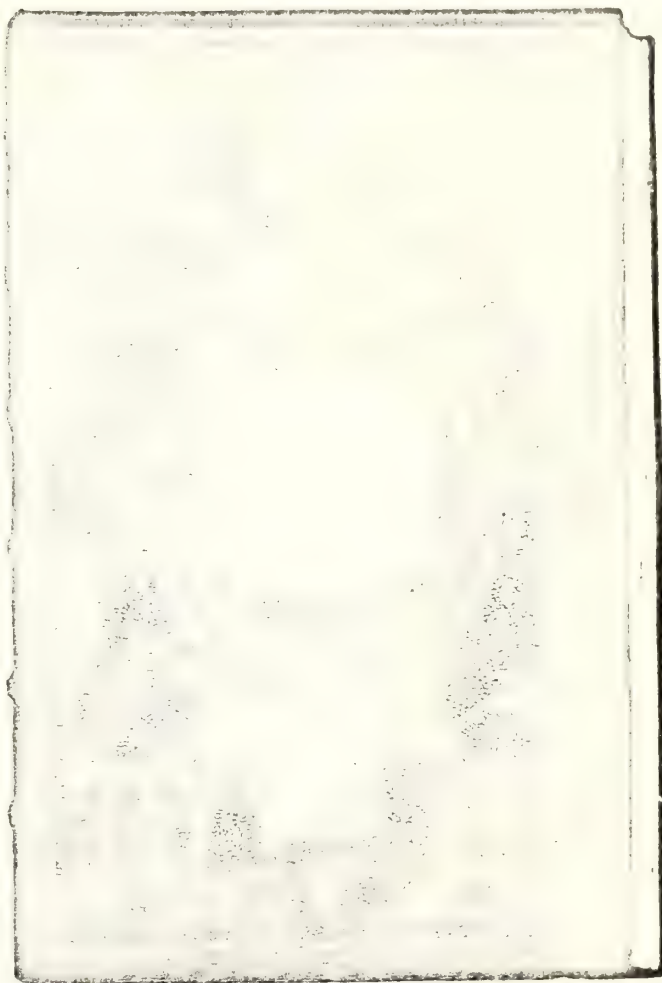
Lyons in 1479, and died at Paris in 1565. He was Treasurer for the duchy of Milan during the French occupation in 1510, and counted Mantius Aldus among his friends. His contemporary chroniclers did not deem him worthy of much comment. It is true that in 1558 they made a note of him as the Director of the Chantilly Art Collections; in 1559, as president of a commission for the recoinage of monies, under Henri II.; in 1561, as defendant in a suit for peculation that resulted in his acquittal. Benvenuto Cellini boasts in his "Memoirs" of having put an end to a discussion with Grolier by threatening to throw him out of the window, but Cellini could boast of his temerity with men that otherwise were, according to his vanity, beneath his notice. Grolier took with him from Italy (Venice, probably) to Paris or Lyons—it is a moot point among his bibliographers—men who could mould a morocco leather cover on a book like a glove on a lady's hand, making it as much a part of the book as the text itself—a handicraft that modern workmen are wont to pass over lightly in their rage for decoration—forgetting but too willingly that decoration is not everything. Grolier's favorite patterns were boldly traced interlacing gold lines, intermixed with small leaves or sprays. On every volume appeared the *Io. Grolieri et Amicorum* inscription, after Maioli.

The accompanying plate is that of a book in the possession of a member of the Grolier Club, in New York, illustrating a rare specimen of an elaborate Grolier pattern.

There were, according to La Caille, three thousand books in Grolier's library. After his death it was taken in charge by the Vic family and, much later, in 1676, it was sold publicly, after the death of Dominique de Vic; but for lack of a catalogue, and the original buyers being unknown, Mr. Le Roux de Lincy could find trace of only 350 books. That was in 1866. Now that there is a "Grolier Club" in New York City, the misled volumes will not fail to appear on the market, and so will many more of which La Caille knew nothing, nor did Grolier, for that matter. But as a book should not be held valuable for the mere fact of having been in Grolier's hands, but for that exquisite workmanship that Grolier exact-

ed, bibliopegists worthy of the name will look further than mottoes or traditional ornaments that may be imitated to perfection by modern binders.

With kings' and queens' books, the collector may act differently. An unelegantly bound volume bearing the crowned F. and the salamander of Francis I., if it has really been in the



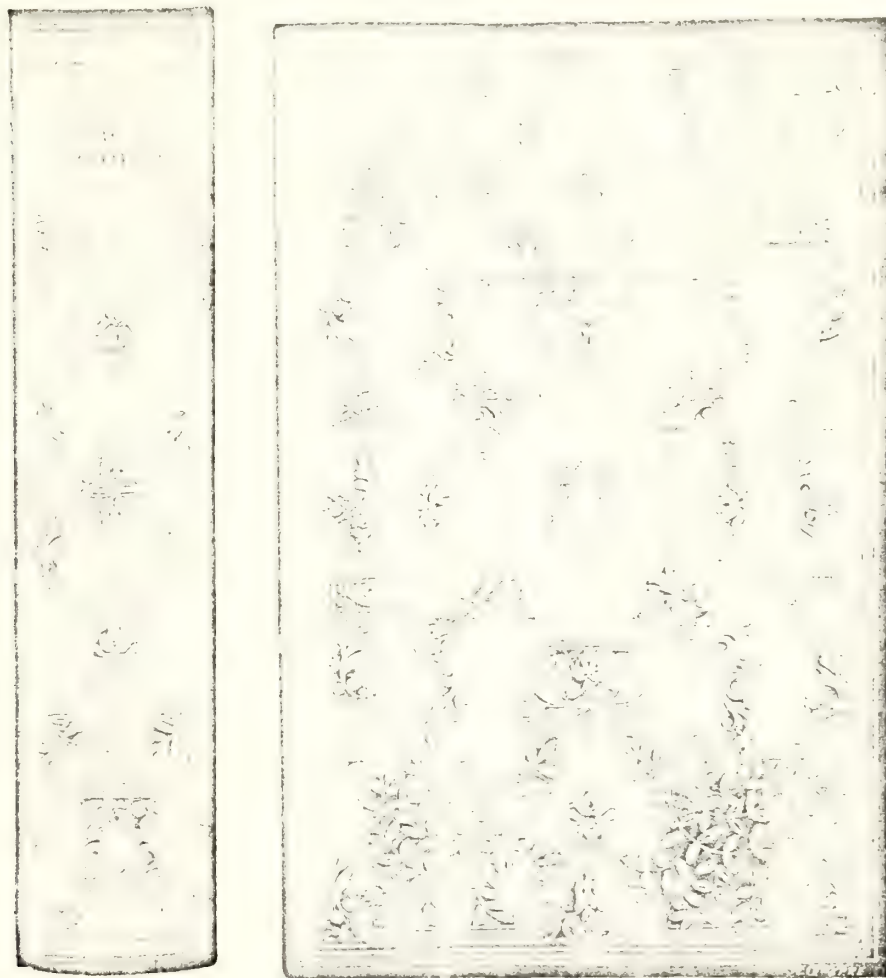
HELIODORI PHOENICIS .ETHIOPICÆ HISTORIÆ LIBRI DECEM, nunc primum e greco sermone in latinum translatis; Stanislaw Warschewiczki Polono interprete. Basileae, per Ioannem Oporinum, 1552, in folio. Magnificent binding, executed for GROLIER and bearing his name and motto. It was bought by Bonaventure of New York, at the Vechener sale (1857) for 13,500 francs. It is believed to be the finest specimen of binding known to have belonged to Grolier. Belonged until 1863 to the famous bibliophile Léopold Double.

Kings' library,* may be of value for that reason alone, and Diana of Poitiers, to whom is

* Under Francis I.'s reign the celebrated printer and engraver, Geoffroy Tory, caused several of his books to be bound, with his mark (the broken vase) stamped on the cover.

due the edict providing that a copy, on vellum, of every book printed in France should be deposited in the Royal (now National) Library, deserves some mention of her books, stamped with mythological emblems and crescents, sometimes united in a monogram with King Henri II.'s initials; such mention is due the famed beauty, even if her books should

curred to any one to smile at that; it was done after the judgment had been rendered, and they were simple-minded and upright people then; but these four books made a bibliop-egist of Jacques-Auguste de Thou, the son of Christopher. One of these volumes was the famous *Translation of Hippocrates*, (Calvus, Rome, 1525) bequeathed by Motley to Napo-



CATULLI, TIBULLI, PROPERTII nova editio. Jos. Scaliger recensuit. Ejusdem in eodem cas-
tigationum liber. Luteciae apud Mamertum Patissanium, 1577, 2 parts in 1 vol. in 8vo.
Copy with the arms of Jacques-Auguste de Thou, after Grolier, the greatest amateur of
books and bindings in France, during the XVI. century. Bound by Clovis Eve.

happen to be wanting in the qualities that make a bound volume a model of bibliopegy.

Christopher de Thou was president of the commission that acquitted Grolier from pecu-lation, and out of sheer gratitude Grolier made him a present of four books.* It never oc-

* Although Grolier lived to be eighty-six and died only in 1565, all the books of his, examined so far, seem to have been bound before 1550.

leon III., in 1850, and burned in 1871 during the Commune.

Jacques-Auguste de Thou's library remained intact in the hands of his son; then passed, almost entire, successively, into the hands of President De Menars, Cardinal de Rohan, and Prince de Soubise. The latter sold it at auction in 1788. De Thou's favorite binding was plain morocco, with his coat

of-arms in the centre of the cover, and his monogram on the back, itself very delicately ornamented. After his marriage, his wife's arms were stamped with his own, and later his second wife's arms were *accollées*, as it is the rule in French heraldry. The plate here given is presented as a rare specimen of an elaborately tooled volume from de Thou's library before his first marriage. De Thou's folio copy of the *Historia Piscium* of Salvianus, purchased at the Edwards sale for the Fronthill collection, has been judged superior, as a work of binding, to all the books of his time now extant, and to a real book lover, that will suffice to make his fame as a historian pale into insignificance.

The name of Grolier's master workman is not known; de Thou's favorite binder was Clovis Eve, a well-favored name for an artist, pretty and brilliant and easily preserved in one's memory, as the name of the first woman and that of the first King of France, the same who gave his subjects an early reverence for art by putting to death with his own hand, one of his bravest warriors, for a broken Soissons vase. Clovis Eve liked flowers and dainty designs, and he had the faculty to turn out a lovely binding as by magic, by some spurt of that inspiration which obeys neither set rules nor accepted traditions. The Eve family (for there was quite a dynasty of them) were invested with the titles of "Bookbinders to the King," from 1578 to 1627; Nicholas Eve, Clovis, predecessor, bound the cross-boned books of Henri III.; Clovis Eve, the H. IIII. lettered books with royal coat of arms of Henri IV. and the golden-fleeced books of Louis XIII.

If Louis XIV. loved high-flown drama, display, pomposity of style and aspect, he paid but little attention to the outward garb of books. However, under his reign, was rendered the edict of 1686, that liberated bookbinders from the dictatorship of printers and publishers. Stipulations were also introduced

in treaties with the Ottoman Empire for the export of morocco skins to be used in binding the books of the Royal Library.

Until the above-mentioned edict was promulgated, the binding work proper was done by workmen employed by the book-sellers. The artistic work alone, lettering and ornamentation, was confided to the Corporation of



THE WORKS OF ANACREON [*in Greek*]. Parisiis, ex typographia Jacobi Dugast, via S. Joannis Bellouacensis, ad Oliuam Rob. Stephani, 1539. *Small in 4to from the celebrated presses of Robert Estienne; belonged to the Renouard Library. Binding by Le Gascon.*

Gilders, a separate and distinct organization.

Le Gascon, the great competitor of the Eves, during the middle and the latter period of their artistic supremacy, was, probably at first, one of those humble and unknown gilders, satellites of the rich and exclusive book-sellers, so jealous of their rights and prerogatives.

The name of Le Gascon may be a nickname to express the man's vanity, or it may mean

that he came from d'Artagnan's country. The real name is not known, but the workman who bore it was an artist to the tips of his fingers. Jerome Pinchon says that he bound the books added to de Thou's collection by his son; Feydau says that he had a secret process of gilding not yet discovered. The binding of the fa-

mous *Guirlande de Julie*, written by the Calligraphist Jarey, and that shall ever be held as a model, was the work of Le Gascon. Our readers will find here an example of his work, made for a copy of *Anacreon*, that was once in the Renouard Library.

(To be Continued.)

The Grolierite.

THE MAGPIE'S HOARD.

A DISTINGUISHING characteristic of that humorous and artful bird, the Magpie, is its fondness for glitter. Any object that presents itself to its sparkling eye with a responsive sheen or sparkle, possesses for the Magpie a fascination to which an otherwise most philosophic and rational fowl must succumb. *La gazza ladra* is an indefatigably industrious picker up of unconsidered and considerable trifles, without distinction of quality or value. If they have the requisite amount of glister they are eligible to its hoard and it will abandon its quest for food, and subordinate the strongest natural instinct of animate creation, for the ownership of an indigestible brass button or a broken bead.

The traits of the Magpie, as universal experience has demonstrated, have ascended to the superior race which condescends to make of its feathered prototype an occasional toy. There is a manner of men to whom the acquisition of property, no matter what, so long as it shines, is a personal gospel, and who pursue this worship of tinsel with a fervor that has the true Magpie contempt for consistency or reason. The miser is by no means a Magpie. He assembles his hoard for a specific purpose, and however sordid and contemptible its items may be, they represent to him an addition to his wealth. The human Magpie, on the contrary, collects for the sake of the surface of things, and halts at no extravagance to gratify his passion and feed his pride of possession fatter. The instinct which leads the miser to accumulate, leads him to waste what the miser treasures most, just as the Magpie will relinquish a savory morsel of carrion for a sapless scrap of castaway trumpery.

In no field of activity is the human Magpie

so industrious in his acquisitive practices as in that of the arts. Indeed, there is no domain so prolific of the quality that tempts him as that which produces Munkacsys that blaze with the splendor of a hundred thousand dollars apiece, and peachblow vases that have a price whose brilliancy is limited only by the impudence of the dealer who sells them and the credulity of the Magpie himself: that dazzles him with Henri Deux cabinets at the cost of a brownstone front on the Avenue, and blinds his covetous senses with trophies of arms with whose purchase-money a modern regiment might be equipped and armed.

It would be an insult to the intelligence of the cultivated reader to ask whether it is the judgment of the connoisseur or the instinct of the Magpie that creates a devouring mania for Jules Breton's, and a raving lunacy for Bargue's; that covers walls with the showy trifles of the picture dealer's shop, and fills houses with the unassorted stock of the porcelain trader and the incongruous odds and ends of the merchant of bric-à-brac. It is the eye of the Magpie everywhere, always acock for a sparkle, seduced by glitter, enamored of show, picking tinsel out of the mire, and leaving the gems for the few who can see the latent fire which the basest counterfeit outshines in Magpie estimation.

I had recent occasion to visit a Magpie whose sumptuous nest is one of the many that at once enrich and render ridiculous the suburban country about New York. This special Magpie is a bird of vast financial astuteness. He has bathed in the waters of Pactolus, and has built his habitation in a tree of gold. The variegated splendors with which he has stuffed it, until its floors sag and its walls bulge, produced upon me the impression of an auction

sale. My Magpie knew some of them by price; he knew a few of them by name; for the rest it was all glare and glitter, and as he proudly assured me over a stirrup cup, extracted from a Venetian decanter in which a musical box that set one's teeth on edge silenced the tinkling of the liquor into the glasses with a Strauss waltz, "fit for any king."

There is a story, is it not Gautier who tells it? of an Oriental monarch who succeeded to an empire enriched by ancestral conquests that lost themselves in the obscurity of legends. He mastered a heritage of uncounted and unmeasurable magnificence; vaults packed with treasures, garnered from the wide world, palaces gorged with the most opulent spoil of conquest accumulated through centuries of regal Magpieism. And his first act of authority was to strip one of his palaces to the walls, to gather in it the best and truest of his patrimonial splendors, and to contemptuously abandon the gorgeous remainder, in which the cullings of his taste had scarcely made an impression, to the use of his parasites and his vassals. This was a king for a story book, however, not one for a Magpie to envy.

Upon the lawn of my Westchester Magpie's bursting nest had overflowed a number of Sèvres and Limoges vases, large and costly, and in some instances of sound merit, in which flowers and shrubs were planted, as if they had been so many tubs or crocks. I drew his attention to the fact that prolonged exposure and the saturation from within was splitting the glaze from all of them. "It doesn't matter," replied my Magpie airily, "I know where I can get a handsomer lot." Who shall say that such a bird is not worthy of its breed? Who can question that the shadows of our Morgan, our Graves, our Stewart *et id genus omne*, grow no less, though Death may swing his scythe never so industriously, and peachblowism and Munkacsyism be never so roundly railed at by the critical few?

To take him at his catalogue value, the late Prince Demidoff was the true emperor of Magpies. But it is tolerably well known that his fame in this regard is like a great deal of the rest of his reputation as a collector—fictitious.

The Italian shopmen, whom tourists know to their cost, denuded their bazaars to swell his sale, and his Magpieism is on a par with most history I know of, none the less romantic for exaggeration. I am firmly convinced that, for complete and unadulterated Magpieism, we, in America, can challenge the world. There is more hoarding and less knowledge in the United States than exists anywhere in the world besides. It is a triumph of cash without stint, and acquisitiveness without selection, that has no rival, and we strut and spread our feathers and challenge admiration only to receive contempt.

It is the glitter of the gold that seduces the Magpie. It is the flash of the bit of glass that catches the eye blind to the preciousness of the uncut diamond, and it is always more profitable to the trader to sell glass at the price of diamonds, than to seek for jewels and sell them for what they are worth. When ignorance goes a marketing, it pays folly's price for its basketful. How could it be otherwise? The world is made up of human beings, each cunning in his degree.

At one time, while I was devoting my leisure hours to study in the life school of a famous art academy of this country, I made the acquaintance of one of the directors of the institution. He was a grave old gentleman with the Magpie instinct very strong in him. His special Magpieism was in the line of engravings and etchings. He discovered that I had a habit of mousing in odd holes and corners where art and letters were on show, and made me his commissioner to notify him of any rare prints that might be in the market. I went at it honestly in his interest. I found him bargains—a Rembrandt, almost unique in quality, was the first. The dealer who had it (this was before the etching craze began) did not know its value; neither did my friend the Magpie. He paid a fabulous price for some mediocre line engravings that the dealer showed him, because their price was so fabulous as to guarantee their value in his eyes. A snuffy old French fencing master, who was teaching me the foils, bought the Rembrandt, and it is now in Baron Rothschild's collection. When my friend

the Magpie died he left an enormous assemblage of spangles and paste. When my friend the fencing master died, his collection never reached a dealer's hands. Men, strange as himself in guise and manner, suddenly appeared, paid for, and bore the gatherings of his expatriation away over seas. Yet the Magpie had a couple of millions to spend; my fencing master more than once took his dinner with me at midnight, when we had finished foiling and talking over those things that come to men's brains when Magpies sleep.

One peculiarity about my Magpie in this case was essentially typical of Magpieism. When we met we went through an invariable form of greeting. After having passed the compliments of the day it fell my duty to ask Mr. ——— whether he had made any addition to his collection. He looked for this question, and rarely failed to reply, with an unctuous pressure of his fat hand on my arm: "Come to the house and I will show you as nice a five hundred dollars' worth" (or whatever amount it might be) "as ever you saw." It was never come and see the work of art, but come and see the money it had cost; come and see the shiny thing that had caught the Magpie's fancy, and whose glitter was all that he distinguished or cared for.

You know Munnybagge? Everybody knows Munnybagge. He made his millions in mines and railroads. He can only distinguish a lithographed stock certificate from a steel plate by the fact that the Stock Exchange will not trade in the former. He has been known to point out the painted panels in his railroad cars as gems. Nevertheless, Munnybagge is an art collector. His nod at an auction sale means small fortunes. He once paid \$12,000 for a picture he had never seen till it went on the auctioneer's easel, because another Magpie whom he had a grudge against wanted it for himself. Someone wished to sell Munnybagge a real gem, or what he pledged him was such, at a bargain, but Munnybagge was too wary a bird to be caught with chaff. A few days later a man who knew him better sold him the same picture at four times the other man's

price. He had made it glitter and the Magpie snapped at the bait.

Some years ago it was necessary, for business reasons, to have an inventory made of Munnybagge's personal property. The experts went, notebook in hand, from room to room, stupefied by the incredible madness of Magpieism that met them everywhere. There were pictures whose authorship Munnybagge did not know, curios of whose origin he had but the mistiest idea, portfolios he had never opened, and books he had never read, but he remembered to a penny what each had cost him, and was satisfied that the price had been a handsome one in every instance. In the course of this investigation objects were discovered whose very existence he had forgotten. He betrayed no emotion at finding them. It was sufficient for him that he had them, just as it is sufficient for the Magpie to have its storehouse filled. For the Magpie gathers for the sake of gathering, not for any enjoyment that it derives from the contemplation of its heterogeneous possessions. Its aim is not to study, but to acquire and be free to acquire more.

A friend remarked to Munnybagge: "I hear you've got a new Corot." "Ha!" said the Magpie, "have I?" "Did you not buy a Corot at the Hardscrabble sale for \$8,000?" "Oh, of course," cried Munnybagge, much relieved "I couldn't make you out at first. It's a regular masterpiece. But I have got a piece I paid \$9,000 for the other day that beats it all hollow." And he really believed it did; else why should there be a difference in the price?

I have an idea that Munnybagge has been abroad this summer. At any rate I read in one of the Paris papers that an American had purchased pictures to the amount of a million francs, and that he had freighted a ship with bric-à-brac and antiques of the class of which France possesses an inexhaustible supply. No one but Munnybagge could be capable of such heroic magnificence of Magpieism. In common justice to him, the eagle should be deposed from the national eminence in ornithology which has been conceded to it, and the *Pica Caudata* given a show. *Alfred Trumble.*

STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

THE BETTS PICTURE.—THE J. V. L. PRUYN PICTURE.

THE first portrait of General Washington by Stuart appears, from a memorandum in Stuart's own hand, to have been painted in the early part of 1795. A paper bearing the date of April 20, 1795, in Stuart's writing, contains a list of about forty persons who had ordered from him copies of the portrait of the President of the United States. There seem to be no means now of ascertaining how many of these were actually painted. Rembrandt Peale says five; four of these were known to Mr. Mason, and the purpose of this paper is to point out to the present generation the existence of a fifth, which was perfectly well known, fifty years ago, but which, probably from the circumstance of its having being buried in a country house for nearly half a century, seems to have been partly forgotten.

The *first* portrait of Washington (and the only one painted from life except the Lansdowne picture) was not wholly satisfactory to Stuart, and, as he says in a letter written in 1823, he destroyed it, but not before he had made several copies. The judgment of posterity has hardly sanctioned the opinion of the artist. Competent men, even in his lifetime, and afterwards, have preferred the first portrait to the second. The first portrait gives the right side of the face, the second gives the left. The second is the celebrated Lansdowne picture, painted in 1795, of which a duplicate was made for Mr. Constable, which is now in the possession of Mr. Henry E. Pierrepont of Brooklyn, who inherited it from his father, the late H. B. Pierrepont. This was the original of the head in the Boston Athenæum, which Stuart painted and retained for his own use, and which, we are told, Stuart was accustomed to call his "hundred dollar bill," because whenever he wanted a little money he used to make a copy of it. It certainly is the fact that from this head, which gives the left side of the face, are derived most of the pictures which are familiarly known as "Stuart's Washington."

The most celebrated replica of the *first* portrait is probably that known as the "Gibbs picture." This was painted for General George Gibbs, and is now in the possession of Dr. William F. Channing, of Providence, Rhode Island, or was so when Mr. Mason wrote his "Life of Stuart," a work from which the writer is taking the liberty of drawing certain information. Another replica was made for Samuel Vaughan and is in the collection formed by Joseph Harrison, of Philadelphia. Rembrandt Peale and others have maintained that this was the original picture which Mr. Peale supposed to have been sold to Winstanley, a contemporary painter, who made several copies of the Lansdowne picture, but whom Stuart seems to have held in but slight estimation. In the face, however, of Stuart's positive statement that the first picture was "rubbed out," it seems reasonable to think that Mr. Peale's memory was at fault. A third was made for Mr. J. Vaughan and was taken to England, where it probably still remains. An engraving was made from this in 1796, and another in 1800, and probably others were made at different times. That of 1800, published in the "European Magazine," London, was reproduced in a recent number of the "Magazine of American History," (vol. XI, p. 90). A small, but very fine engraving was found among the papers of the late Mr. William Betts. This is oval in shape, a little more than an inch and a half in width, and two inches in height. It has evidently been cut out of some book or paper. The writer regrets very much that he was not aware of its existence during the lifetime of his honored father, and that he can give no account of it, further than that it was engraved from one of the replicas of Stuart's first portrait. A fourth replica belongs to Mrs. Rogers of Lancaster, Pa., A fifth is in the possession of the present writer.

In 1815 the late Mr. Samuel Betts, being about to buy a house in New York, saw in the house a very fine portrait of Washington, which

his educated eye at once recognized as the work of the great master. Upon inquiry and investigation he satisfied himself that it was a

he did not; and all that is known to his descendants of its history before 1815, is that it had been for a very long time in the possession of



The First Washington Portrait, by Stuart.

Photographed from the painting, by W. Kurtz, with the kind permission of the Rev. B. R. Betts.

genuine and very fine Stuart. It is to be regretted that Mr. Betts did not think it worth while to write the history of the picture, but

Michael Little, from whom Mr. Betts bought it. The picture, however, speaks for itself, and the judgment of the many skillful men who

were familiar with it during the many years that it was in New York and Brooklyn was unanimous. For several years this picture and Mr. Pierrepont's were near together in Brooklyn, and the writer, as a child, well remembers the visits of well-known painters and other lovers of art to his father's house and Mr. Pierrepont's to see the two pictures, and listening to their criticisms and comments, which, however, he was not mature enough to appreciate. He has, indeed, dim recollections of friendly discussions as to which was the finest picture. It is certain that such men as Paradise, Ingham and Inman had a very high opinion of Mr. Betts' picture. Paradise admired it so much that he obtained permission from Mr. Samuel Betts to make a copy of it; and Mr. Betts' son, Mr. William Betts, visiting Westpoint about twenty years ago, saw Paradise's picture hanging in Cozzen's Hotel, and immediately recognized it as an old and familiar friend.

Mr. Betts' picture is a three-quarters length, and the only one known to exist, except the half-length given to Alexander Hamilton by Mr. Constable. It gives, of course, the right side of the face. Regarded merely as a work of art, the head and face are very fine, and would seem to justify the observation of the venerable A. B. Durand who, when he saw the first portrait (the original of this), is said to have thus expressed himself: "That is a likeness. It is much superior in character to the Athenæum portrait, and should be considered the standard. Both the artist and the subject would gain by it."

The dress is Washington's uniform of blue and buff. The attitude of the figure is the same as that of General Knox in Stuart's portrait. The sword is the same as that in Mr. Pierrepont's picture. This painting occupied a conspicuous position in an exhibition of Stuart's pictures in 1840 or 1841.

THE CURIO has the pleasure of presenting to its readers an engraving of this fine picture, and, through the courtesy of Mr. John V. L. Pruyn, the further pleasure of placing side by side with it an engraving of the portrait of

Washington in the possession of his mother, Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn, of Albany. These reproductions of the first and second portraits will give our readers an opportunity of comparing the two and forming their own judgment of their respective merits. After carefully comparing the proof of the latter with Heath's engraving of the Lansdowne picture and with the Albion engraving, of which more shall be said presently, the writer is of opinion that Mrs. Pruyn's picture was not painted directly either from the Lansdowne or Mr. Pierrepont's picture, but from the Athenæum portrait. (Which was the replica of the head of those pictures which Stuart made for his own use and which was the original of most of the paintings which are known as Stuart's Washington.) From the account of it which has been kindly furnished by Mr. Pruyn, it appears that this picture was originally at Mount Vernon. After the death of General Washington it came into the possession of one of his nephews, from whom it descended to his son. During the civil war this gentleman's farm was occupied by the Federal troops; and it is said that in order to secure the picture he concealed it under the floor of one of the upper rooms of his house. As the story runs, Gen. Hancock, who had quarters in the house, often walked over it unwittingly. The especial value of this picture consists in the fact that it was painted by Stuart for General Washington himself. After the war it was sent by its owner to his friend, Colonel Richard D. Cutts, of Washington, through whom it was transferred in May, 1868, to the late Hon. John V. L. Pruyn, of Albany, who was at that time a representative in Congress from New York.

The *Albion*, a weekly paper which for many years had a large circulation among the better class of people in New York, especially among those who had relations with England and the colonies, had for a long time a pleasant custom of giving its subscribers an engraving every year. Among the earlier ones was a small engraving of Miss Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, and a large one of the Queen. In 1840 or 1841 the *Albion* published a meritorious



The Second Portrait of Washington, by Stuart.

From a Photograph kindly taken for THE CURIO from the picture in the possession of Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn.

but not particularly fine engraving of Washington. This gives no account of itself further than that it was engraved from a copy of a portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart. The writer has no means at present of identifying the original, but he is disposed to think that it may have been the second picture painted by Stuart for Mr. Constable, which was given by that gentleman to General Hamilton, and which is now in the possession of his descendants. The *Albion* engraving is a half-length and shows both hands. Washington is seated and holds in his right hand a book and in his left the same sword which appears in the Lansdowne and in Mr. Betts' picture. He is in citizen's dress, apparently in the famous black velvet suit of the Lansdowne picture, but with slight variations in the arrangement of the lace cravat and ruffles. Similar differences are seen in Mrs. Prun's portrait. It has been mentioned that a telescope appears in Mr. Betts' picture. A recent writer in the "Magazine of American History" says that Washington borrowed the

telescope belonging to Columbia College for use in his campaigns, and adds that it does not appear ever to have been returned.

Mr. Mason, in his "Life of Stuart," mentions the fact that several heads of Washington painted on glass were brought from China to the United States about the year 1800. The writer is familiar with one of these pictures which belonged to Mr. John Haslett, of Charleston, S. C., as long ago as 1804, and is now in the possession of the children of his son, the late Dr. John Haslett, of Brooklyn, N. Y. This picture was unfortunately cracked in bringing it from Charleston to New York in the year 1839, but probably not so seriously as to make it impossible to repair it. It is a copy of Stuart's second head, giving the left side of the face, and is made with Chinese exactitude. It is, in point of fact, a work of art of very considerable merit. Its original is evidently a very fine Stuart, which must have made its way to China at an early period, in some manner which cannot now be explained. *Beverly R. Betts.*

THE DOMINICK DIAMONDS.

A STORY OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,

Author of "The Confessions of Claud," "A Gentleman of Leisure," "An Ambitious Woman," "Rutherford," "Social Silhouettes," etc.

I
WHEN this century began, New York had reached a population of sixty thousand people, and very many of these regarded it as a most important city. None held this opinion more decidedly than did the family of Van Schaick, dwelling in a great roomy house not far from the corner of Nassau Street and Maiden Lane. But if they thought New York a remarkable city they none the less held themselves to be a most noteworthy part of it. Old Mr. Caspar Van Schaick was a merchant of extreme prominence. He belonged to a race of New Yorkers that has entirely passed away. His Dutch thrift, his provincialism, his economy, his method and system, are to-day almost as rare as would be anyone wearing his high stock, his buff waistcoat, and his heavy gold watch fob. He carried a great gold-headed cane, too, when he strolled out on

Sundays or holidays. It was a charming sight, people said, to observe him on such days walking to or from church between his two daughters, Alicia and Katharine. They went for twelve years to St. Paul's Chapel while Trinity Church was being rebuilt after its destruction in the great fire of 1776; and afterward, when the new Trinity was finished, their pew belonged among those that were at once most conspicuously and desirably located.

There was only a little more than a year between the ages of Caspar Van Schaick's two daughters, and when they had reached respectively eighteen and seventeen their beauty had created much admiring comment. Dress for young girls in those days meant simplicity itself; the life that they were expected to live was of almost pastoral quietude. There was no "coming out" into society, since there was very little society to "come out" in. Many a small

country town is to-day more metropolitan in its general aims and pretensions than was the New York of 1800 or thereabouts. Their frames, as might be said, exquisitely suited such pictures as Alicia and Katharine Van Schaick. The bloom of their beauty took an added freshness from the almost puritan element of their surroundings; they were like wayside flowers, in so far as concerned the modest manner of their growth, but for richness and variety of petal they surely deserved a more exceptional name.

Alicia might indeed have been likened to a white rose, and her younger sister to a wine-dark one. The elder of the girls was not a blonde, if golden hair is a necessary accompaniment of this type; for the sweet blue eyes that lit her delicate face went with hair whose chestnut depths gave out only an occasional golden sparkle. The pliancy of her slender figure was like that of her yielding nature; you had to give Alicia certainly one good attentive look for the truth of her extreme gentleness of character (if not weakness as well) to become most apparent.

With Katharine, however, it was quite different. She held her head firmly, assertively upon a pair of beautiful solid shoulders, and the faintest aquiline suggestion touched her features, which would have been, with or without its influence, of surprising harmony and charm. But Katharine's was nevertheless a face filled with the possibilities of pride if not of pride itself. Her symmetric upper lip would often curl too easily above her even and flawless teeth, and a toss of the head sometimes would bespeak obstinate if not imperious rebellion. Katharine's eyes were of a very dark gray, with a perpetual little star swimming amid their depths, and her hair, by several shades darker than Alicia's, was still more chestnut than black; only you did not ever catch in it the live, sunny glitter that you caught in her sister's. The records from which I have gathered this curious and lurid story, however, authorize a belief that Katharine Van Schaick was, when all is said, a much handsomer and more impressive person than Alicia. And of her pride I find no marked evidence. Their father did not probably think his younger child the fairer. But he had an inflexible sense of justice, and strove not to let Katharine perceive that he saw in Alicia a fond and potent reminder of the dead wife whose comparatively early death had wounded him with one of those wounds that heal, but forever leave a soreness beneath their scars. Katharine, with her keen intelligence, had not reached ten years of

age before she began to notice her father's carefully hidden preference. The discovery produced its slow, embittering effect. She had not the capacity for affection, but she had a sort of dictatorial desire to receive affection from others. It gradually irritated her more and more to find that there was a locked chamber in her father's regard, of which Alicia alone seemed to possess the key.

Still, she concealed her chagrin. To a certain extent, during the childhood of both the girls, it was a chagrin for which she received incessant and ample consolation. Mrs. Ruthven, the only sister of Casper Van Schaick, had dwelt in his house almost from the date of his late wife's death. She had not made at all a brilliant marriage, this Mrs. Ruthven, and her widowhood had occurred nearly at the same time as the bereavement of her brother. She had just money enough to live independent of fraternal aid, but she had accepted a dwelling under her brother's roof partly because she was quite alone in the world and partly because the little Katharine had appealed with singular force to her childless and lonely heart. Even then she had made up her mind that Katharine was "every inch a Van Schaick," and to possess, or to give promise of possessing, such marked hereditary instincts meant for Mrs. Ruthven a world of peculiar excellence.

She loved the race from which she had sprung, and deplored what she considered the demeaning misfortune of her own marriage. As years passed on she would often tell herself that her niece, Katharine, who resembled her in so many ways, was destined to atone for her matrimonial folly. And it delighted her to think that this might prove the case. She was never tired of watching Katharine and of predicting agreeable things about the girl's future. In the flash of her niece's dark eyes, in the turn of her neck or the gleam of her smile, she was forever seeing not merely resemblance to her past self, but a buoyant and fascinating prophecy of triumph and conquest, unlike her own failure and defeat.

"I married miserably, my dear," she would say to Katharine. "I had every reason, too, for making a good match. General Washington himself (who was a friend of my mother's and has drank a glass of wine with her in this house more times than I could count) admired my looks, on several occasions openly praising them. I knew some of the most distinguished gentlemen who surrounded him during the first term of his presidency; for your grandmother Van Schaick (who had been one of the 'Mayflower' Winthrops, my dear, as of course you

remember) took me on several different occasions to visit friends in Philadelphia, and there I might have had my pick of the very best if only I had chosen to take it."

Perhaps at this point Mrs. Ruthven would heave a sigh, as if to rob her next words of the polite brutality which they might have otherwise expressed. "Instead of that I fell in love with the person whom I afterwards married, a man with very little brains, not much moral principle, and still less money. My dear Katharine, take your aunt's advice and never fall in love until after you have assured yourself that you can do so without any loss of dignity."

Katharine laughed, and tossed her head, on which the undulations of her thick hair were perhaps more graceful than those of her sister's. "I sometimes think I shall never marry anybody, Aunt Cordelia," she replied, blushing. "But if I do, he must be of most honorable descent, like, for example, a Fairfax of Virginia. I haven't forgotten my Winthrop blood, or that the Van Schaicks were people of good birth over in Holland, and not, as father says, the mere nobodies that so many other Dutch families are who have emigrated to this country. As for love," Katharine added presently, after a thoughtful little pause, "I know nothing about it, and I dare say that I shall not turn out one of the kind who learn."

Mrs. Ruthven grew by degrees to secretly dislike Alicia. This repugnance was partially owing to Mr. Van Schaick's involuntary preference. Then, too, Alicia looked a good deal like her mother, who had been of a race which Mrs. Ruthven considered essentially plebeian. Caste was ten times more excusable in those days among Americans than it is at present, since republicanism had as yet only broken new ground with the terrible ploughshare of war, and here the growth of colonial ideas and sympathies still perforce clustered rather dense. Mrs. Ruthven may have been said to have disapproved her brother's marriage quite as much as she disapproved her own. Alicia certainly looked like her mother, and now and then received information of this fact from her aunt with an irony whose delicate stab she may or may not have appreciated. Mrs. Ruthven was wont to call her stupid, and perhaps her mental powers had never been of the most nimble quality. But she was delightfully sensitive to impressions, brimming with kindliness, charity, indulgence. It could never seem quite a misfortune to her that she was not well beloved by her aunt Cordelia, since the devotion lavished upon her sister had long ago taken the aspect of consolation to herself. It was so

pleasant, Alicia would unconsciously meditate, to find that Katharine was thus guarded and beloved by their aunt; and this pleasure swallowed up nearly all thought of her own neglect.

A certain Mrs. Ogilvie, who lived in Boston and was a close relative of Casper Van Schaick and his sister, one day wrote to the father of Alicia and Katharine a letter which produced extreme surprise. Mrs. Ogilvie was possessed of what would then have been called a very large fortune; she had at least three hundred thousand dollars in her own right. This letter of hers had stated that she wished to leave either of Sophia Winthrop's grandchildren a legacy on her death. "Now, I am an old woman," she further wrote, "and can't very well stand the abominations of stage-coach travel from here to New York. But I want to see one of your girls, at least. Still, why will you not send them both to be my guests for about two months?"

That portion of Mrs. Ogilvie's invitation, "one of your girls, at least," immediately set Mrs. Ruthven thinking. Why not let Katharine go and keep Alicia at home? Who could say what rosy and persuasive spell might act upon the rich old lady if she once became personally acquainted with Katharine? What a precious consequence of a rather tedious journey it would turn out if her youngest niece should come back home with the promised legacy swelled to twice as much as her old kinswoman had originally intended it! "I will try and manage my brother on this question," reflected Mrs. Ruthven.

She did so, and succeeded. Casper Van Schaick was growing elderly, and his health had not of late been at all robust. He could ill spare Alicia, who performed countless little services for him, simple as bringing him his filled pipe after dinner, or hurrying to get him an extra wrap for his throat when the weather abruptly altered, yet in their way being services of such beneficent and helpful import that to lose them must prove almost irremediably to miss them. In truth Van Schaick could not spare his eldest daughter, and hailed with relief Mrs. Ruthven's proposition that Katharine should go alone to Boston. As for Alicia, she was only too happy that affairs should so arrange themselves. She loved the fireside, the atmosphere of home; to wander abroad was a prospect that filled her with dismay, even terror. "Yes," she thought, "by all means let Katharine go. She has that courage in facing strangers which is as natural to her as it is foreign to me. And then the leg-

acy? . . . Well, let Mrs. Ogilvie leave everything to *her*. Why not? She cares more than I for wealth and the things she can buy with it. There seems to be something much more suitable in Katharine's having all sorts of fine dresses and jewels than in my having them. She could certainly wear them with a much better grace than I."

So Katharine went. But she was not gone a fortnight before keen regrets began to assail Mrs. Ruthven for having been instrumental in furthering her absence from home. Suddenly, without the least warning, there appeared inside of the somewhat limited radius of Alicia's acquaintanceship a gentleman of extensive matrimonial advantages. Mrs. Ruthven at once conceived the plan of making him, if it possibly lay within the scope of her best resources, Katharine's husband. But meanwhile Katharine was away from home, and Alicia, so to speak, was aggravatingly the opposite.

Only a little further down toward the Battery, in Nassau Street, was another house, about as spacious as the Van Schaick's, and of what we would now term an equally antique general outline, belonging to a family named Dominick. Or rather, it had been tenanted by a family that bore this name, but for numerous years only two old servants had occupied it, while the sole remaining representative of the Dominicks traveled abroad.

He had returned home in the most unexpected way. He had not been in America since he was a lad of fifteen. His mother, who had been a relative of the same Mrs. Ogilvie at whose Boston home Katharine was then sojourning, had died while on a visit abroad with her husband and son. The former had come back here soon afterward, and had died at the end of five or six years. The son, Herman Dominick, had remained in Europe until now; his father's death had been too unforeseen for him to cross the ocean at any mortuary summons. His fortune, as the last of the Dominicks, was large and well invested; there was no reason for him to re-seek his native land unless that of personal inclination; for although the late Everard Dominick had been a merchant like his old and intimate friend, Caspar Van Schaick, he had retired from all active business as many as eight years previous to his death, and hence there were no abandoned mercantile duties waiting Herman, but merely the placid income-drawing from funds of by no means a contemptible aggregate. Almost his first purely social step was to call at the Van Schaick mansion. He saw Mr. Van Schaick, Mrs. Ruthven

and Alicia, all three, that day, and received the most cordial of welcomes.

"You are not at all American, not at all American," Mrs. Ruthven would say to the young man again and again. "You have a sort of accent, I can scarcely decide whether an English or a French one, and your very way of moving your hands, my dear Herman, has something transatlantic about it."

Herman laughed good-naturedly enough when assailed with this kind of personal playfulness; but Alicia secretly marveled that he should show any such clemency, and told herself that he would be justified in actually resenting "my dear Herman," from one who had not seen him from his very early boyish years.

Herman Dominick impressed Alicia as being enchantingly refined and high bred. She somehow first thought of him in this light alone: he seemed to her so absolute a gentleman. She might easily have admitted to herself that he was handsome beyond the common order of men; this concession probably took place within the private depths of her consciousness, for Herman's blue eyes, silky blonde hair and straight, elegant figure were not often slightly witnessed by feminine observers. Her aunt's manner struck the girl as antagonistic to their visitor's cultivated repose. For the first time in her life Alicia was on the verge of thinking Mrs. Ruthven ill-bred.

But Herman himself soon gave evidence that he by no means shared this adverse opinion. He staid a long time that afternoon, and before he left he expressed very clearly, both to Van Schaick and Mrs. Ruthven, his positive gratitude at the warmth of his reception.

"You have taken from me a good deal of that strange, lonely feeling," he said, while he addressed Alicia's father as much as he did her aunt, "which has been depressing me for a day or two past. It is so pleasant to meet those who knew my parents well, and who cared for them as I feel sure that both of you must have done. Your words tell me that you did care for them—that you mean to be my friend also," he added, with a break of real emotion in his usual kindly serenity. "I shall count on you, believe me, as a safeguard against that sense of loneliness I mentioned."

"Alicia did not seem to strike him as even pretty," Mrs. Ruthven mused, after Herman Dominick had gone. "Indeed, he appeared scarcely to notice her. How I wish Katharine had been here! It would have proved such a surprise to him if he had met her brilliant face where he doubtless came expecting only to find the quiet members of an old-fashioned Knick-

erbocker household. For Katharine would attract instant attention wherever seen. And in the love-episodes that occur between two people of different sex and susceptible age, I have always thought the element of surprise a most powerful assistance. My darling Katherine! He is just the match that it would delight me to have her make!"

But Mrs. Ruthven had judged wrongly. It was not many days afterward that Herman showed in marked degree the spell which Alicia had exerted over him. It chanced to be latter May, and a season of particular geniality and freshness; for the May of New York in those days, when you could see the waters of the Hudson shining through tree-branches while you stood on the pavements of lower Broadway, was not a less precarious and uncertain month than now, when huge buildings densely block for miles along the Manhattan Island every trace of its two bordering rivers. In a short time, without either Mrs. Ruthven's prevention or co-operation, Herman Dominick had taken several strolls with Alicia among the breeze-swept paths of the Battery, which was not then, as now, one immense esplanade of stone, but simply a large marine park, dotted with trees of moderate if not umbrageous growth. In a little while he and Alicia went together to the theatre; for in those days it would have seemed as absurdly ceremonious for an elderly individual to accompany them with the idea of personating propriety as it would have seemed if Herman had donned an evening dress instead of the unpretentious "frock coat" of his contemporaries.

They went to a little theatre in a side street called "The Park," where the acting was passable and the scenery execrable, and the whole material part of the entertainment such as would not be tolerated by our modern luxury-loving audiences. But Alicia enjoyed the performance vastly, crying over the tragic passages and laughing when the comedy came in, like precisely the natural, unaffected girl that she was. Her complete freedom from the least artificiality was what principally won Herman. It was an agency even more potent than her beauty, which appealed to him as that of no face he had seen abroad, save perhaps in some of the Madonnas beaming immortally down from the walls of famed picture galleries.

Mrs. Ruthven bit her lips in secret, and could do little else. It seemed such a shame that a prize like Herman Dominick should escape Katharine. He had resolved somewhat penitently, as he had told them, to dwell in his native country for at least ten years hereafter;

and so, provided he did marry Katharine, there would be no unpalatable probability of his carrying her off with him oversea. How superbly those celebrated Dominick diamonds would have become Katharine! How unsuitable their splendor would be to the retiring Alicia, who always had her dead mother's timid namby-pamby look.

But too evidently the Dominick diamonds were destined for Alicia. One evening Casper Van Schaick called his sister into the plain, prim "front parlor," where he would usually sit from supper time at seven o'clock till bed time at ten o'clock, dividing his attention between "The Evening Post," Walter Scott's novels and the Bible. He had grown much thinner and weaker of late, and he was beset by a prejudice very common to his place and period, that doctors were humbugs and that the medicines they administered were trash. He meant to get well without medical assistance, and judging from the joyous gleam that now lit his dulled eyes, Mrs. Ruthven was at least briefly of the opinion that his recovery might be an affair of swift development.

"Cordelia," he said to his sister, as soon as she had seated herself beside the lamp-lit table near which he occupied an arm-chair, "I've good news for you, tremendously good news." And he broke into a laugh, heartier than she had heard from him during a twelvemonth past.

"Good news?" Mrs. Ruthven repeated. She felt that she knew exactly what was coming; and her anticipation was verified when her brother presently said:

"Herman Dominick has asked Alicia to marry him. Isn't that good news? Alicia consented like a sensible girl, and *my* consent has just been demanded of me." Casper Van Schaick threw back his head so that you saw how deep down the beard grew on his thick-sinewed neck—a neck which might have belonged to one of the old Flemish burgomasters. "As if I'd refuse, Cordelia! eh, sister? As if I'd refuse! You know how it pleases me to have Everard Dominick's son want my Alicia for his wife."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Ruthven composedly, and somewhat below her breath. Her jealous heart—jealous for the idolized Katharine, was distressing her just then. A new vision of the Dominick diamonds had sparkled into her gloomy and dejected mind. She saw Alicia arrayed in them, and silently shuddered.

"Yes, I know," she repeated. "It is an excellent match." And then some curious impulse tempted her to add: "Katharine will be home next week."

"Katharine?" retorted Van Schaick, starting a little. "Well, what has Katharine to do with the matter, I'd like to know? It concerns Alicia, not Katharine."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Ruthven, with an answering start, though a notably apologetic one. "I—I was merely thinking how much more Katharine would shine as the wife of a man like Herman Dominick—with how much of an air she would carry those Dominick dia-

monds we both know of and have seen Herman's mother wear at two or three balls in the old New York days."

Casper Van Schaick gave an irritated gesture, and then settled himself quite ill-humoredly in his arm chair.

"I don't think anything of the sort," he said, with a grim scowl.

(To be Continued.)

THE GREAT BOOKSELLERS OF THE WORLD.

BERNARD QUARITCH, OF LONDON.

AMID the shops and palaces of Piccadilly there is no one place more attractive to the bibliophile visitor in London than No. 15, the establishment of Mr. Bernard Quaritch.

This prince of booksellers, with his plain, sturdy, bearded face, his keen eyes, his quick gestures, his old-fashioned clothes, his historic felt hat, is one of the foremost figures of the world's metropolis.

He began business forty years ago on Castle Street. By shrewdness and thrift, by intelligence and energy he worked his way to his present position in the republic of letters.

"Mr. Quaritch is by no means an easy man to get at, unless you wish to see him on business," says a recent writer to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "I found him in his sanctum, a small, dark room, almost filled with the table, chairs, and two or three book cases containing several thousand pounds' worth of rare volumes, protected from the dust by glass doors. He discoursed in a pessimistic strain of the decadence of the general buyer and collector, a sign of the materialistic age we live in. Book buying and book collecting in its proper sense has gradually declined since 1830. It was before that time that the great libraries were formed. "At the Hamilton sale I spent £40,000, and at the Sunderland sale £33,000, and most of my purchases are now in the house here. I have known well most of the collectors of my time; three Dukes of Hamilton, for instance; and there you see the portrait of one of my best customers—the late Earl of Crawford, whose body was stolen. But as I have said, the fashion has changed now-a-days. Collectors go in for first editions of Keats, Shelley, Thackeray, Dickens, and for the engravings of Cruikshank and Phiz. Then sporting literature is greatly in demand. Another very good customer is

the country gentleman, who generally aspires to have in his library the best books on his county history. But I cannot enumerate the demands and crazes. Show me a man's library and I will tell you his character and his attainments."

From what Mr. Quaritch here says it will be seen that he is a lover of the past. This is natural. He is, in his establishment in Piccadilly, surrounded by some of the most valuable and beautiful works of the past.

Take up his catalogue, No. 369, for instance, [it treats of manuscripts exclusively] and run your eye over these items:

THE TALBOT PRAYER-BOOK.—*Livre d'Heures* (de Monseigneur Jehan Talbot, Chevalier de la Jarretière, premier Earl de Shrewsbury), small folio (agenda form), *finely illuminated M.S. on vellum, with miniatures, borders, and ornamental initials, in the original boards, inclosed in a modern morocco case, £1,000.* [1425-33.]

ROMMANT DE LA ROSE, et Oeuvres Diverses de maitre Jean de Meung, folio, *suberb illuminated M.S. on vellum, with seventy-six miniatures, two of which are very large, all splendidly designed, painted and gilt, with numerous decorated initials and capitals, and fine floreated borders; bound in green velvet, with brass clasps and corner pieces, the title "Le Roman de la Rose" engraved on an old silver plate fastened on the side, beneath it the monogram of a former owner wrought in silver gilt, and forming a centre-piece, £850.* [About 1470.]

CHRONIQUES DES DUCS DE NORMANDIE (depuis Rou jusqu' à Henri III. d'Angleterre), *Magnificent Manuscript on Vellum* (275 leaves), *written in beautiful and large Gothic characters, similar to those of the celebrated Manuscript of "Froissart's Chronicles" in the National Library. It is exquisitely ornamented with fifteen large, superb Miniatures and several hundred Initial Letters illuminated chiefly in camaieu in the first style of French Art, vellum, in half red morocco case, £1,500.* [About 1485].

Is it strange that Mr. Quaritch loves the past and its works? His place is a museum. There is something of interest in every corner.

Here is an autograph letter which Voltaire wrote to George Gray. The wit therein speaks of "Paradise Lost" as the "ouvrage d'un fanatique éloquent," and he professes to like Mr. Gray's "servante vixen" better than Milton's "ennuieux ange Gabriel et qu'un vilain diable, qui disent toujours la même chose."

Turn now to Mr. Quaritch's Catalogue No. 370 and you will get a faint idea of the treasures of early printing in Germany and the Low Countries which he has gathered together:

CATHOLICON.—Incipit suma que vocat' Catholicon edita a fre Johanne de ianua ordis frm pdicator', large folio, *Editio Princeps*, printed in small Gothic characters, in double columns, sixty-six lines per page, the capitals and the above intitulation painted in by hand; Russia, gilt edges, gilt tooling, by Roger Payne, £420. [1460].

PSALTERIUM cum Canticis, Hymnis, Litanis, et precibus. Fol. 1: Beatus vir . . .

large folio, Gothic missal type of two sizes, 136 leaves, 23 lines or 26 lines per full page; printed on vellum; rubricated with an enormous number of printed capitals, and embellished with about 280 very large initials

printed in two colors (red with blue florealation, and blue with red florealation); the Music written on a staff of four lines in the space left for that purpose

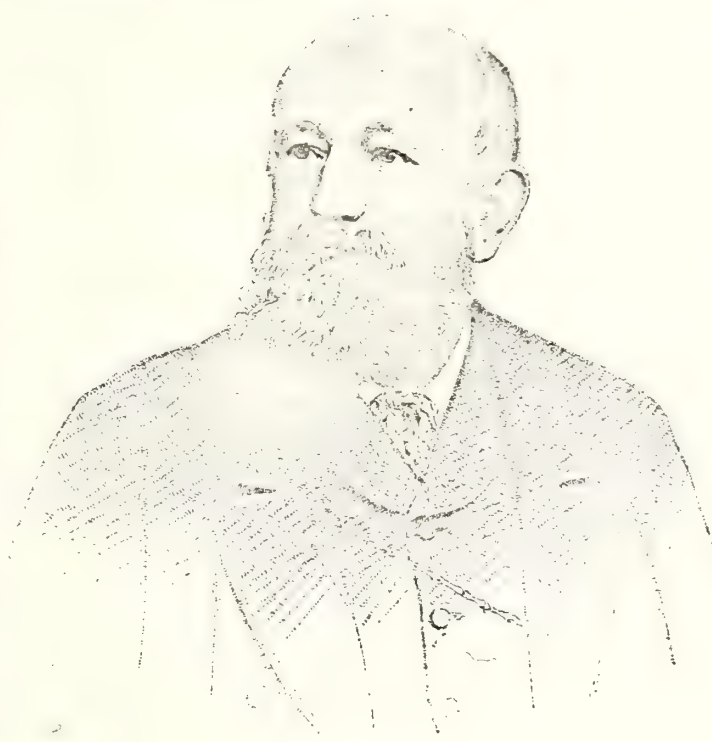
at the beginning of each psalm or canticle; large and beautiful copy (17 by 14 9-16 inches), in red morocco extra, gilt edges, with the Sykes arms on the sides; inclosed in a blue morocco case, 5,000 guineas. [1459].

Examine the monuments of the early printers of Italy described in Catalogue No. 371, and you will find such rarities as:

AUGUSTINI (S.) Aurelii Augustii opus de civitate dei feliciter explicit, sm. folio, magnificently printed on vellum, with an exquisitely illuminated first page, and the initials

throughout painted and gilt, old crimson morocco gilt, gilt and gaufréd edges, £1,200. [Vinet. Nic. Jenson, 1475].

HOMER Ilias, Ulyssea, Batrachomyomachia, Hymni (cum Vita Homeri ex Herodoto, Dione, et Plutarcho), *Grotius*, 2 vols. sm. 8vo. First Aldine Edition, printed upon vellum, in an exquisite olive morocco binding by one of the artists who worked for Henri II., Divine, and Catherine, gilt edges, the sides and back ornamented with a beautiful pattern of scroll-work decoration, à fers azurés; from the Sunderland library, in red morocco cases, £650. [Vinet. Aldus, 1504].



Ever yours

Bernard Quaritch

ARIOSTO.—Orlando Furioso Di Ludovico Ariosto Da Ferrara, small 4to. First Edition, large copy in the early Manichaean morocco binding, the sides covered with ornament, a geometrical interlaced pattern of grand style in painted compartments (scarlet, green, blue and silver) forming the ground work, and all the open spaces filled in with gold dots, except the centre compartments, in which, within a frame of gold ornament, which includes the fleur-de-lis and figures of birds, appear the inscriptions, "Orlando Furioso" and "Ludovico Ariosto. M. D. XVI." £500. [Ferrara, 1516].

The works of the early printers of France Spain, Portugal, England, America, lie spread before you.

I find in Catalogue No. 372 this:

MISSALE PARISIENSE.—Missale parisiense

nouu. thick folio, Gothic letter, Beautifully Printed on Vellum, with illuminated and painted initials, and Two Full-page and Seventeen Smaller Magnificent Miniatures with Lovely Borders, richly and exquisitely illuminated in gold and colours, bound in red velvet, vellum fly-leaves, leather joints, gilt edges, £400 [Jean Dupré, 1489].

In Catalogue No. 373 I find:

AMADIS DE GAULA.—Los quatro libros del Virtuoso cauallero Amadis de Gaula: Compilados, sm. folio, Gothic letters, First Edition, unique, large woodcut on title; in fine

state of preservation, with rough edges, red morocco super extra. Double with Olive morocco, richly gilt-tooled town elegant Grolier design gilt edges, by Chambolle-Duru, with the Seillière arms on sides; in a neat case, £200. [1508.]

In the same catalogue these early printed books on America present the highest interest:

ELIOT'S Massachusetts Testament, Original Edition.

THE NEW TESTAMENT of our lord and saviour Jesus Christ. Translated into the Indian language, and Ordered to be Printed by the Commissioners of the United Colonies in New England, At the Charge, and with the Consent of the corporation in England For the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New-England, small 4to. with both the titles (*English and Indian*), and the two leaves of English dedication to the King, a beautiful copy in the original calf, with new joints, gilt edges, £95. [Cambridg (sic): Printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson. MDCLXI. (1661).]

(ELIOT'S MASSACHUSETTS BIBLE? second edition.)

Mamvsse Wunneetupanatamwe Up-Biblum God naneeswe Nukkone Testament kah wonk wusku Testament . . . John Eliot . . . 2 vols. in 1, thick small 4to. the bottom lines of a few pages slightly cut into, otherwise a good copy, With The Titles, purple morocco extra, gilt edges, by Zaehnsdorf, £105. [Cambridge (Mass.) Printeuoop nashpe Samuel Green. MDLXXXV. (1685-1680).]

M. T. CICERO'S Cato Major, or his Discourse of Old-Age: with Explanatory Notes (Translated by Mr. Logan of Philadelphia), 8vo. Franklin's original edition, a little stained, half bound, £4. 10s. Philadelphia: Printed and sold by B. Franklin, MDCCXLIV].

THE MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER, the Litany, Church Catechism, Family Prayers, and Several Chapters of the Old and New Testament, Translated into the Mahaque Indian Language, By Lawrence Claesse, Interpreter to William Andrews . . . (in Mohawk), sm. 4to. the titles mended and a few words restored in fac simile, a splendid copy, red morocco extra, gilt edges, by Bedford, £48. [Printed by William Bradford in New York, 1715].

Mr. Quaritch has, among others, these rarities of the early xylography and typography of England. You will find them detailed in Catalogue No. 374 in all their antique splendour. I pluck the finest flowers of that ideal garden:

LES QUATRE DERRENIERES CHOSES.—Cepresent traictie est diuise en quatre parties principales . . . On the third leaf: Cy commence la premiere partie des quatre derrenieres choses qui sont a aduenir . . . small folio, printed in red and black, two leaves supplied in fac simile in the last sheet; large copy with rough leaves, in the original binding, with some nearly contemporary notes on the pages, in a red morocco case, £500. (William Caxton.) [Sine nota (? Brugis), circ. 1474-75.]

GODFREY OF BOLOYNE.—At end: Thus endeth . . . The Laste Siege And Conquest of Iherusalem . . . sm. folio, a very fine copy, quite perfect, with all the blank leaves; in the original leather covered boards; inclosed in a blue morocco

case, £1,000. [. . . enprynted the xx day of nouembre the yere a forsayd (m.CCCC.lxxxxi) in thabbay of westmester by the said wylliam Caxton 1481.]

LYDGATE (John). At end: Here endeth the book of the Lyf Of Our Lady made by dan John lydgate monke of bury at thynstaunce of the moste crysten kyng, kyng harry the fyfth . . . sm. folio, fine copy in Russia antique, gilt and gilded edges, in red morocco cases, £1,000. [Enprynted by Wylliam Caxton, 1484.]

THE BOOK OF ST. ALBANS.—(Colophon:) . . . Bokys of Haukyng and Huntyng with other plesuris dyuerse as in the boke apperis and also of Cootarmuris a nobull werke. And here now endyth the boke of blasyng of armys translatyt and complylt to gedyr at Seynt Albons the yere from thincarnation of oure lorde Jhu Crist. M.CCCC. IXXXvi., small folio, printed in black and red, with numerous woodcuts of Armorial bearings printed in colours, leaves 3 and 8 in the second series of signatures in fac simile and the corners of two leaves similarly made up, otherwise a good, sound and perfect copy in brown morocco, gilt edges, in a red morocco case, £735. [Sanctus Albanus 1486.]

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES, HISTORIES, and TRAGEDIES. Published according to the True Originall copies. THE FIRST FOLIO SHAKESPEARE, 1623; GENUINE, SOUND, FINE, AND VEFY LARGE (13 1-8 inches in height), BOUND IN RED MOROCCO, super extra, in the Veneto-English style of Queen Elizabeth's time, by BEDFORD; which I will not sell for less than £1,200. [1623.]

In daily life Mr. Quaritch is brusque in manner and outspoken in speech. He has not patience with mere dabblers in bibliomania. He blurts out his opinions of them without ceremony. He is fond of strong, pithy words. Thus he called one of his rooms a "pigsty" because it was full of uncatalogued books. Thus he dubbed an idle admirer of Aldus and Elzevir "an ignorant ass."

Mr. Quaritch detests auction sales. "There is nothing I abominate so heartily as the dreary hours I have to sit in those dreary auction rooms. Once or twice one gets excited and one's blood is up like the blood of a gambler, but how often? No. I am happiest here."

A few months ago Mr. Quaritch contributed a "Short Sketch of Liturgical History and Literature" to the "Sette of Odd Volumes," a society of book-lovers of which he is the librarian.

I hear he is about to issue his catalogue in regular volumes.

All bibliophiles will wish Mr. Bernard Quaritch success in this and all his enterprises.

Long may he continue to store up books and wear his historic felt hat!

Max Maury.

OUR "NOTE AND QUERY" DEPARTMENT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—1. Write only on one side of the paper. 2. Write each question or answer, if on a different subject, on a separate sheet of paper. 3. Every question or note must bear some signature or initials, not necessarily for publication. 4. The name and address of the writer must in all cases accompany the signature that is to be published. 5. Only subscribers to THE CURIO are entitled to the privilege of the "Note and Query" department. 6. No Queries Answered by Mail.

Whence Come the American Livingstons.

To the Editor of THE CURIO:

SIR:—The Livingstons were a very noted family in Scotland; the Livingstons have been a very distinguished family in America; not content with their acknowledged Republican pre-eminence, they always insist on their aristocratic origin. The autobiography of their undoubted progenitor, Rev. John Livingston, which has been long before the public, says that his great-grandfather was a son of Lord Livingston, and was killed at the battle of Pinkie (1547).

The American Livingstons lay considerable stress on the highly eulogistic mention made of them in Sir Bernard Burke's learned, erudite and invaluable work on the "Dormant and Extinct Peerages of the British Empire" (London, 1866). It is there distinctly stated, under Livingston, Earl of Linlithgow, p. 327, 2d col., that John, Master of Livingston, slain at Pinkie, died without issue: d. s. p., *defunctus sine posteritate*. He was son of Alexander Livingston, 5th Lord Livingston, who was succeeded by his second son, William, 6th Lord Livingston. Query: If Mr. Alexander Livingston (Minister at Monyabrock) were a legitimate son of John, killed at Pinkie, why did he not succeed to the family honors and estates? Writing, we believe, with no *odium theologicum*, we still assert that the early ministers of the Scotch Kirk were not men of social distinction, and that it is extremely unlikely that among their number should be found a son of the Heir of the House of Livingston, and a first cousin to one of the "four Maries." Is Burke in error? Is there corroborative evidence of the *Ipse dixit* of the author of the autobiography? Or—*horresco referens*—can there be a suspicion of the Bar Sinister?

Very Respectfully,

PLUSCARDINE.

To the Editor of THE CURIO:

SIR:—I beg to thank you for your courtesy in giving me an early copy of "Pluscardine's" Query in the descent of the American Livingstons, from the old Scottish Lords Livingston, as given in Sir Bernard Burke's works.

As I have been engaged for several years past in compiling an account of the "Livingstons of Callendar and their Principal Cadets," the first number of which has just been privately printed for presentation to descendants of this once famous Scottish House, I am not surprised at the question raised by "Pluscardine," as unfortunately, owing to the Rev. John Livingston's meagre account of his descent, in which the christian name of his great-grandfather, supposed to have fallen at Pinkiefield anno. 1547, is not given, much confusion in consequence has arisen in respect to this ancestor's position in the

family tree. (Vide No. 1. "Livingstons of Callendar," pages 32, 37).

Though I have not up to the date of writing been successful in discovering the identity of this presumed ancestor, I have still hopes to do so in my search for this "missing link," while at the same time I think the following notes clearly substantiate the claim of the American Livingstons to be descended from the Scottish House of Callendar:

1. I fully admit that John, the Master of Livingston, killed at Pinkie, left no legitimate issue (Vide No. 1. "Livingstons of Callendar," page 37), nor have I found among the Scottish charters and other MSS. in the Register House, Edinburgh, or elsewhere in Scotland any information to show that he left any illegitimate issue; his younger brother, William, 6th Lord Livingston, apparently succeeded to all his property on his decease. If he had left illegitimate issue, which was not uncommon in those days, a man of his position would naturally have left some provision for such issue.

2. I therefore am of the opinion that if the great-grandfather of the Rev. John was killed at Pinkie, he must have been quite a different individual: which is not unlikely, as many others of the surname probably fell in this battle besides their leader, the "Master of Livingston." The late Sir Thomas Livingston, of Westquarter, was of opinion that the American Livingstons were descended from Alexander, second son of John (? James) 3d Lord Livingston, but so far I have not been able to ascertain the correctness of his views of the case. It, however, may be news to some of your readers to know that the last male representative of the Livingstons in Scotland recognized the relationship between the American Livingstons and himself.

3. The father of Mr. Alexander Livingston, minister at Monyabrock (Kilsyth) was probably a younger son or a son of a younger son of one of the old Lords. The fact of his being the first minister of this parish after the reformation is no proof that he was not of "social distinction," as suggested by "Pluscardine." I consider it certainly the reverse in this instance, where the living was in the gift of the head of his family; and what is more natural than that, as is commonly the case, even in modern days, in the Church of England, it should have been given to a younger son or cousin? This is moreover borne out by his son, William, succeeding to the living on the presentation of Alexander, 7th Lord Livingston, afterward first Earl of Linlithgow. Their social standing is besides proved by the fact that both the Rev. John Livingston of Anrum, used the quartered arms of Livingston and Callendar, as their seals (Vide my remarks on this head in the April and July numbers of "The New York Genealogical and Biograph-

ical Record"), without sign of the "Bar Sinister," and as the law in Scotland was very severe on individuals who bore the arms of their chief without legal right to do so, this also is sufficient to prove their relationship to the head of their House, who would never have permitted the use of his arms otherwise.

I could give further proofs in this of the regard in which these three ministers are held by their contemporaries, and of their position as land owners, etc., which bear out my contention of their connection with the chief of their House, but unfortunately at the present moment I have most of my notes, books of reference, etc., etc., packed away, preparatory to my going on the Continent for a few weeks' vacation, and therefore cannot go into details. I, however, hope with your kind permission, to be allowed, on my return, to go more fully into this matter, when I trust to be able to satisfy "Pluscardine" of the right of the American Livingstons to claim their descent from the House of Callendar, and vindicate their immediate ancestors of the charge that they were "not men of social distinction" in their own country.

Yours Respectfully,

E. BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON, F. S. A. Scot.
London, England, August 1, 1887.

The Lee Family.

To the Editor of THE CURIO:—Dear Sir—My attention has recently been called to the article in the lately published and monumental work, the *America Heraldica*, on the Lee Family, and I would beg the favor of your columns to correct an error therein which has evidently arisen from the fictitious pedigree of that distinguished family published a few years since by a Mr. Mead, the utter want of authenticity of which was fully set forth in the last edition of the *American Genealogist*, and still further, subsequently, in the *Nation*, when in a series of letters, of which (not having my notes by me) I cannot give the exact dates, the writer utterly and entirely demolished the trumped-up claim of Mr. Mead, and briefly, but conclusively, showed what the true pedigree should be.

I am at present in England, engaged in the task of clearing up the genealogy of this and the cognate family of Lee of Pennsylvania, and it would give me much pleasure on the completion of my labors to set before your readers the true pedigree of a family which has probably given more distinguished men to their country's service than any other, not even excepting that of Adams of Massachusetts.

I would here add that the true derivation of the Virginia stock is from Col. Richard Lee, the seventh son of Sir Robert Lee of Burston, Hardwick and Stratford Langton, Knt., who settled in Virginia in the 17th century and left a numerous posterity. The English family is practically extinct in the male line, although several families claim descent from a common ancestor, but without much proof to substantiate their claims; the elder line of the family, descended from the eldest son of Sir Robert Lee, was ennobled in the latter part of the 17th century by the title of Earl of Litchfield, and, becoming extinct in 1776, is now represented by the Dillon-Lees, Viscounts Dillon of the Irish Peerage.

Trusting that you and your readers will pardon the enthusiasm of a Pursuivant (*con amore*) of Arms and Heraldry, I am, sir,

Yours very truly, J. HENRY LEA.

60 Gracechurch Street, London, E. C.

The Jay Family.

THE Jay family has been for many years on the lookout for a very curious and ancient work on Heraldry published in 1657 by Charles Segoing, under the title of "Tresor Heraldique ou Mercure Armorial." It was supposed to contain interesting items concerning the Jay Arms. I happened to see, a few weeks ago, a remarkably well preserved copy of that work in the collection of one of our prominent students of heraldry. On pp. 265 and 275 the Jay, or rather Lee Jay Arms are given, but do not correspond, in all points, with the arms used by the American family of the name. I may give later some details concerning the origin of that family and the historical value—if any—of its arms.

E Pluribus Unum.

There was a pleasant little story circulating a few years ago in the newspapers to the effect that in a certain company of gentleman an inquiry arose as to the origin of the words at the head of this article. Different opinions were given, among which was that of President Garfield, who attributed them to Horace. But they are not to be found in that poet's writings: they are in a short poem ascribed to Virgil, entitled "Moretum: or the Salad." I send you a translation of a portion which includes the phrase. But there was another use made of this phrase within a hundred years. The covers of the Gentleman's Magazine, from 1731 onwards, for many years bore the motto, "E pluribus unum." And the foundation for using it in this case was that the magazine was made up in great part from clippings of news and literary articles from all sources within reach of the editor, and out of many one magazine was the result. But there is one patriotic thought involved in this motto, as applied to our nation, that is lost to most of our people, owing to an incorrect translation of it. It is not to be applied to each State separately as "one of many," as the books and newspapers too often have it, but is applicable only to the nation at large; and when we remember how the fires of the revolution fused thirteen independent colonies into one nation, we realize the spirit of the Latin expression, "E pluribus unum," out of many [separate States] one nation. There is a ring of nationality about this, so rendered, that makes it a motto to be proud of.

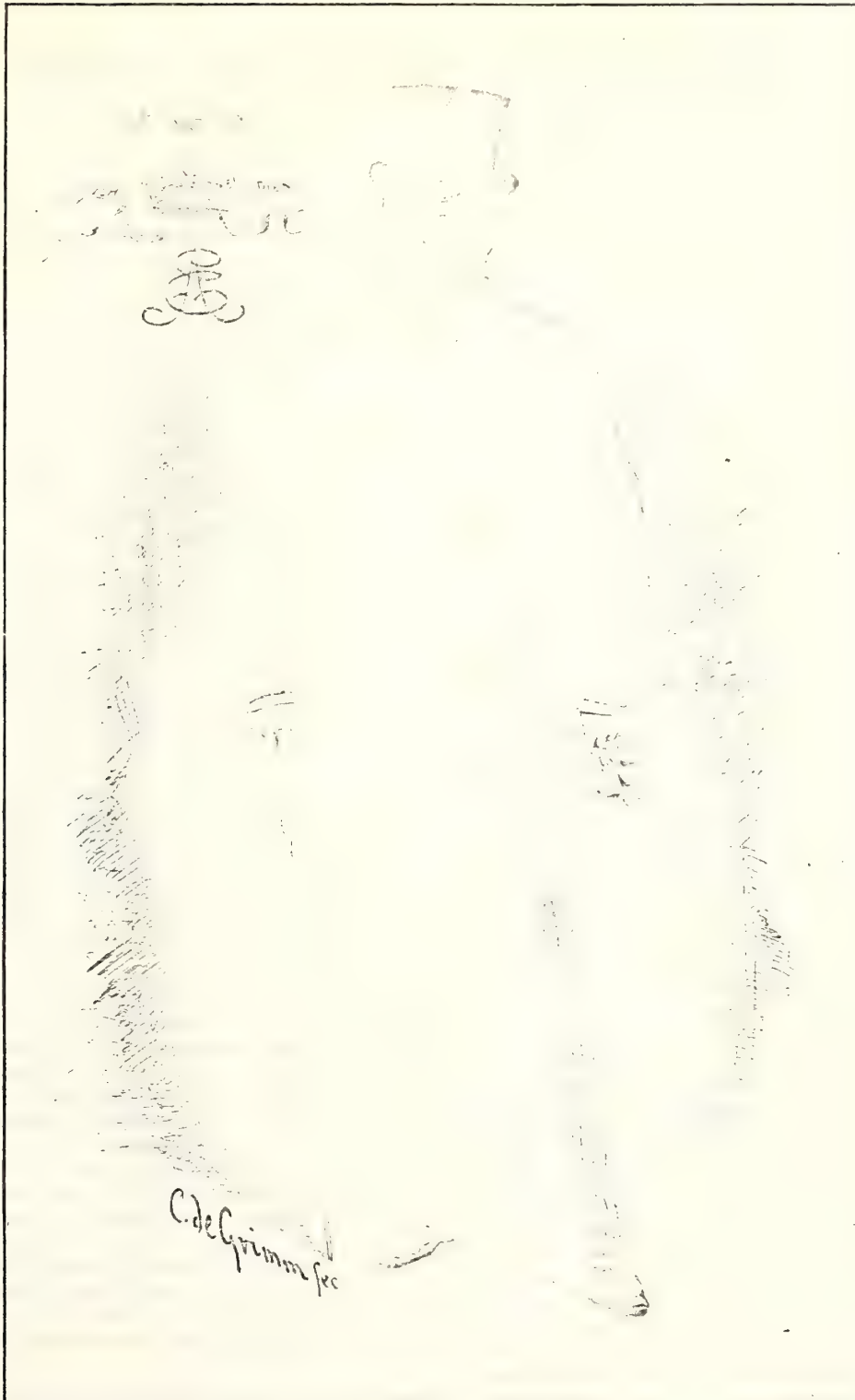
GEO. R. HOWELL.

From the *Moretum* of Virgil. Lines 87 to 105.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MANUFACTURE OF A SALAD.

First digging lightly with his fingers he pulls up four garlies with their numerous fibers; then he plucks the narrow leaves of parsley and the rigid rue, and coriander trembling on its slender stem. These he gathers and sits down before a pleasant fire, and bids the servant bring him the mortars. He then strips the outer layers from each of his bulbs and severs the useless parts and carelessly throws them away. The bulbs, with a portion of the stalk preserved, he dips in water and then places them in the hollow stone vessel. Next he sprinkles them with grains of salt, and this is dissolved; hard cheese is added; the herbs just mentioned are then placed upon the mass. While his left hand supports his flowing garment, with his right he first softens the fragrant garlies and rubs them all together, till the juices mix. His hand moves in a whirl, gradually they one by one lose their characteristic flavor. Out of all comes one color only—*Color est e pluribus unus*. It is not all green, for this the white pieces forbid; nor is it shining white, for other herbs add various colors, etc.

THE "CURIO" CAMERA.



"the Prince."

THROUGH THE WORLD OF BOOKS, ART AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

NEW BOOKS.

TALES BEFORE SUPPER. Gautier's *Avant* and Mérimée's *Vénus d'Ille*, translated by "Myndart Verelst," delayed with a poem by Edgar Saltus. (*Brentanos*.)

A pretty edition of two lovely tales, taken from the choicest gems of high-class French literature. To read them in the original is a great treat; to read them in this translation is thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Saltus' preface has all the qualities for which this distinguished writer is acquiring, every year, a wider renown. It is full of facts and full of thoughts. Its form has charm and warmth. Begin it and you will find yourself, ten minutes later, having read—perhaps for the first time in your life—a whole introduction!

TOWN RECORDS OF DEDHAM, MASS.

The first two Record Books of Births, Marriages and Deaths, and Intentions of Marriage in Dedham—one of the oldest towns in the Commonwealth—have been printed by vote of the town.

The period covered by this volume is from 1635, the date of settlement, to 1845, with an Appendix containing records of marriages before 1800, returned from other towns, under the statute of 1857. The descendants of the early settlers of Dedham are to be found in all parts of the country, many of whom are now represented by numerous families—such names as Allen, Avery, Bacon, Baker, Bullard, Chickering, Colburn, Day, Dean, Draper, Dwight, Eaton, Ellis, Everett, Fairbanks, Fales, Farrington, Fisher, Fuller, Gay, Guild, Kingsbury, Metcalf, Morse, Richards, Smith, White, Whithey, and many others too numerous to mention.

As the edition is limited, orders therefor should be sent at once. Bound copies will be forwarded post-paid on receipt of \$2.25. Address, Don Gleason Hill, Dedham, Mass.

—Robert W. Lowe has compiled a *Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*, which will be published in London by John C. Nimmo and in New York by J. W. Bouton, October being the date for New York. It will embrace about 2,000 titles, arranged alphabetically, with exhaustive cross references and elaborate notes.

—Mr. Henry Blackwell, of 210 E. 11th Street, New York, intends republishing the *History of Wales*, written by Miss Jane Williams, which was published in London in 1869, providing that he receives sufficient subscribers' names to warrant him in his undertaking. This history is acknowledged to be one of the best, if not the best published. At its date of publication it was well received, and was very highly spoken of by those well qualified to judge of its merits. The work will be handsomely printed and well bound, making a volume of some 500 pages, for which will be charged \$2.00, which is about one-third the price asked for the London edition published eighteen years ago.

—The *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* for June contains an article of great research by Dr. Hennen, of Trier (Treves), on *The Book Printers in Art in Trier, during the 15th Century*, with contributions to the history of the book printers of Koln

at that time. The article is a valuable contribution to the history of printing in Germany in the fifteenth century, and reflects great credit on the industry of Dr. Hennen, whose searches have been strangely brought to a conclusion by the action of the Town Council at Trier, which has interdicted any search in the town archives on the ground of their not being arranged.

Without Comments.

—*Historical Charters and Constitutional Documents of the City of London*. Rev. ed.; Whiting, London.

—*Irish Lace, Report upon visits to Contents, Classes and Schools, where lace-making and designing for lace are taught*. Gov't Pub., London.

—*Relics of Old Manchester and Salford, including Drawings, Portraits, Prints and Curiosities, with Notes*. By Albert Nicholson; Heywood, London.

—*Table Decoration*. By W. Law; Chapman & Hall, London.

—*Fifty Years of British Art, as Illustrated by the Pictures and Drawings in the Manchester Royal Jubilee Exhibition, 1887*. By J. E. Hodgson; Heywood, London.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

New York is now a city of collectors, from Mr. Brayton Ives, who collects the first classics, to the "Doctor," who is a collector of pipes.

There is nothing that is not collected. A Mr. Ridet has made a collection of the "épis," or pinnacles of glazed pottery, which decorate the gables of many castles and houses of the XIV. to the XVII. Centuries. They are of all forms, including the human, are sixty in number, and are said to be very interesting to students of late Gothic and of Renaissance architecture.

The sale of M. Charles Stein, who has been qualified a "Maitre Amateur," was one of the most important of last year's Paris sales. The collection was especially rich in works of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance, purchased during frequent excursions in Spain and Italy. The highest price paid for any of the enamels was 10,000 francs for an ovoid vase with the history of Diana and Acteon painted in flesh tints and grisaille by Pierre Raymond. A coffret decorated by the same painter, with designs from the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid in colors and gold, separated by arabesques of gold on black, brought but 8,600 francs. A large coupe of Gubbio ware, with a cupid in a landscape, in ruby red, blue and green, with metallic reflections, brought 18,000 francs. Baron Adolphe de Rothschild paid 67,000 francs for two vases decorated with grotesques in colors, on white faience of Urbino, signed by O. Fontana. A jewel representing Mars and Venus, in irregular pearls and enamelled gold, with a back ground of emeralds, rubies and a sapphire, Italian work of the Sixteenth Century, sold for 14,500 francs. Two antique columns in red porphyry with Corinthian Capitals in chiselled and gilt bronze brought 22,000 francs. A table in marquetry of Boule, for which M. Stein had paid 80,000 francs, sold for 36,000.

The total returns of the sale amounted to 1,298,401 francs.

THE PERIODICALS OF THE MONTH.

The following articles, treating of subjects kindred to those topics THE CURIO is devoted to, were published recently under the headings given hereafter:

- America, Prehistoric Chronology of. (Aug. 12) *Science*
 America, Shell money of. E. Ingersoll. *Science Gossip*
 Archeology, Ancient American Art. *Amer. Nat.*
 " Manitoba Mound Builders. (June) *Am. J. Arch.*
 " Mexico's Ancient Art. *Pop. Sci. Mon.*
 " Ornaments from Florida. (July) *Am. Antiq.*
 Architecture, American School of. (Aug. 6) *Building*
 Art. Foreign Artists in England. P. Villars. *Art Jour.*
 " Japanese. *China Decorator*
 " Metropolitan Museum of. *Cath. World*
 " Retrospective Art. C. Coleman. (July) *Amer. Art.*
 " We have no Great Artists. J. D. Champlin. *Forum*
 " Turner, J. M. W. (July) *Every Boy's Mag.*
 Bewick, Thomas. (July 23) *All the Year Round*
 Books, Broad Margins. (July) *Book Lore*
 Book Buyers, Vagaries of. P. L. E. (July) *Book Lore*
 Books, Illustrations. I. Penderel-Brothurst. *Mag. of Art*
 Books, Plates, Early Southern Heraldic.
 (July) *V. E. Hist. Gen. Reg.*
 Boucher, Francois, Selwyn Brinton. (July, Aug.) *Portfolio*
 Byzantine Palaces, J. Theodore Bent. (July) *Eng. Hist. Rev.*
 Canada, Pilgrims and Shrines of. J. M. Oxley. *Cosmop.*
 China Versus Porcelain. *China Decorator*
 Coins, Greek and Roman. E. Bableion. (June), *Am. J. Arch.*
 Colophon. *Book Lore*
 Diamonds, World Famous. Mary A. Pugh. *F. L. Pop. Mo.*
 Domesday Book, Early Custody of. J. H. Round. *Antiquary*
 Drama, Playgoing in Japan. L. Wingfield. *Murray's*
 Drama, Plays and Players in Persia. (July 16), *Spectator*
 Egypt, Temple of Bubatis. (July 30), *Amer. Archit.*
 Elephants in America. (July), *Amer. Antiq.*
 England, Foreign Artists in. P. Villars. *Art Jour.*
 Etruscan Relics. *Chambers's*
 Europe, Aristocracy in. *Westminster*
 Florence, Slavery in XIV. and XV. Centuries. *Overland*
 Florida, Prehistoric Amphitheatre in. (July) *Amer. Antiq.*
 Garter-King-at-Arms. Some. J. A. Porter. (July) *Antiq.*
 Gelatine, Manufacture and Uses of. (Aug. 12) *Photo. Times*
 Gems. *Jeweler's Circular*
 Glass, Ancient and Modern Painted. *Nat. Rev.*
 Greece, Numismatics of. (June) *Am. J. Arch.*
 Grolier Club. David Gamut. *Bookman*
 Holland, Picturesque Quality of. *Scribner's*
 Holland, Visit in Dutch Country-house. *Eng. Id. Mag.*
 Houses, Old Storied. (July) *Antiquary*
 India, Native Publishing House in. J. F. Hurst. *Harper's*
 Indians, Camp Wright Chronicles. A. G. Tassin. *Overland*
 Journalism, First Newspapers West of Alleghanies.
 *Mag. Am. H.*
 King Philip's War, Soldiers in. (July) *V. E. Hist. Gen.*
 Lace and Lace Workers. *Cottage Hearth*
 Lafayette (Marquis de), Visit to Missouri. *Mag. Am. H.*
 Layard's Italian Schools of Painting. (July) *Quart. Rev.*
 Marie Antoinette, Milliner's Bill. *Fortnightly*
 Maryland, Here and There in. (July) *Amer. Antiq.*
 Massachusetts, Indian land grants in. *Mag. West. Hist.*
 New Hampshire, Documents Relating to
 (July) *V. E. Hist. Gen. Reg.*
 Numismatics, Greek and Roman. E. B. (June) *Am. J. Arch.*
 Origin of Federal Constitution. *Mag. A. H.*
 Pottery of Ancient Pueblos. *China Decorator*
 Photography, Photo-Engraving. (July 22) *Photo. Times*
 Printing, History of Invention of. (July 9, et seq.) *Academy*
 Queen Mary at Frotheringham. H. E. Boulton. *Mag. of Art.*
 Raleigh, (Sir Walter) History of the World. *Book Lore*
 Repoussé Work. L. L. Haslope. *Amateur Work*
 Rome, Ancient Numismatics, E. Babelon
 (June) *Am. J. Arch.*
 San Augustino. A. C. De Barring. *Gentleman's*
 Silver Find in Kentucky. T. H. Lewis. (July) *Amer. Antiq.*
 Silver-plate, History of American. (July 20, 27) *Jewell Weekly*
 Thackeray (W. H.) On Bibliography of. (July 30) *Athenaeum*
 Upholstery at Home. D. Admanson. *Amateur Work*
 Violins and their Makers. (July 12) *All the Year Round*
 Wood Carving. W. N. Brown. *Decorator and Furnisher*
 Wood Carving in Irish Bog Oak. Alex. Watt. *Amateur Work*

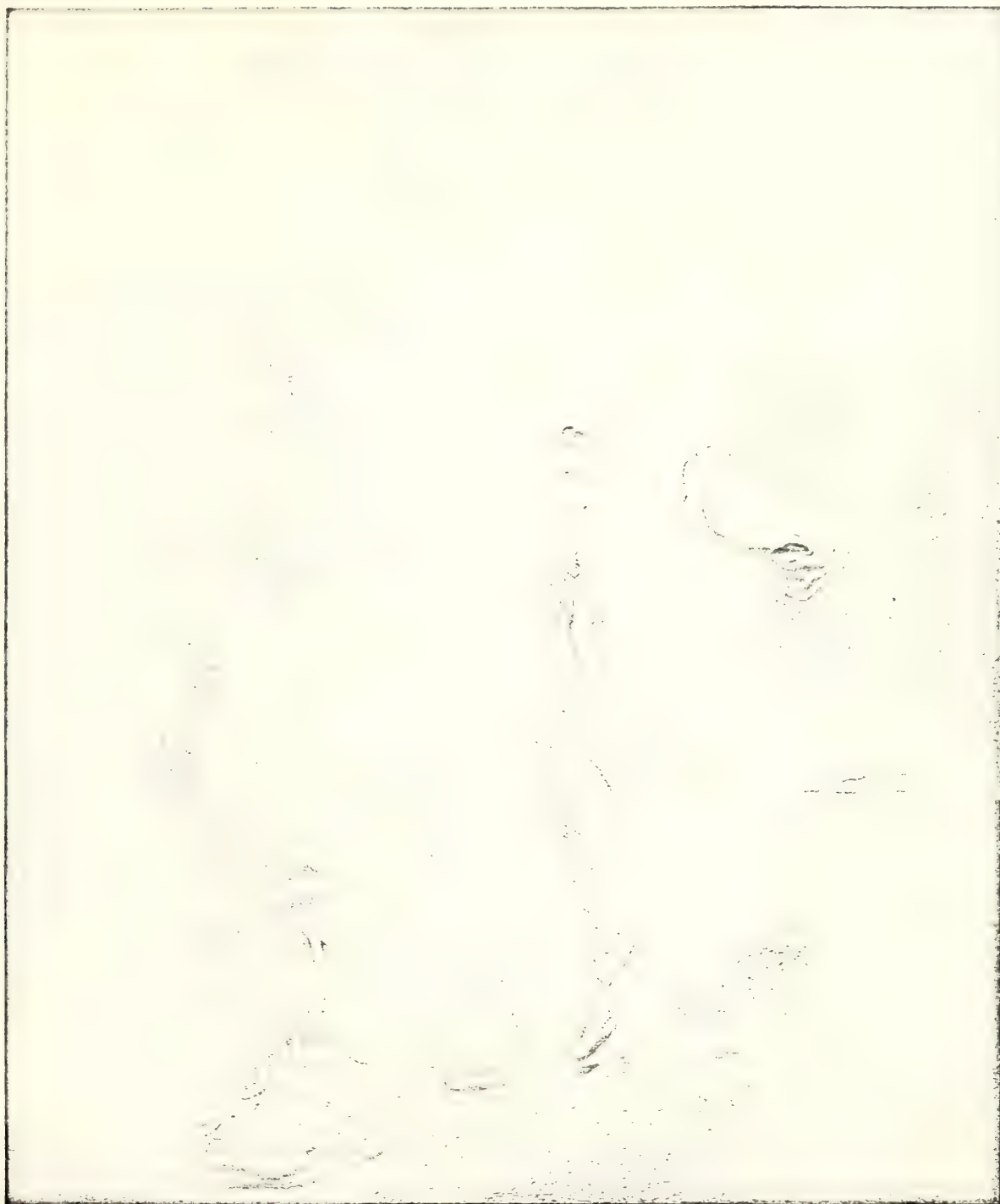
THE "CURIO" CAMERA.

NO. I.—"THE PRINCE."

The most High, most Puissant and most Illustrious Prince, ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, Great Stewart of Scotland, K. G., K. T., K. P., G. C. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. M. G., &c., &c., &c.

A British Prince, with a German body, a French mind, a Danish wife and a slight tinge of the Stuart blood. Has a curious propensity for running into debt. Finds his mother slow, his sons fast. Makes friends easily—especially with actors and Americans. Did not make friends with John Brown. Having some doubts about the future of the "bloated" aristocracy, he throws a few anchors to windward. On the whole, a skeptical, easy-going, watchful and pretty deep scion of Royalty. May become an English Louis XV., with a fretful Parliament to worry him . . . and a revolution ahead.

The Sibyl.



BENVENUTO CELLINI.

From a picture by J. N. Robert-Fleury, in the H. Chevreau, collection.

From **THE CURIO**

for October, 1887.

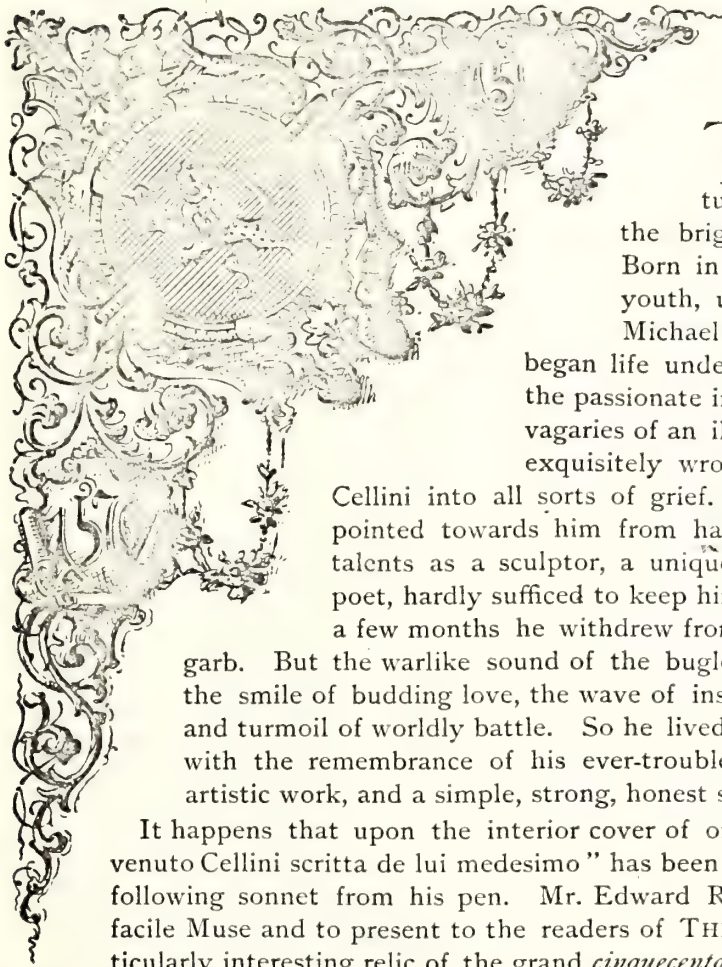
THE CURIO

VOL. I

October, 1887.

No. 2

OUR FRONTISPIECE.



BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THE great artist, whose features we reproduce from the beautiful picture of Robert Fleury, counts amongst the brighter lights of Italian Renaissance. Born in Florence in 1500, placed, in his early youth, under the all-powerful influence of Michael Angelo, Benvenuto (the well-known) began life under the most promising auspices. But the passionate impulses of an indomitable temper, the vagaries of an ill-balanced mind, the weaknesses of an exquisitely wrought organization, combined to bring Cellini into all sorts of grief. Many a time was the finger of law pointed towards him from half the civilized countries, and all his talents as a sculptor, a unique chiseler, a musician, an architect, a poet, hardly sufficed to keep him above the waters of dishonor. For a few months he withdrew from the struggle and took the monk's garb. But the warlike sound of the bugle, the devotion to his faithful rapier, the smile of budding love, the wave of inspiration, carried him back to the whirl and turmoil of worldly battle. So he lived and so he died, leaving behind him, with the remembrance of his ever-troubled genius, the priceless tokens of his artistic work, and a simple, strong, honest story of his life.

It happens that upon the interior cover of one of the copies of "La Vita di Benvenuto Cellini scritta de lui medesimo" has been recently discovered, in manuscript, the following sonnet from his pen. Mr. Edward R. Johnes kindly consented to tax his facile Muse and to present to the readers of THE CURIO this *traduction libre* of a particularly interesting relic of the grand *cinquecento*.

*My troubled life behold here written down,
In gratitude to Nature's God and mine,
Who gave me breath, and saw with joy divine
My ends achieved and bright with high renown.*

*Oft cruel fate hath weighed my spirit down ;
But now my glory with that fate doth twine
Such beauty, worth and fame, that lo ! I shine
Among the stars that deck the heaven's crown.*

*My only grief—and this I frankly own—
Is that my days in folly oft have passed ;
Light are our thoughts, and tossed by every blast .*

*Regrets are vain, so will I cease to moan ;
And from these heights, looking down on the past
Will bless the Tuscan soil where I was cast.*

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

HERALDIC CHITCHAT.

THE *Peerage* has been called the English woman's Bible; but the *Almanach de Gotha* is the Book of Common Prayer for rich Americans on the continent.



It is only in Great Britain that the distinction between Nobility and Gentry is made. The latter implies good birth, family descent, which is by no means implied in the former; hence the maxim of an old jurist: *Fit nobilis nascitur vero generosus*. This is well illustrated by the answer of King James I. to his nurse who begged him to make her son a gentleman: "I cannot make him a gentleman, but I'll make him a peer."



The beauty of the English Peerage is its thoroughly popular character in the sense, at least, of recruiting new blood and brains at frequently recurring intervals; and, in this connection, no man can read without satisfaction the rebuke administered from the woolsack to the haughty Duke of Grafton—himself a descendant of one of Charles II.'s vilest mistresses—by Lord Chancellor Thurlow, whom he had publicly reproached with his plebeian extraction: "I am amazed at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say and will say, that as a peer of Parliament, as speaker of this right honorable House, as keeper of the Great Seal, as guardian of his Majesty's con-

science, as Lord High Chancellor of England; nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—as a Man—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon."

The effect of this speech, both within the walls of parliament and among the public, was prodigious. It forever silenced his adversary and made its author, although always on the unpopular side in politics, the idol of the people.



There is something very dignified in Bacon's words from his *Essay on Nobility*: "It is a reverend and touching thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay; or to see a fair timber tree, sound and perfect; how much more, to behold an ancient noble family which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time. For *new* nobility is but the act of power; but *ancient* nobility is the act of Time."



The French expression for a long descended family: "*de vieille roche*," has a fragrance of feudalism about it, a suggestion of some castled crag or ivy-mantled tower, or of the death-like and impressive beauty of architectural ruins, which is delicious to a patrician: "The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved around its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers."—*Ossian*.



Six hundred years of venison, pastry, custards and good wines may extenuate, if not excuse, a gentleman's weakness for his pedigree; but a man brought up on pork and beans who becomes infected with family pride is a monster of folly. After all, as we heard an American of good family say to a friend *très bourgeois*, who had once met the late (and last) young Marquis

of Hastings, and described him as "too horrid proud"—"A man who can write 'Pevensey Beach 1066,' after his name has a *right* to be proud."

Family is defined by Webster: "Honorable descent; noble or respectable stock." We cannot avoid the subject if we would, and Americans are very much attached to it, as are any other people. We laugh only at the plutocrat who from similarity of name assumes relationship with a noble race and a crest and arms to which he is not entitled; "such tricks hath strong imagination."

The late Richard Grant White, who was very proud of his Puritan descent, wrote of his *forefather*, some two hundred and thirty or forty years ago, walking along the newly laid-out street of Cambridge, and meeting the *forefather* of James Russell Lowell. Well, we generally associate forefathers with peasants; hence Gray, in his famous Elegy, speaks of the place where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Gentlemen have ancestors. Hence Pitt's appeal, in his speech on American affairs, "to the honor of their Lordships to reverence the dignity of their *ancestors*."

Some writers object to the expression "a gentleman by birth." We think they are wrong. Now-a-days every one is called a gentleman in one sense or another.

Longfellow was correct when he said of Miles Standish: "He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly." And Lord Clarendon, the historian of the Civil War, makes the proper distinction, when describing the death of the Marquess of Montrose, who was, he says, one of the greatest nobles in Scotland, he then calls him: "A gentleman of a very ancient extraction."

The philosopher Leibnitz tells of the delight with which the Emperor Maximilian I. discovered that his family name, *Habsburg*,* had a meaning, and one full of vigor and poetry.

* Meaning Hawks Castle, from the German *Habicht*, hawk, and *Burg*, castle. The old castle, of which only two square towers now remain, was in Switzerland, and singularly not very far from the cradle of that other more recently illustrious but presently far more powerful house, *Hohenzollern*.

Without uncharitableness we may say that when a man proclaims himself, as in Tennyson, "Too proud to care from whence I came," he is a fool or he lies. Of the two, Clara Vere de Vere is a more respectable character than "Young Laurence." We think the reproach of the colored valet to Matthew Maule, *a propos* of his impudent inquiry after Mistress Alice Pyncheon (in Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*), "He, talk of Mistress Alice!" cried Scipio, as he returned from his errand. "The low carpenter-man! He no business so much as to look at her a great way off!"

In the early part of Pepys's "Diary" a Mr. Swinfen is introduced illustrating the rise and fall of families by telling of Bishop Bridgeman "who lately hath bought a seat anciently of the Levers, and then the Ashtons; and so he hath in his great hall window (having repaired and beautified the house) caused four great places to be left for coats of arms. In one he hath put the Levers, with this motto, 'Olim.' In another, the Ashtons, with this, 'Heri.' In the next his own, with this, 'Hodie.' In the fourth nothing but this motto, 'Cras nescio cujus.'" The Prelate's prescient modesty was commendable; and in fact "Great Lever" is not mentioned by Burke among the family seats of his representative and descendant, the present Earl of Bradford. Perhaps some reader of THE CURIO might inform us whose arms now occupy the vacant place.

This anecdote reminds us of the prudent egotism of a certain nobleman who purchased a villa at Rome about the same time that the Anglican bishop was buying himself an estate, and built a magnificent new entrance to it, consisting of a central iron gate *a deux battants* richly ornamented, with heraldic figures and of two smaller and much plainer side gates. In the stone arch over the middle gate he caused the word "Sibi" to be cut; over one of the side gates the word "Amicis" and over the other one the word "Inimicis." "To Myself; my Friends; mine Enemies." Only when his enemies might want to get in, they would find that their gate could not be opened, as it had

neither hinges nor lock. It is to be hoped that they took the hint. This eccentric old monument must be standing yet, unless the Italian government has improved it away, as it has so many other things that the antiquarian loved in the Eternal City.

It is generally considered improper to ridicule or abuse a person for his *name*—poor innocent thing; yet it is sometimes done so patly that we excuse the rudeness. Once upon a time King James IV. came to the Council House of Edinburgh to hear a case, in which he had a personal interest, tried against the then Lord Seton. The royal advocate was Master Richard Lawson, who, emboldened by the King's presence, assumed a very insolent manner and laid down the law with unbearable presumption; whereupon one of the opposing counsel jumped to his feet and exclaimed aloud: "Sir, they call you Law-son, but you are not Law's-father to make laws at your pleasure." He won his suit against the King.

Another incident was more courtly, but not less cutting. Sir Hugh Smithson having married the heiress of the Percys, King George III. —much against his will—created him Duke of Northumberland. At an audience at Saint James, he was once unaccountably kept waiting in the ante-chamber—a proceeding which he resented with all the spirit of a *parvenu*. When finally admitted, he said with some warmth to the King: "It is the first time, your Majesty, that a Duke of Northumberland is kept waiting." "Well," answered the King with Hanoverian hauteur, "It is also the first time a *Smith* has been Duke of Northumberland." We think that Mrs. Lamb, in her *History of the City of New York*, might have known better than to state anything so absurd as that the "Smithsons were of England's proudest nobility," (Vol. II., page 242). We think that the same well-meaning lady should have mentioned the fact that the Duke's brother, whom she recalls as the munificent founder of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, was nothing but a *bastard*. We may add that his breeches are on exhibition at the Capital. Talk of relic-worship!

Thomas Hood, the poet, tells us that he went to a school kept by two maiden ladies of the name of Hogsflesh; and that they had a brother so sensitive that he would never allow himself to be addressed otherwise than "Mr. H." Indeed some people bear names so odious or disgusting that they should be compelled to change them; but then they should not be permitted to steal a better name out of Burke, like one Joshua Bug, tavern keeper, who not long ago transformed himself into Howard:

"The law it allows me to do what I've done;
If a *Bug* was my father, a *Howard*'s my son.

In this connection we may quote from Dr. Johnson: "There is something in *names* which one cannot help feeling. Now Elkanah Settle sounds so *queer*, who can expect much from that name? We should have no hesitation to give it for John Dryden in preference to Elkanah Settle, from the names only, without knowing their different merits" (*Boswell's Life*).

A name? if the party had a voice
What mortal would be a *Brown* by choice,
As a *Jones*, a *Smith*, or a *Taylor* rejoice,
Or any such nauseous blazon?
Not to mention many a vulgar name,
That would make a door-plate blush for shame,
If door-plates were not so brazen!

—Hood.

There are in all old countries some families that have taken root in the soil and are continually turning up and attracting public attention as soldiers, seamen, statesmen, churchmen, or as men of art or letters; and there are also other equally famous families whose members never rise above mediocrity, and seem to have neither talent nor ambition, but only instinctive energy enough to eat, drink, ride, drive, hunt, dance, marry and breed children. The English aristocracy will furnish examples of both sort. And speaking of old families, how few are aware that there is hardly an ancient name

"Of famous men, now utterly unknown,
Yet whose heroic deeds were, in their day,
The theme of loud acclaim,"

which is not represented—mostly indeed only in silent and honorable poverty, but none the less represented in this country among the descendants of the earlier Colonists. The social

sympathies of every well-born person ought to be rather with the moneyless Gentry of Virginia than with the opulent Soodras of New York.



Scotchmen have always been noted for their pride of family; and a certain Highland Laird used to boast, in Catholic times, that there were only three men in all Scotland with *The* before their names: The Pope, The King and The Chisholm.



One of the many quaint inscriptions on the ancient mansion of the Napiers of Wrychtishousis, in the suburbs of Edinburgh, demolished some years ago, was this oft-quoted couplet, rather too suggestive of radicalism:

"When Adam dived and Eve span,
Quhair war a' the Gentles than?"

With all this we believe that, whatever "the gardener Adam and his wife" may think about the matter, there never was nor ever will be a Napier so degenerate as to

"Smile at the claims of long descent."



When the celebrated William of Wykeham, who was born of humble parents, but rose by his integrity and talents to be Bishop of Winchester in 1367, and Lord High Chancellor of England, was asked by the heralds who were searching for suitable arms for the new prelate whether he would suggest some motto, he answered, "Manners Makyth Man;" which was instantly accepted. It was a noble intimation that a man's real worth is to be estimated, not from the accidents of birth or fortune, but from his mental attainments and moral qualifications; or, as Pope says:

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella."



How stately is the motto of this old French family: *Prince ne puis; Duc ne daigne; Rohan suis!*

And how blasphemous the reply of that proud Peeress to a friendly remonstrance: "God will think twice before He damns a duchess!"

At the Protestant reformation the poor Earl of Eglinton turned off his chaplain and offered public prayers in his own family, of which, says Kelly in his *Scottish Proverbs*, the two following were standing petitions:

"God send us some money, for they are little thought of that want it."

"God keep ill gear out of my hands, for if my hands once get it, my heart will never part with it."



What constitutes a gentleman? The term is applied in a general sense to men of education and good breeding, in whatever respectable business or occupation of life. The radical meaning of the word, however, is *family*, "gens," so that in the social and heraldic and hereditary sense a gentleman must necessarily be a "man of family," and so it is understood in Great Britain, and in France where they have its absolute equivalent "*Gentilhomme*." The "gentleman" is one who bears arms. If he has himself received a grant of arms, or has only been recently ennobled, he is a *novus homo*, and no high-sounding title or eminent office can make him anything else. In speaking of the rise of great families, we are more than ever convinced of blunt old Dr. Johnson's dictum: "There is generally a scoundrelism about a low man." It takes at least six descents to produce what is technically called a "gentleman of blood and coat-armor." Probably the most respected man in both countries, in Great Britain and in "Greater Britain," is the venerable Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and on his authority we believe that "The man who inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations," is the one whose society is to be preferred in most relations in life.



A nobleman can be improvised like the sodding in front of a new villa, but it takes the slow growth of time to make a gentleman. We remember the story of an American upstart, who once asked an Oxford Don, after admiring the turf of his college green, how long it would take her to grow such grass on her Newport lawn? "Three hundred years, Madam," was the ready answer.

We have never been able to understand how a man so instinctively an aristocrat as Hawthorne was could write as he sometimes did, unless by taking the view of him which Chorley took in his "Reminiscences. Hear what he says through the foul mouth of the Daguerreotypist, in the "House of the Seven Gables": "The truth is, that once in every half century, at longest, a family should be merged into the great obscure mass of humanity, and forget all about its ancestors. Human blood, in order to keep its freshness, should run in hidden streams, as the water of an aqueduct is conveyed in subterranean pipes." We also wonder whether ignorance or hatred made him take the name of *Maule*, as that of the typical plebeian in his famous romance. The name of Maule is ancient and noble in Scotland—Earl of Panmure in 1646. The title is extinct, but the name and estates are in the family of *Ramsay*, Earl of Dalhousie.



We have always thought that baronets naturally suggested murders, ghosts, and God knows what of bad, from *Ruddygore* back through *Vanity Fair*, *Black House*, and *Aylmer's Field* to the first piece of fine writing in which one of them was painted black. It is well known that King James I., who created this new dignity, in 1611 assigned to baronets, their heirs and successors forever, the armorial distinction of a hand *gules* on a field *argent*, the ancient device of the O'Neils of Ulster:

"The Bloody Hand, significant of crime,
That, glaring on the old heraldic banner,
Has kept its crimson unimpaired by time,
In such a wondrous manner."—*Hood*.



The English gained so few advantages by sea during the war of 1812-13, that we need not feel too sorely for the single victory they won. When we go down Broadway, past the monument of the gallant Lawrence, it will not hurt us to know that his death gave such honors to the captain of the *Shannon*, viz.: his Baronetcy, and for an "honorable augmentation" a new crest: out of a naval crown, *or*, a dexter arm, embowed, encircled with a wreath of laurel, proper, and grasping a trident of the first."

The rewards bestowed upon those who did

win victories over the Americans should rather flatter our pride than humble us, because they indirectly reflect our own importance. For instance, when British veterans scattered our raw militia, and burned Washington, then a dirty village of a single muddy street, the Prince Regent conferred on the widow and descendants of General Ross the honorary distinction of "Bladensburg," to be added to the previous family name. He also granted a new crest, viz.: "An arm in general's uniform issuant out of a mural crown, and grasping the broken flag-staff of the Standard of the United States." (See Burke's "Landed Gentry," 1879, Ross-of-Bladensburg, of Rosstrevor.)

As for "Honors" due more or less remotely to the Revolutionary War, Andre's brother was made a Baronet; so was Tarleton. General Sir Guy Carleton, K. B., "in consideration of his eminent services during the first American War," was elevated to the peerage, 21 August, 1786, as Baron Dorchester of Dorchester, Co. Oxford, having previously obtained a pension of £1,000 per annum for his own life and the lives of his wife and two elder sons, and "Lord Rawdon" exchanged his Irish courtesy title for an English peerage as *Baron Rawdon, of Rawdon Co., York.*, on 5th March, 1783, for his military services in America.

Lord Cornwallis was created a Marquess in 1792 "for having distinguished himself as a great military commander in America (!) and India;" and doubtless the fact that Viscount Gage's heir-presumptive was "son of the American Commander-in-chief," made it easier for him to obtain for himself another British peerage, an honor much coveted by Irish peers, as it gave them a seat in the House of Lords, with remainder to this nephew. It is perhaps little known to Americans that the family of the traitor Benedict Arnold, a man of low origin, now figures prominently among the Landed Gentry of Great Britain as "Arnold of Little Missenden Abbey," and it is singular, considering what a godless man the general was, that his grandson, who married a daughter of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, is a parson and all his granddaughters are married to parsons.

Monsignor Seton, D. D.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN PEDIGREES.

Montgomery.*

UPON the extinction of the first line of the Earls of Eglinton the succession of the family was carried on by the descendants of SIR NEIL MONTGOMERIE of Lainschaw or Lainschaw, who was the third son of the first Earl. He married Margaret, daughter and heiress of Quintin Mure, Laird of Skeldon.

He also had a charter from Queen Mary of the lands of Uretoun (Overton), in the barony of Torbolton, given at Linlithgow, October 4, 1545. In the month preceding this grant, he had sat and acted as procuratory in Parliament

clan. The year succeeding this, he lost his life in a fight with Lord Boyd's son and his adherents, in the streets of Irvine, June, 1547.

This was the sad result of another feud the Montgomeries were concerned in, but one of less intensity than that with the Cuninghames. Sir Neil's slaughter was warmly resented by the Montgomeries, and the Master of Boyd scarcely dared appear openly in the county for some time. At length, however, the affair was made up: the Master, now Lord Boyd, appearing with all the parties concerned at Glasgow, February 11, 1560. A close friendship existed afterwards between the two families, the same Lord Boyd giving his daughter Egidia in marriage to Hugh, the fourth Earl of Eglinton.

Lainschaw, which gave a designation to several of the later generations of Montgomeries, is situated in the Parish of Stewarton, County of Ayr. What exists of it still, consists of a large square tower, with a lesser one of different style, and a number of buildings of more modern date, connecting them together.

Sir Neil had two sons and three daughters; the sons were:

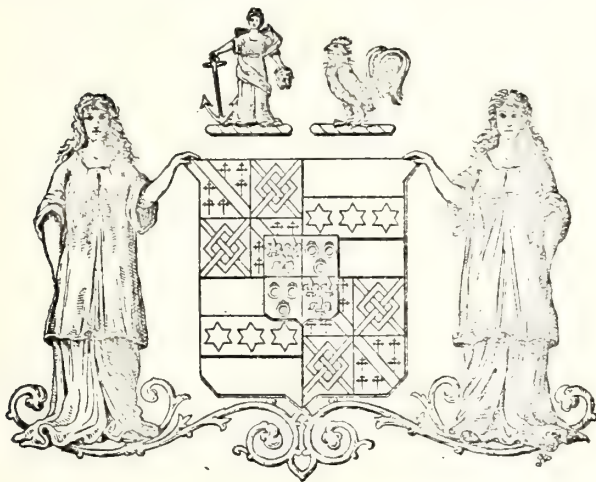
1. JOHN MONTGOMERIE of Lainschaw, who married Margaret, daughter of Robert Boyd of Kilmarnock, third Lord Boyd, and sister as it proved of the murderer of his father, Sir Neil. John died within a few years, leaving no children, before the murder of his father.

2. SIR NEIL.

SIR NEIL MONTGOMERIE of Lainschaw, succeeded his father and married Jean, daughter and eventually heiress (on the death of her brother James, Master of Lyle, in 1556) of John, fourth and last Lord Lyle. By this marriage, the Lyle estates came into the possession of the Montgomeries, but the title was not assumed by Sir Neil or his son, as it was supposed to descend to heirs male only; as for the Lyle arms (Lyle and Mar quarterly) they were quartered with his own.

By a charter granted in 1558, it appears that he possessed very considerable property, chiefly holding from the Earl of Eglinton.

Sir Neil Montgomery, as son of Lady Jean, resigned, it is stated, "by a contract dated 1559, all claims to the estate of Duchal or Lyle, and others, for a certain sum of money paid him by



The actual arms of the Montgomeries of Lainschaw [later of Brigend], Male Representatives of the family in France, Scotland, Ireland, England and America. Blazoned as follows: ARMS: Quarterly: 1st and 4th: quarterly-quartered: 1st and 4th: azure, a band between six-cross crosslets fitchée or, for MAZ: 2d and 3d: gules, a fret or, for LYLE. Second and third grand quarters: Argent, on a fess azure three stars of the first, for MURE of Skeldon. On an escutcheon of pretense, quarterly, 1st and 4th: azure three fleurs-de-lis or, for MONTGOMERY: 2d and 3d: gules, three annulets or, stoned azure, for EGLINTON. CRESTS: I. A female figure proper, anciently attired azure, holding in the dexter hand an anchor or, and in the sinister the head of a savage couped of the first, for MONTGOMERY. II. A cock or, crested gules, for LYLE. SUPPORTERS: two female figures, or angels proper. [The ancient supporters of the Montgomeries before the accession of the Setons.]

for his nephew, the second Earl of Eglinton, the first earl having died in the month of June previous. And in the year following, on the death of the second earl, during the minority of his son, he assumed the chiefship of the

* Begun in our September number.

Porterfield of that ilk, but he still assumed the arms of Lyle, as heir of line of that family."

The latter's great-grandson, James Montgomerie of Lainshaw, was the first and only one of the family to assume the title of Lord Lyle, but he was unable to procure a confirmation of it, either from its having remained so long in abeyance (a century and a half), or from his inability to establish a rightful claim, which he could only do to the prejudice of his cousin, Hugh Montgomerie of Brigend, who was the male representative of Sir Neil.

Sir Neil Montgomerie of Lainshaw, by his wife Lady Jean, had three sons, besides daughters, of whom we have mention that "the two younger sons went to Ireland," and that his successor was his eldest son.

XVII. SIR NEIL MONTGOMERIE of Lainshaw, who, as Heir-Male to the title and honors of the fifth Earl of Eglinton, should have succeeded to them on that nobleman's death in 1613, but they went with his estates, by the new grant of November, 1611, to that Earl's cousin. The cause of this diversion of the title and honors from the heir-male have been elsewhere recited, and need not here be recapitulated. On that Earl's death, however, Sir Neil succeeded to the *lineal Male Representation of the family*, and is therefore placed in this account numerically next to him as bearing that honor, an honor which is in the line of Sir Neil's American descendants to this day.

Sir Neil had a precept of *clare constat*, dated March 18, 1613, of the lands of Lainshaw, from Alexander, Earl of Eglinton; this was within a year after the latter had been officially recognized in that dignity. Alexander's feudal superiority was acknowledged in this act by Sir Neil, who thus ratified that which was by this time established beyond all legal contest. It was not, however, until the year 1630 that Hugh, Viscount Montgomerie, the chief of the Irish House, by an indenture acknowledged Alexander as his chief, and became bound, when Eglinton came to Ireland, to present him with a white horse, as a token of holding his estates in Scotland and Ireland from him as his feudal superior. Thus different branches of the family tardily acknowledged Alexander Seton as Earl of Eglinton.

Sir Neil Montgomerie was served heir to his mother Lady Jean Lyle, December 20, 1575, as Neil Montgomerie of Gallowberry. He never assumed the title but quartered the arms of Lyle, as heir of line of that noble family.

He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Cuninghame of Aiket, whose great-grandfather, Alexander Cuninghame, was of the Glencairn

family. This branch of the Cuninghames were active participants in all the feuds of their family, the most bitter of which was that against the Montgomeries. It was to this feud that Hugh, the fourth Earl of Eglinton, owed his death in 1586, when on a visit to Sir Neil, at the hands of Alexander and William Cuninghame, Lady Lainshaw's brothers, and some of their cousins with their adherents. Rumor imputed to this lady a helping hand in the matter, a rumor which seemed to be credited by the Earl's successor, for he cut her children off from inheriting any of the Eglinton estates.

Sir Neil died before the year 1613, leaving several children.

1. SIR NEIL, his successor.
2. WILLIAM MONTGOMERIE of Brigend, whose descendants carry now the representation of the family.
3. James, minister of Dunlop. The patronage and titles of Dunlop Church had been granted to the Earl of Eglinton, in 1603.
4. John Montgomerie of Cockilbie, who married Jean, Daughter of Captain Daniel Forrester of Carden, envoy of James VI. to Spain.

XVIII. SIR NEIL MONTGOMERIE of Lainshaw, had succeeded his father prior to the year 1621, for in a document of that year he is mentioned as "now of Langschaw"; and died before 1625, the date of his son and successor's precept of seizin in the lands of Nether Skeldon. He married, about the year 1601, Marion, daughter of Sir William Mure of Rowallan, and left two sons and four daughters, the eldest son,

XIX. SIR NEIL MONTGOMERIE of Lainshaw, succeeding his father in 1636. He married Margaretta Lockhart, daughter of the Laird of Barr, and had four sons and four daughters. Neil Montgomerie seems to have been entrusted with the charge of the Eglinton estates, in 1645, when the Earl was with the Scottish army in England. He was alive in 1653, for in that year he and his son John gave an obligation to Hugh Montgomerie of Brigend, for five hundred marks. And in 1654, he joined with his son and heir (as below) in parting with his lands to David Montgomerie of Cockilbie. His eldest son,

XX. SIR JOHN MONTGOMERIE of Lainshaw, succeeded his father, and was living in 1669, but had died before the year 1687. He married Helen, daughter of Sir Ludovick Houstoun of that ilk, but died without issue. He appears in a seizin, September 14, 1653, in favor of James Dunlop of Dunlop, of the lands of

Gallowberry, and in another, May 1, 1654, in favor of David Montgomerie of Cockilbie, of the barony of Peacockbank, proceeding upon a precept of the Earl of Eglinton, following upon a resignation of the said barony the said John Montgomerie, younger of Lainshaw, with consent of Neil Montgomerie of Lainshaw, his father. And also in a seizin, June 1, 1654, in favor of the said David, of the lands of Lainshaw, and others, belonging all formerly to Neil Montgomerie of Langschaw, which the latter, with the consent of John Montgomerie his eldest son, resigned into the hands of Eglinton for the precept in usual form. Thus the Lainshaw estate passed into the Cockilbie line, which took its designation, and where it remained for many generations.

HUGH MONTGOMERIE of Brigend, was alive at this period, and next heir to the older line of Lainshaw. Hugh was, however, their creditor to the amount of five hundred marks, and the necessities of their condition compelled that line to part with its estates to some one of the family not a creditor, that they might receive the benefit of the whole purchase money; which, if Hugh had been the purchaser, would have been made in part with their own bond. This sale to a junior line indeed may have been effected without Hugh's knowledge of the same, which will explain the absence of his name as a witness to any of the transactions connected with it.

John and his brother Neil died without issue, before 1687, for in July of that year, at the instance of Hugh Montgomerie, "general letters to enter heirs" were raised, commanding the sisters of Montgomerie of Langschaw, to make payments of the debts due him. Had there been any male issue of either John or Neil, the sisters would not have been called on to enter themselves heirs of their late brother, father and grandfather.

John Montgomerie's heir male was Hugh Montgomerie of Brigend, the grandson of

WILLIAM MONTGOMERIE of Brigend, the second son of the last Sir Neil Montgomerie.

Brigend, or Bridgend, as formerly spelled, is in the Parish of Maybole, Ayrshire, and situated immediately on the banks of the river Doon, about one-fourth of a mile below, and on the opposite side of the Alloway Kirkyard. It was known as Nether Auchindraine, previously to the building (in the year 1466), of the "Old Bridge of Doon" so celebrated in "Tam O' Shanter." Abercrommie, who wrote prior to the Revolution, speaks of it "as a pretty dwelling, surrounded also with gardens, orchards and parks;" but of this pretty dwelling

scarcely a vestige now remains. From the ruins, however, which are now in existence, it seems to have consisted of a small tower, having a few houses probably attached, and no doubt surrounded by a moat. And the marriage settlement of William's son, dated in 1626, speaks of the "Land of Nether Auchindraine with tour, fortalice, maner place, yairdis, orchardis."

Mention of William Montgomerie of Brigend, is found in testamentary and other documents, as late as the year 1652; but he died prior to 1658. His age at the former period was not less than seventy-five years. He had four sons, of whom the eldest,

JOHN MONTGOMERIE, younger of Brigend, whose son carried on this line.

He is called the *younger* of Brigend, not having the full designation, as he predeceased his father. He is seized in the lands of Brigend, and described as "William Montgomerie's eldest lawful son and heir apparent." The time of John Montgomerie's death is not known, only that it was prior to the year 1647. He left two sons of whom the elder,

XXI. SIR HUGH MONTGOMERIE of Brigend, who succeeded his grandfather subsequently to the year 1652; and on the death of Sir John Montgomerie of Lainshaw (XX) within two or three years of that date, became, as his heir male, the chief of the family, which honor is now borne by his lineal descendant.

He married, in the year 1653, Katharine, second daughter of Sir William Scott of Clerkington, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. The marriage settlement of this couple is still in existence, in a fair state of preservation, the roll being upwards of seven and a half feet long.

Hugh Montgomerie died May 6, 1710, at over eighty years of age, having resided the last twelve years of his life in Glasgow, under the roof and on the charity of his younger son James, who, in a letter, dated Glasgow, March 6, 1712, to William, desires his brother in America to consider, "what charges he has been at with his father." James no doubt thought that as he obtained none of the advantages, whatever they were, of his father's formerly large estate, he could not consider the care and protection of his father, in his last years, a privilege. Hugh's days ended when his circumstances had been very much reduced, the reverse of those amidst which he entered into life. Inheriting an ample patrimony when a young man, he had been brought in his old age to entailing himself as an encumbrance on a son. To what this change in his affairs was at-

tributable cannot be fully ascertained, but it is more than probable that his religious belief was in a great degree the cause of his misfortunes, as many families in that part of Scotland, holding similar views with his, had been ruined in estate for opinion's sake. To this may be added pecuniary embarrassments, arising as well from his indulgent disposition as from a want of proper knowledge of business affairs.

A large sum of money had been loaned his kinsman, the Earl of Loudoun, which was retained under different pretences, until many years after his death, by the earl, who, being one of the representative peers, could not be "pursued." It appears that in 1700 the indebtedness of the Earl of Loudoun amounted to the sum of £5096 1s. 8d. Scots. This is shown in a bond given by the Earl, as principal, to Hugh's son James, which the latter, by an obligation dated at Port Glasgow, September 12, 1700, given to his brother William just before his sailing for America, binds himself to hold and make "just compt, reckoning and payment to the said William Montgomerie," of what he should happen to recover "by virtue of the aforesaid bond." To this sum must be added the amount of five hundred marks loaned, in 1653, Neil Montgomerie of Lainshaw and his son John, which we have seen remained unpaid as late as 1687.

In 1692 Hugh and William Montgomerie, elder and younger, of Brigend, joined in a disposition of their estate to their cousin John Montgomerie of Beoch, consisting of Brigend, and other estates, Hugh making his residence, from this date, with his younger son James, while the eldest, William, had already perhaps in contemplation the removal of his family to America.

The following were the children of Hugh and Katharine:

1. WILLIAM, afterwards of Brigend.
2. James Montgomerie was a merchant in Glasgow. With a numerous family dependent upon him, his correspondence shows him to have been in but moderate circumstances; thus sharing his father's misfortunes. At the time of his death he was governor of the jail at Glasgow. He had a large family, but none of the sons left any issue.

XXII. WILLIAM MONTGOMERIE of Brigend, married in Edinburgh, Isabel, daughter of Robert Burnett of Lethintie, Aberdeenshire, of the family of the Leys Burnetts, of which was Gilbert Burnett, Bishop of Salisbury. Their marriage settlement is in complete preservation, and measures six feet in length.

Robert Burnett was extensively concerned in the Quaker settlement of East Jersey, and became one of the proprietors of that province; and it appears that his daughter went with him to America, but was sent back to complete her education to Scotland, where she was married. Her acquaintance with the new country, as well as her father's large interest there, led William Montgomerie eventually to move his family from Ayrshire and make a new home for his children in the colonies of America. In 1692 he had joined with his father in disposing of the estate of Brigend to his cousin John Montgomerie of Beoch, and in 1701-2 crossed the ocean with his young family, and settled on Doctor's Creek, in Monmouth County, East Jersey. *Eglinton*, the name of this estate, is situated about two miles from Allentown. The original house is not now standing; the present brick mansion was erected partly on its site, prior to the Revolutionary War, and was built of bricks made on the property. William settled on the lands of his father-in-law, which, by deed dated May 20, 1706, he purchased of him.

This original tract has been very much added to by the succeeding generations, both from purchase and inheritance from their cousins, John and William Burnett, the nephews of Isabel Montgomerie. The last one of the name who held this property was the late Robert Montgomerie of Eglinton; and it is now divided among the children of his daughter, the late Mrs. S. C. Newell.

William Montgomerie's removal to America was the effect of the misfortunes in which his father had fallen, and in which as his heir he would be immediately involved. The encumbrances on the family estate, with Lord Loudoun's debt, were sufficiently large to make his sales of Brigend, to his cousin, John Montgomerie of Beoch, and the lands of Constable and Patterstoun of but little avail to him, for it seems that he was indebted to his brother for the means for the removal of himself and his family to this country.

There is every evidence to show that William was a member of the Society of Friends, and after he came to this country that he brought his family up in their faith. That he was so before leaving Scotland seems to be disproved by the circumstance of the promptness with which he had his children baptized. His sons married Friends, and so did his grandson, James; and there is reason to believe he is buried where so many of his descendants lie, in the Old Meeting Ground at Crosswicks, in Burlington County, from which Eglinton was about

four miles distant. He lived subsequently to the year 1721, but the precise date of his death is not known.

William and Isabel Montgomerie had many children, all of whom accompanied their parents to America. The eldest son,

XXIII. ROBERT MONTGOMERIE of Eglinton, New Jersey, was born, probably at Brigend, in the year 1687, and when about fifteen years of age, came with his father to America, where almost sixty-five years of his life were passed in the enjoyment of more comfortable circumstances than his father could ever have secured for him in Scotland; the only feature in his life being the fact of his holding a magistrate's commission from the King. He married at Burlington, in 1709, Sarah Stacy, of that place. She lived until 1743-44, and was buried in the Friends' Burying Ground, at Crosswicks. Her husband survived her more than twenty years, his will, dated August 28, 1762, being admitted to probate, October 1, 1766, he having, at his death, entered the eightieth year of his age. He was doubtless buried at Crosswicks, where he tells us he had buried his wife.

During Robert Montgomerie's lifetime inquiries were instituted by members of the family in Scotland, for the descendants of William Brigend, of whom they knew nothing further than that he had emigrated to America with his family, and was there living. Robert Maxwell of Arkland, the son-in-law of James Montgomerie, the uncle of Robert, took much interest in these inquiries, and wrote to a friend, Mr. John Carlyle, of Alexander, Virginia, to get the information for him. Mr. Maxwell says, "My wife and I, and his (William of Brigend) other friends in Scotland, are very desirous to know what may become of him and his children, and the rather because we have reason to be fully persuaded that he or his eldest son has an unquestionable right to the title and honours of Lord Lyle, in Scotland, and also to a part of the estate in Brigend, which was not sold, but was squeezed out of his hands by a rapacious lawyer."

Although Robert Montgomerie was a Friend, he lived before the time when that society bore such earnest testimony against slave-holding. Human property as well as real estate served to make up his "subject of several thousand pounds." He was the last of this line to adhere to the old terminal of the family name *rie*. All his correspondence and papers, preserved at this day, invariably observe this form of spelling the name; his son was the first to substitute for it the *ry*, though why he did so would not

be difficult to say; in obedience no doubt, however, to the style of modernizing words of such termination, now generally adopted, and which is followed by most of the branches of the family settled in Great Britain.

Among the twelve children of Robert and Sarah Montgomerie, but one son left issue, namely:

JAMES MONTGOMERY, spoken of as Robert's "eldest son and heir." He was born at Eglinton, February 26, 1720. He married, on May 15, 1746, Esther, daughter of John and Susan Wood, and predeceased his father a few years, dying in 1759-60. He was doubtless buried at Crosswicks Grounds, where his mother had been laid many years previously.

Among the seven children of James and Esther Montgomerie were,

1. Robert, of whom afterwards, (XXIV).
2. John, also afterwards.
3. William Montgomery; was born at Eglinton, January 30, 1752. After the death of his grandfather, in 1766, he and his brother John sold their portions of his estates which came to them, and removing to Philadelphia, there soon commenced business together. John died in 1794, but William kept up the mercantile house which they had jointly established until within a few years of his death, which occurred on March 4, 1831, in the eightieth year of his age. He married October 25, 1781, Rachel, daughter of Sampson Harvey, merchant, of Philadelphia, by whom he had a large family.
4. James, born November 22, 1755, was educated to the law; but at the commencement of the Revolutionary war he entered the army, holding a lieutenant's commission in the New Jersey Militia. He was under General Richard Montgomery* in his expedition against Quebec, December, 1775, and was at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He died in June, 1832, at his farm in the neighborhood of Eglinton. His wife was Ellen, one of the daughters of Daniel Reading, the son of John Reading, who was Governor of the Province of New Jersey in 1746, and again in 1757.

The son of James, Brigadier-General William Reading Montgomery, born July 10, 1801, entered West Point Military Academy in 1821.

* General Richard Montgomery's connection with the regular Montgomery stock never could be satisfactorily established.

and was breveted second lieutenant of the 3d Infantry in July, 1825. As captain of the 8th Infantry he took part in the Mexican War, and was breveted Major "for gallant conduct in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, May 9, 1846," in which latter he was wounded; and was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel "for gallant meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847." In 1855, while in command of Fort Riley, in Kansas Territory, difficulties which arose between him and the War Department—Jefferson Davis being then Secretary of War—induced him to sever his connection with the regular service. At the breaking of the Rebellion in 1861 he volunteered his services to the government, and commanded the 1st New Jersey Volunteers at the battle of Bull Run, July 21, then in the reserve under Col. Miles, and aided in covering the retreat of the Union Army. On August 17, 1861, he was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was shortly after appointed Military Governor of Alexandria, where he remained until the following spring, when he was placed in command at Philadelphia.

XXIV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY of Eglinton, grandson of the first Robert Montgomerie of Eglinton, and eldest son of James, was born at Eglinton, October 22, 1748, to which he had succeeded, at eighteen years of age, on the death of his grandfather, and where he resided during his long life of nearly eighty years.

Robert was on one occasion taken prisoner by the British, carried off some distance from his home, and held for many hours, but was released when he was found to be a non-combatant; and his house exhibits the deep marks of a cannon ball fired from a British gun, which was levelled at it from Montgomerie Hill opposite.

His estates necessarily suffered from depredations of the troops; and there is a memorandum of his losses, caused by the Hessians on their passage through this portion of Monmouth County, a few days before the battle of Monmouth, on their retreat from Philadelphia, endorsed by him.

Robert married November 14, 1771, Margaret, daughter of John Leonard, and had five children. His only son by his first wife was

Robert, born May 9, 1778, and died November 14, 1808, s. i.

Mrs. Montgomery died September 17, 1780. Robert Montgomery, married, secondly, June 22, 1788, Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. James Newell, of Allentown, whose wife was Elizabeth Lawrence, and had two children. Mrs. Mont-

gomery died May 21, 1845, at the age of ninety three years; Robert Montgomery had died some years previous to this, on July 5, 1828. He is buried at the old yard at Allentown. Leaving no son, he was succeeded in the representation of the family by Austin Montgomery, the son of his brother,

JOHN MONTGOMERY, who was born at Eglinton, July 7, 1750.

Before he was twenty years of age, John parted with his share of his grandfather's estate, and removed to Philadelphia, his younger brother, William, either going with him, or following shortly after him. Entering there into business, the brothers became partners, and after the death of John, William continued for many years the house they had established. In the Revolutionary War he took a part in military matters, and was a member of the Philadelphia First City Troop of Cavalry from 1777 to 1787, and saw service in that company in some of the New Jersey campaigns of the war. But the exposure and hardships of a soldier's life laid in his constitution the seeds of the disease which eventually ended his life, when he was but forty-three years of age. He died March 16, 1794, leaving behind him the reputation of great integrity as a merchant.

He married, November 3, 1785, Mary, daughter of Joseph Crathorne of Philadelphia, formerly of the West Indies, and by birth an Englishman. Mrs. Montgomery lived to her eighty-fourth year, dying October 15, 1848.

John and Mary Montgomery had three children,

1. AUSTIN, of whom afterwards,
2. Rev. James, D.D., of whom afterwards,
3. John Cathorne, was born in Philadelphia, November 1, 1792, where he resided many years, having also lived some years on his estates of Eglinton on the Hudson, and in New York City, in which latter place he has been residing since 1855. He married, November 25, 1817, Elizabeth Henrietta, only daughter of Henry Philips, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Montgomery died July 11, 1850, leaving a large family.

XXV. AUSTIN MONTGOMERY of Philadelphia—where he was born September 16, 1786, and where he resided during his whole life—the eldest son of the above John Montgomery, was the successor of his uncle Robert, who died in 1828. He married, September 5, 1809, Isabel, daughter of John Bowen, of Bowen Hall, the son of William Francis Bowen, of Bowen Hall, in the Island of Jamaica. Mr. Montgomery died

November 5, 1855. Leaving no children, he was succeeded by John T. Montgomery, the son of his brother, the

REV. JAMES MONTGOMERY, D.D., who was born in Philadelphia, November 25, 1787. He graduated at Princeton College in 1805; afterwards read law in the office of Judge Hopkinson, in Philadelphia, was admitted to the Bar, and practiced his profession with success for nearly seven years, when, preparing for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he was ordained in 1816. He was successively Rector St. Michael's Church, Trenton, New Jersey, Grace Church, New York City, and of St. Stephen's, Philadelphia, in charge of which latter he had been for eleven years, its first rector, when he died, after a short illness, on March 17, 1834, aged forty-seven years.

Dr. Montgomery married, June 27, 1815, Eliza Dennis, daughter of John Teackle, of Accomac County, Eastern Shore, Va. Mrs. Montgomery died January 16, 1823, leaving three children,

1. JOHN TEACKLE, the present head of the family.

2. James Henry, born February 27, 1819. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Philadelphia many years, and died there December 22, 1858.

Dr. Montgomery married, secondly, May 30, 1827, Mary Harrison, daughter of Thomas H. White, of Philadelphia, the son of Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, and had

REV. WILLIAM WHITE, born May 21, 1828. Heir presumptive to the Male Representation of the family of Montgomery in Europe and America. Having prepared himself for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he was ordained in September, 1852. He has been successively rector of churches in Northumberland County, Penn.; of that in Warsaw, New York; and of St. Luke's Church, Buffalo; and is now rector of Grace Church, Lyons, New York. He married, April 15, 1857, Gaynor Smith, daughter of Peter Lazarus, of Sunberry, Pennsylvania, and has,

1. JAMES HENRY, born February 24, 1859.
2. William Wallis, born June 22, 1861.

AMERICAN BOOK-PLATES AND THEIR ENGRAVERS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

AMONG the Book Plates we reproduce, the series of plates belonging to the different members of the famous Livingston family of New York stands preeminent. The name of Livingston is affixed to the Declaration of Independence, it was honorably connected with our judiciary, and has distinguished itself in our foreign diplomacy. Liberty found among its many members its staunchest friends.

It will be noticeable that the various scions of the American family of Livingston did not always use the same crest and motto. Possibly, in that regard, the following extract of a letter from Edinburgh, dated December 13th, 1698, and written by William Livingston to Robert Livingston (1654-1726) may be of interest to our readers, although it is not strictly correct in some of the genealogical and heraldic details it contains.

"I did then write him yt I purposed to procure your coat of arms and the Lyons Heraul's warrant, and your birth brief, and deseyred to know if he had effects of yours, yt I might draw for about £7 or £8 that I found it would cost; but had no answer, so have forborne it hitherto; but have prepared it so far that I find that you

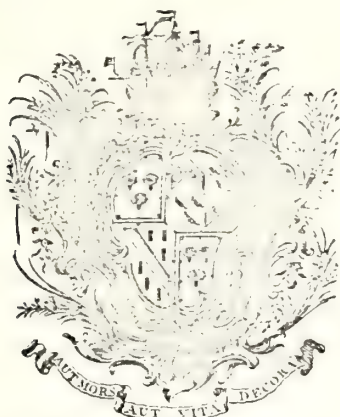
are a son of * Mr. John, whose father was Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Alexander, his father was Robert, who was killed at Pinkiefield, 1547, and he was brother german to Alexander, Lord Livingston; their father was William, the fourth Lord Livingston and the eighth of the house of Callender; he was married to ———, daughter of Sir Patrick Hepburn of Wraughtenn, so that your proper coat of arms to be given you is this enclosed which is thus emblazoned, viz.:

"Quarterly, 1st and 4th: Argent 3 gilly-flowers slipped proper within a double tressure umber flowered, the name of Livingston; 2d, quartered; first and last gules on a Chifron Argent a rose between two Lyons counter rampant of the field; 2d and 3d: Argent 3 martlets Gules, the name of Hepburn of Wraughtenn; 3d quarter, Sable, a bend between six billets Or, the name of Callender. Your liveries are green faced up with whytt, and red, green and whytt passments."†

* The descent of the Rev. Alexander Livingston has been studied at length in our September issue.

† The New York Biographical and Genealogical Record for April, 1887, contains, under the signature of E. Brockholst

It is possible that Robert Livingston used a book-plate, as in another part of the letter he speaks of a famous engraver at the mint there, but adds he finds a difficulty in getting the metal to engrave it on.



*William Livingston
of the Middle Temple*

[From the writer's collection.]

William Livingston was born in Albany, New York, November 30, 1723, and graduated from Yale College in 1741, at the head of his class. Thinking of going to London to further pursue his studies, he obtained permission to enter the Middle Temple in 1742, a project which he afterwards seemed to have abandoned. It is not unlikely that he had the book-plate engraved about this period, as he ever afterwards used but this plate. In a letter to Colonel Livingston of Scotland, dated June 10, 1785, in speaking of his coat of arms he says: "My grandfather (Robert Livingston) altered the crest and motto of the family arms, the former into a ship in an adverse wind, the latter into *Spero Meliora*; these have been retained by all the family but myself, who, not being able, without ingratitude to Providence, to wish for more than I had, changed the former into a ship under full sail, and the latter into *Aut Mors Aut Vita decora*." It will be scarcely necessary to add that

Livingston, (a direct descendant of the signer of the Independence, now in England), an exhaustive article upon the Livingston arms, in which article the introduction of the second grand quarter as used by the American Livingstons *alone*, is strongly combated. The arguments were decisive, so much so that the editor of "America Heraldica" decided to publish in his work an extra plate, reproducing what is admitted now to be the *only true Livingston arms*.

• The family tradition is that Robert Livingston was in 1694 shipwrecked on the coast of Portugal, and that the alteration in the coat of arms was said to have been made by him in commemoration of the event, he changing the crest borne by the family in Scotland of a demi savage to a ship in distress, and that he also changed the motto *Si Je Puis* to *Spero Meliora*.

this virtuous resolution was fully adhered to. In 1773, William Livingston removed to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, where he remained the balance of his life. He was elected delegate from New Jersey to the first Continental Congress in 1774; unanimously re-elected in 1775, and placed on several of the most important committees. On the deposing of William Franklin from the governorship of New Jersey in 1776, he was elected to that office, and continued to be annually elected until his death. During the revolution a price was set on his head, and he narrowly escaped being captured several times. In 1787 he was a delegate to the Federal Convention. His death took place at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, on July 25, 1790.



[From the writer's collection.]

Peter Livingston, brother-in-law to William Smith Livingston, was born May 8, 1737. Member of the Assembly of New York, he then came under the displeasure of Cadwallader Colden, who called him one of the leaders of the party against the crown, and one of the leaders of the whigs of New York. He died November 15, 1794.

His plate (as can be seen) is by the American engraver *Hurd*.

Robert R. Livingston, the eldest son of the Robert who was the second son of the first owner of Livingston Manor, was born in 1719; appointed a judge of the Admiralty Court in 1760; justice of the Supreme Court of New York in 1763. During the years 1759-1768, he represented Dutchess County in the Assembly of New York, and was twice appointed commissioner to fix the boundary line between New

York and Massachusetts. He died in Philadelphia December 9, 1775.



*Robt R. Livingston Esq.
of Clermont.*

[From the writer's collection.]

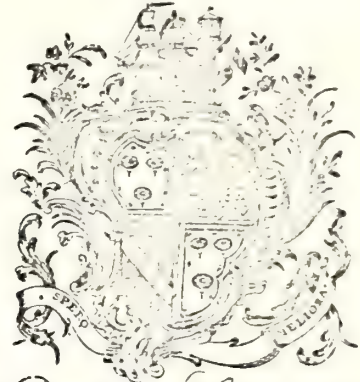
Robert R. Livingston was born in New York, November 27th, 1747, studied law with William Livingston in New York, where he practiced his profession with great success. In 1773 he was made Recorder of New York, but lost that office in 1775, on account of his love of liberty. He was elected member of the Continental Congress, but he does not appear to have attended its sittings until the spring of 1776, when he was one of the committee appointed



[From the collection of Mr. Jas. Eddy Mauran of Newport, R. I.]

to draft the Declaration of Independence. He remained member of Congress from 1775 to 1777 and from 1779 to 1781; held the office of

Secretary of Foreign Affairs from 1781 to 1783; was Chancellor of the State of New York from 1777 to 1801, and administered the oath of office to Washington upon his inauguration as President. As Minister to France (1801-4) he procured the cession of Louisiana in 1803. In

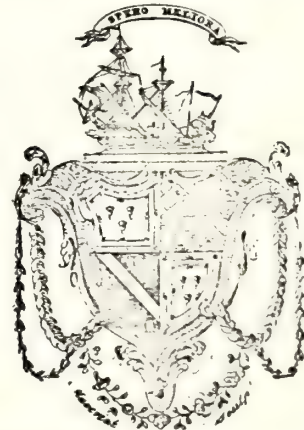


Brockholst Livingston Esq.

Paris he formed a friendship with Robert Fulton, whom he assisted materially—Fulton naming his steamer "Clermont" in appreciation of his kind efforts.

He introduced gypsum and the breed of "Merino" sheep in New York State, and few persons have been concerned in events of greater importance to the country. He died February 26, 1813.

Henry Brockholst Livingston was born in New York, November 25, 1757. He was the



Will Smith Livingston

[From the collection of Mr. Jas. Eddy Mauran of Newport, R. I.]

son of William Livingston, the Governor of New Jersey. He entered Princeton College in 1774, but left it in 1776 to join General

Schuyler's staff. He shared in the capture of Burgoyne in 1779; went with John Jay to Spain as his private secretary, and on his return in 1782, studied law with Peter Yates of New York. About that time he dropped his first name. He was admitted to the bar in 1783, and soon stood in the front ranks of his profession. In 1802 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, and, in November, 1806, Associate Justice of the United States' Supreme Court, an office which he held until his death, which took place in Washington, March 18, 1823.



[From the collection of Mr. Jas. Eddy Mauran of Newport, R. I.]

William Smith Livingston was born August 27, 1775; he graduated at Princeton College in 1772; at the beginning of the revolutionary war he entered the army and held a command at the battle of Long Island, at which time he was taken prisoner, paroled and soon after exchanged. His gallantry and reckless daring gained for him the name of "fighting Bill," a name preserved in the doggerel verses of the period. He possessed great physical strength, and it is said that he shared with Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge the reputation of being the handsomest officer in the service. He died January 25, 1794. His book-plate is signed by *Maverick* of New York.

Robert L. Livingston was the son-in-law of the second Robert R. (1747-1813) mentioned in this essay, and resided at Clermont, the original family seat. His plate gives the Scotch crest but the American motto.

Edward Livingston, a brother of Robert R., the Chancellor, was born at Clermont, May 26, 1764. He graduated at Princeton in 1781, studied law with Robert R. Livingston,

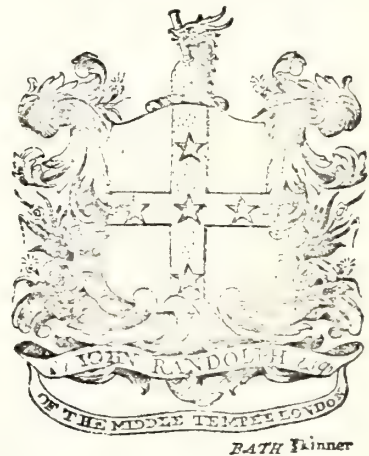
his uncle, in New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1785. He acquired soon a high reputation, represented successively Richmond



Edward Livingston.

[From the collection of Mr. Jas. Eddy Mauran, of Newport, R. I.]

and Queen's Counties in Congress, from 1795 to 1801. In March, 1801, he was appointed District Attorney for New York, and chosen Mayor of the city for two years, being at the same time a judge of the Municipal Court. Through the misconduct of a clerk, in 1803, he became a public defaulter and made an assignment of his property. Meeting great professional success



BATH Yinner

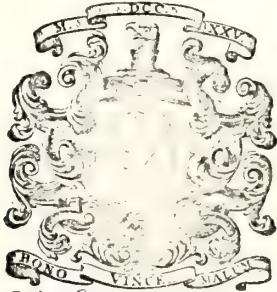
ARMS: Gules, on a cross or, five mullets of the field. CREST: An antelope's head erased or; in its mouth a baton.

[From the collection of Mr. Jas. Eddy Mauran, of Newport, R. I.]

in New Orleans, where he moved in 1804, he soon afterwards paid his debts in full. His best known work is his "Improvements in the Civil

and Criminal Code," which gave him a national reputation. Later he was Aide-de-camp to Jackson at the battle of New Orleans; member of Congress from Louisiana (1823-29); United States Senator (1829-31); Secretary of State the two following years, and Minister to France until the end of 1835. His death occurred at Rhinebeck, New York, May 23, 1836.

John Randolph, the last Virginia Attorney-General for the Crown, preceded in the same office by his brother Peyton, and, before him, by their father John, was born in Williamsburg, Virginia, about 1719. He was the son of Sir John Randolph (born 1693, died 15 March, 1737), fourth child of William Randolph of Yorkshire, (born 1651, died 1711). About 1744 he married Ariana, daughter of Edmund Jennings, of Annapolis, Maryland. He left America about 1775, and is said to have died of a broken heart, lamenting his mistake in adhering to the Crown during the Revolution. His death occurred in London, January 31, 1784.



*Robert Elliston (gent. Comptrolr)
of his Majesty's Customs of
New York in America.*

*This gift to the Library of St. George's
in 1890 by the Rev. Canon J. P. ...
of New York 1930.*

ARMS: Per pale gules and vert, an eagle displayed or.
CREST: An eagle's head erased proper, gorged murally argent.

[From the writer's collection.]

Robert Elliston, was Comptroller of the Port of New York from 1720 to 1755. His death took place about the latter period. The *New York Gazette* for February 20, 1775, contains a notice of the death of his widow in the eightieth year of her age, at her farm near Kings Bridge, while the same *Gazette* for December 29, 1789, contains the announcement of his granddaughter, Miss Fanny Hamilton's marriage to William Pinto.

Daniel Horsemenden was born at Gouldhurst, County Kent, England, in 1691, and came to this country about 1730, having been a successful lawyer in the Inner Temple. He became a

member of the Council in 1733; in 1747 he was suspended by Governor Admiral George Clinton, to whom he was politically opposed, but soon afterwards a reconciliation took place, and he was restored to office. He was successively Recorder, Chief Justice and President of the Council. In 1763 he was appointed Commissioner under the great seal of England to inquire into the affair of the burning of the King's ship "Gaspel" by a party of Whigs of Rhode Island. He is the author of a "History of the Negro Plot," which occurred in New York in 1747. He died at Flatbush, L. I., September 28, 1778, and was buried in the family church-yard.



ARMS: Quarterly: 1st and 4th a saltire argent, on a fess azure over all three leopards' faces or; 2d and 3d: argent a heraldic tiger passant. **CREST:** Out of a leopard's face two snakes, all proper.

[From the collection of Mr. Jas. Eddy Mauran, of Newport, R. I.]

David Clarkson, the eldest son of Matthew Clarkson, was born in New York, about 1694. He was baptized in the Old Dutch Church in Garden street, now Exchange Place, August 19, 1694. He was sent to England to receive his education, and was residing in London when twenty-five years of age. It is probable that his book-plate was engraved about this time, as its similarity to others engraved during the same period is quite apparent. On January 26, 1724, he married his cousin, Ann Margaret Freeman; in 1739 he became a member of the General Assembly of the Province of New York, and remained in office during the administration of Clarke and Clinton, with the exception of some seventeen months. He was widely known and as widely honored. Possessing a large estate, he was rich without pride, and liberal without ostentation. His death took

place while he was still a member of the Assem-



ARMS: Argent, on a bend engrailed sable three annulets or. CREST. An eagle's head erased, between two wings addorsed sable.

[From the writer's collection.]

bly, on April 7, 1751, and before he had at-

tained his fifty-seventh year. His son, David Clarkson, Jr., served on numerous committees during the War of Independence, and aided, with his money and influence, the cause of the colonists. A son of the latter, General Matthew Clarkson, served with distinction during the entire war.

Matthew Clarkson, the immediate ancestor of that family in the New World, was the son of the Rev. David Clarkson, an ejected minister of London, who was born in Bradford, Yorkshire, in 1622. In Matthew's commission as Secretary of the Province of New York (a position which he held from the years 1691 to the time of his death, in 1702) and also in his successor (Clark's) commission, he is styled *Gentleman*. In the inventory of his estate occurs the record of "five small pictures with glass and his coat of arms." He also used a seal, imprints of which are still preserved. The arms thus shown (the shield, not the crest) are those registered as granted to the Kirton, Co. Nottingham, Clarksons. It is thought that the Bradford family is the older branch.

Richard C. Lichtenstein.

(To be continued.)

THE SECOND EDITION OF "RIETSTAP."

THE many persons interested now-a-days in Heraldic researches and desirous of finding their work, to some extent, ready-made, will hear with great satisfaction of a second edition of J. B. Rietstap's "Armorial Général," the most valuable compilation of the kind published of late years. The Astor Library possesses a copy of the first edition of this work, and we are told that few books are in more general demand. For our old families of Dutch, French, German descent, it is really the only documentary receptacle to which they can apply for information; so that the news that the second edition contains 150,000 armorial bearings against 50,000 or 60,000 in the early issue, will cause many disappointed searchers to rush over to Lafayette Place and ask kind Mr. Bierstadt for "'Rietstap,' if you please."

But they will not find the book on the Astor Library shelves as yet, nor, in fact, anywhere

else in America, except perhaps in a very few private collections. So, to quiet their yearnings, and to offer them some preliminary information, we have asked our kind friend, Mr. Frank d'Aulte, the recognized authority on Continental Heraldry, to furnish us with the result of his first researches through these two compact volumes. The work, now finished, is before our eyes. It will present a list of about two hundred families, settled in America for something like a century, and whose arms have been inscribed in Rietstap's work. More than one hundred of these names are *not* included in "America Heraldica," and the arms ascribed to these families are to be fully blazoned in Mr. d'Aulte's article.

So that, in reality, our review of "Rietstap's" *Second Edition* will give all interested parties the insight of everything that is American in that enormous compilation.

To the Treasurer of the Town of
Newport

Dear Sir,

Because with a notion
of satisfaction he had address of the citizens
of New York or my arrival in this state. —

Believing I am not ignorant how much
the quality of the subjects of the Town have been
improved in their circumstances by their pa-
triotic efforts and services, yet I must
be allowed to say, that nothing on their part
has been wanting to convince me of their
affection to myself, and attached to the
government over which I am appointed to
preside. —

Believing, however, you are deeply
nated, that I take a due interest in your
participation in the happy period,
your participation in the happy period,
then, in our country at large, commerce,
arts, manufactures and agriculture
that, when the highest degree of perfection
is reached. —

Very

My apprehensions would not faintly
announced by feeling, that I have
beyond the power limits of a answer to
your address, in covering my remittance
of your affectionate wishes for my solicitude
in the present and future state of affairs.
— I must do a better proof of my zeal for the
prosperity of the subjects of the Town,
and their fellow citizens of this state, to give
no opportunity of adhering to the advance-
ment of their interests, in combination
with the general welfare of the Community.
— Thus I shall do with my power in the
and may all the happiness be mine, that
as a result, in their social character, from
the various practice of industry, visiting
practical knowledge, and universal human
theory. —

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

FAC SIMILE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ANSWER TO AN ADDRESS OF THE CITIZENS OF NEWPORT, R. I.

Presented at the time of his visit to that city in 1790.



merica.

FOSTER went
to England,
wall.

Mary BOSSENGER
died in England.

FOSTER of Bos-
ton, Cornwall,
2, atat circ:
Dorchester.

2nd wife.
..... Daughter
of SUMNER.
Died S. P.

I.

Thomas FOSTER, Daughter
Boston, living
1st Jan. 1783, age

Elizabeth, wife of
John HURD of Boston
Esq.

etc

1st wife.
Elizabeth, Daur.
of Capt. Andrew
CRAIGIE.

2.

Bossenger
of Boston
Jan. 1783,

4.

William FOSTER of
Boston, merchant
born there 28 Sept.
1745.

5.

Grace Daughter of Timothy
Nathan SPEAR by FOSTER, un-
marr'd. 1783.
Grace his wife Daur. marr'd.
of WILLIS. 1783.
married in Boston
Sept. 1757.

6.

Joseph FOSTER, un-
marr . 1783.
marr'd at Boston 10 April
1783 to Miriam, Daur.
of John CUTLER of Bos-
ton aforesd, Gent.

Andrew. John.

Charlotte died
an Infant.

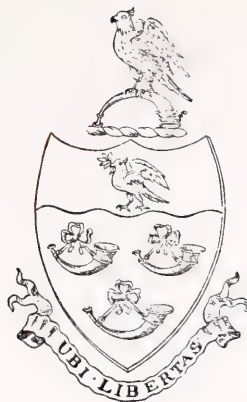
Harriot.

I hereby certify the above presence of
true copy from the Records of Foster
remaining in the Herald's Bigland, Richmond.
H. Farnham

* The Addition of my Marriage is true
Witness my Hand this 24th Sept. 1784

Joseph Foster

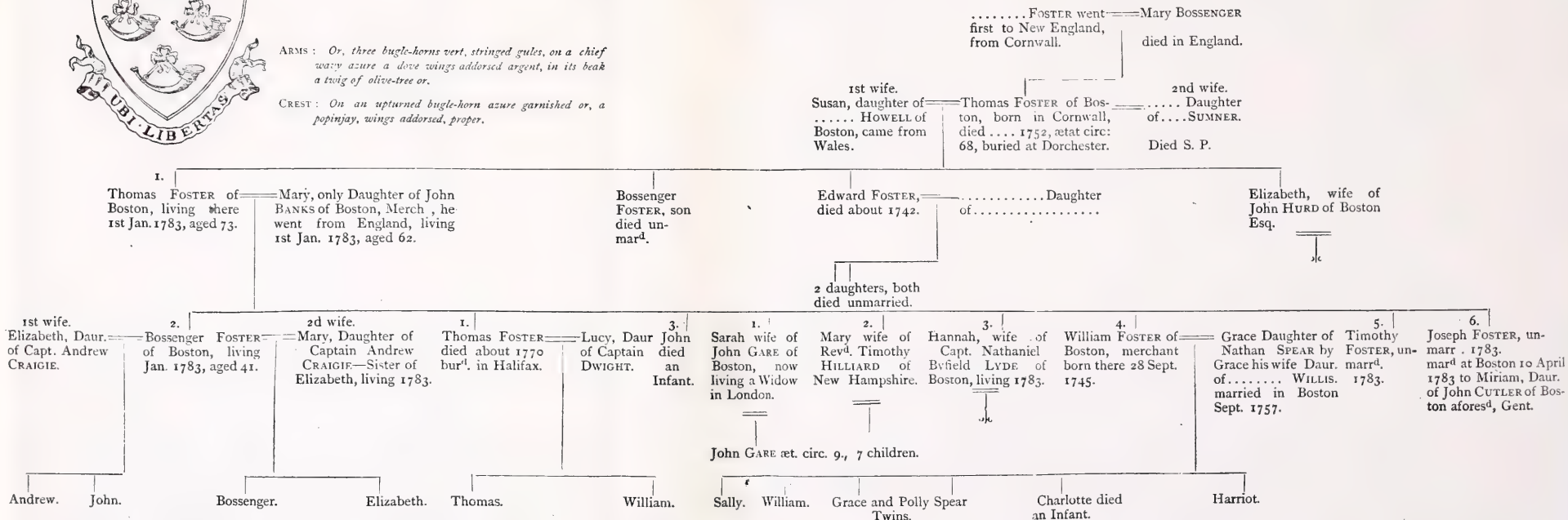
22 July 1887.



ARMS: Or, three bugle-horns vert, stringed gules, on a chief wavy azure a dove wings addorsed argent, in its beak a twig of olive-tree or.

CREST: On an upturned bugle-horn azure garnished or, a popinjay, wings addorsed, proper.

Foster, of Boston in North America.



I hereby certify the above pedigree to be a true copy from the Record (6 D 14) now remaining in the Herald's College, London.

H. Farnham Burke

22 July 1887.

Somers

Signed in the Presence of
Isaac Beard Foster
Ralph Bigland, Richmond.

The above Pedigree of my Family is true to the best of my Knowledge and Belief.
Witness my Hand this 8th of April 1783.

John Foster

Signed in the presence of
Isaac Beard Foster
Ralph Bigland, Richmond.

⁺ The Addition of my Marriage is true
Witness my Hand this 26th Sept. 1784

Joseph Foster

FRAGMENTARY NOTES ON JAPANESE CERAMICS.

BY HEROMICH SHUGIO, OF JAPAN.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE origin or rather invention of the ceramic art in our country is traced far back to the prehistoric period, if we can believe our time-honored traditions, but the first reference to pottery which we believe to be authentic is made in our history when Soosano-no-Mikoto commanded the natives of Idsumi to brew eight jars of Saké.

It is said that pottery was made to a considerable extent from those early days in a village of Idsumi which has been called Suyenomura, or the "village of potters," ever since that time. Another important factory existed during the period of 660 to 581 B. C., in the province of Omi, where some vessels of pottery were made to be used in the temples for religious festivals.

The pottery was made a very good use of in the reign of Emperor Suijin (29 B. C.) for, by his orders, human figures made of burnt clay were buried with his wife Hihassuhime, in place of her attendants—as it had been customary until that time when any member of the imperial family died—and ever since clay figures were always used instead of the deceased one's companions.

All the wares made during the early days are very crude and coarse, being nothing more than unglazed and burnt clay, but the introduction of the potter's wheel by Giyoki, a priest of Idsumi in 724 A. D., must be considered to mark the real dawn of ceramic art in Japan.

The first glazed stone ware was made in Seto, Owari, in 1223 by Kato Shirozayemon, generally called "Toshiro" by our connoisseurs, who studied the ceramic art in China, where he spent five years learning it. Seto since his return from China became the centre of the ceramic art, and all the ceramic production came to be called "Setomono" in Japan, as they call all porcelain in England "China."

The first Japanese porcelain was made by Gorodayu Shonsui of Ise, in the province of Hizen in 1580-1590. The porcelain made by him was after the Chinese models and decorated only in blue under the glaze.

Thus the glory of making the most important progress in our ceramic art belongs to Gorodayu Shonsui, and the province of Hizen comes in for its share as having furnished him with all the materials necessary for his great achievement.

But the crowning glory in our ceramic history was the order given by the famous Taiko to his generals—who were in Corea on the famous Korean expedition (1592)—to bring back with them all the best potters they could find, and to this order the famous factories of Hizen, Satsuma, Higo, Nagato, Chikuzen and Yamashiro are indebted, more or less, for their beautiful ceramic productions.

Ending these brief introductory notes, I shall now proceed to speak of a few important ceramic wares of Japan.

Of Japanese porcelains the "Hirado" ware stands at the head and well deserves the admiration of all the lovers and students of our ceramic art. It can be said of the Hirado porcelain, without the slightest exaggeration, that it is the master piece of our ceramic art in porcelain. It is always correct in form whether it is a vase for flowers, a bottle for saké, a water jar, a tea pot, an ornamental piece, whatever it is, in fact; and it is made of the best manipulated paste, finer than any other paste we can find in other Japanese porcelain.



Old Hirado vase, decorated in blue under the glaze

[From the original.]

The finest examples of the Hirado ware are to be found both in blue and in white with designs in relief. The blue of the Hirado ware is softer than that of the Chinese and is much more refined in its tone; the glaze is uniform and lustrous, besides being perfectly white, and that brings up the blue decoration under the glaze clearly and brilliantly to the surface. The

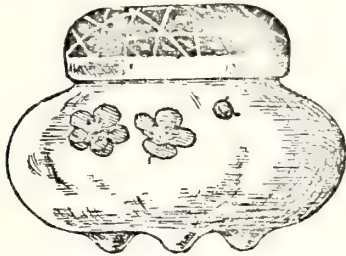
most celebrated design in blue and white Hirado is that of children at play under pine trees. The number of the boys can be taken as a scale of its quality, as the best pieces are decorated with *seven* boys, the medium with *five*, and the ordinary quality with but *three*.

The white Hirado shows the wonderful skill of its mechanical work. It is perhaps the best ceramic production of that kind in Japan and is superior to any of the Chinese productions of the same style.

Most charming specimens of ceramic art owe their existence to Lord Mastura, Prince of Hirado, who, at the time of Horeki, (1751 to 1762), gave a new and great impulse to the porcelain production by having the furnaces rebuilt and by selecting the best workmen and artists, who were not allowed to make anything except for the Prince.

Among the pieces turned out of this factory, from that period up to the middle of this century, are the best specimens of the Hirado ware, much valued and admired by our connoisseurs at home.

The "Nabeshima" ware, or "Okawachi Yaki," is the name given to porcelain made in the private kiln established in 1716 by Lord Nabeshima, Prince of Hizen.



Nabeshima Koro, decorated in blue under the glaze.

[From the collection of the National Museum of Japan.]

This porcelain is made of the same clay as that of Imari, but from the great care taken in its manipulation it is finer and softer in quality.

"Nabeshima" ware is without doubt the best enameled porcelain ever produced in Japan and it is greatly valued by our connoisseurs. Blue and white, celadon plain and celadon crackled were also made at the Okawachi factory, and they are also admired and sought after by our amateurs.

The paste of Nabeshima ware is generally a little harder than that of Hirado, its glaze is not milky white like that of Hirado, being somewhat bluish in effect, though pure and lustrous.

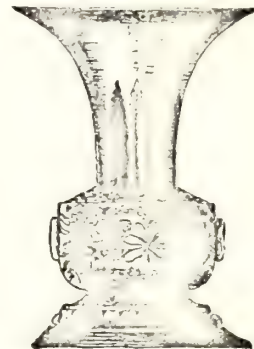
The distinguishing feature of this enameled ware is its red color, which is a lighter red, more

like orange red; the designs are, generally speaking, very refined and simple.

The celadon plain is lighter in color than most of the Chinese celadon, and is often ornamented with a design in relief. The crackled celadon is darker and deeper in color than the plain celadon and has larger crackles showing blackish veins.

The comb mark round the under edge of saucers, plates, etc., is a mark used by this factory, and is known as "Kushide."

"Imari" ware, which is often called "Hizen" ware or "Arita" ware, is better known in Europe and America than any other Japanese porcelain, for this ware was imported into Europe by Dutch traders as early as 1690-95, and has been much admired there as "Old Japan."



Old Imari vase, decorated in blue under the glaze and enamel painting over the glaze.

[From the original.]

In truth, Imari ware is the oldest porcelain produced in Japan, and Imari is the source from which all other Japanese porcelain came into existence.

The Imari factory is said to have been established in the third year of Keicho (1598), by a Korean potter, Ri Sampei, who discovered the clay for making porcelain at Idsumiyama; but those early pieces, mostly made after Chinese models, are comparatively poor in workmanship as well as in the quality of paste and glaze, the artist having confined himself to blue and white decorated ware.

The secret process of decoration in enamels over the glaze was first obtained by Takuzayemon, Higashima of Imari, from the Chinese captain of a trading ship, in the year 1648.

It is said that his first *essais* were not very successful, but with the assistance of a skilled potter, Kakiyemon of Minamigawara, he overcame the difficulties and afterward produced some decorated pieces in imitation of the Chinese porcelain of the Wanli period.

Although entitled to the honor of having acquired the secret of enamel decoration, Tokuzayemon does not rank as high as Kakiyemon as a potter. Kakiyemon was an artist, and his wares are the delight of our connoisseurs.

He made a great departure from the old Chinese models, and succeeded in producing the charming ware so much admired and treasured by Japanese amateurs as "Kakiyemon." I



Old Imari bottle and cup decorated in blue under the glaze.

[From the originals.]

have no doubt that he will be recognized in this country and Europe as one of the greatest potters of the world, when collectors and students of the ceramic art obtain a more thorough knowledge of his work.

His ware is made of soft and fine paste and the glaze is of pure milk white and has a soft pleasant touch.

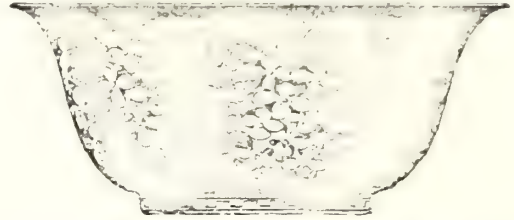
The general style of his decoration is simple and refined, always full of poetry.

His favorite colors are blue, red and green, and he used gold only to a small extent. The skill displayed in the mechanical working of his pieces is simply marvelous. During the period of Kwambun (1661-1672), Kizayemon Tsuji, a potter of Arita, discovered the use of the "Saggar" by an accident which is thus described. On a certain occasion, opening his kiln after the baking, he found that one pot had fallen inside a larger one placed on a lower stand in the oven, and on breaking the larger piece he found, to his great astonishment, a small pot in a perfect and better state of finish than the others. This suggested to him at once the advantage of using the Saggar for baking superior pieces, and the pieces baked in according to this method are called "Gokushin Yaki." His productions attracted great attention and admiration from the connoisseurs of the time, and he was appointed one of the potters to the Imperial Court, which was and is, an honor highly prized by our artists.

Kizayemon Tsuji's works are not common, even in Japan, and it is quite a piece of good

luck when a connoisseur can obtain an example of his porcelain. His pieces are remarkable for the mechanical excellence of the moulding and the beauty of the finish.

The usual style of his decoration is refined and simple, and blue decoration under the



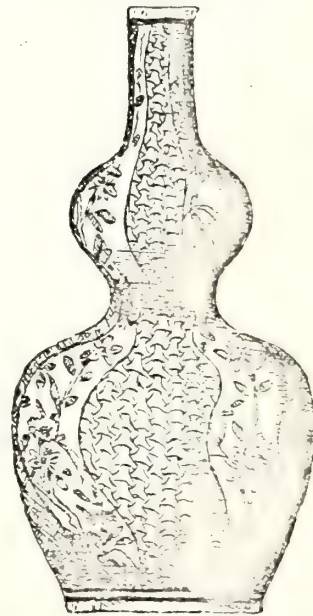
Old green Kutani bowl, decorated in enamels over the glaze.

[From the collection of the National Museum of Japan.]

glaze seems to have been his favorite mode of decorating his wares.

The so-called "old Japan" is, in general, highly decorated in enamels of different colors over the glaze, and in blue under the glaze.

Another interesting production of the Imari factory is the "Eggshell" porcelain, which was first made here by Hisadome Yojibei, an amateur in ceramic art during the period about 1830. The cups with saucers attached are also said to have been made by the same amateur,



Old Kutani bottle, decorated in Nishikide style.

[From the collection of the National Museum of Japan.]

for the first time, at this factory. His pieces as well as his son's have the mark of either "Zoshiuntei Sampo" or "Sampo." The clay

used for the eggshell porcelain is that of Hirado or of Goto Island, which are said to be better suited for making this ware than that of Idsumiyama or Arita.

It is believed by some writers on Japanese ceramics that Shonsui established a kiln and settled in Arita, but it has not been, so far, exactly ascertained where his first kiln was.

The examples of his works are valued as the first decorated porcelain made in Japan and are almost priceless, but they are not artistically and mechanically to be compared with other Japanese porcelains of a later period.

His pieces are mostly copies of Chinese blue and white, but the designs are comparatively truer to nature than are the originals.

Gorohichi and Gorohachi, two of Shonsui's pupils followed their master's methods in turning out the decorated ware of hard pottery with the blue decoration under the glaze, and their works are also highly prized by our collectors.

"Kutani" ware or "Kaga" ware is either the porcelain or pottery produced at the Kutani

factory in the village of Kutani in Kaga. This factory was established during the Kwanyei period (1624-1642) by Tamura Gonyayama, under instructions from Lord Mayeda, the owner of the castle of Taishoji in Kaga, when tea bowls, tea jars, water jars, etc., were made after Seto pottery. Porcelain made according to the same method as that of Imari was first produced here by Goto Saijiro on his return from Hizen about 1659. He had been sent there by his Lord Mayeda to study the process of porcelain making and enamel painting.

About this time the celebrated artist Kusumi Morikage came to Kutani, where he spent some time in decorating porcelains and pottery. The pieces decorated by him are known as "Morikage" designs, and are greatly prized for the beauty of the outlines and the skillful treatment of colors.

Some of these designs are done in colors after the Imari and the old Cochin-China style.

(To be continued).

CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

A BOOK might be written upon the curiosities of literary, artistic, musical and dramatic criticism.

Do not be alarmed, reader. I intend to write only a *feuilleton* on the suggestive theme.

What queer verdicts some eminent critics have, in their day and generation, pronounced on actors, authors, artists!

These verdicts, if collected, would prove as interesting, I think, as beetles or butterflies stuck under a glass case.

They teach a lesson, also, these verdicts of the critics, a lesson on the fallibility of human judgment.

Old Scaliger could see no good in Homer. Old Chapman could see no good in Virgil.

Critical opinions on Dante have been most diverse.

Voltaire considered the great Florentine an incomprehensible sort of a poet. Lamartine considered him as little better than a political pamphleteer.

Pedantic Rymer wrote this of Shakespeare:

"In the neighing of a horse, as the growling of a mastiff there is as lively expression and

may I say more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakespeare."

Witty Waller wrote this of Milton:

"The blind old school-master, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered a merit, it hath no other."

The philosophers have fared no better at the critics' hands than the poets.

Sir Edward Coke scribbled this couplet on the title page of his copy of the "Organum" of Lord Bacon.

"It deserveth not to be read in schools,
But to be freighted in the ship of fools."

This is mild criticism compared with some other criticism of that period which might be cited.

Read the controversial pamphlets of Milton and Salmasius and you will get an idea of the bitterness of partisan strife with quills.

Such words as "puppy," "fool," "ass," were freely interchanged.

The abusive method was the fashionable critical method of the time.

Dryden and Pope had squads of enemies among the critics.

"Your writings are like a Jack-of-all-trade's shop," Martin Clifford wrote of Dryden; "they have a variety, but nothing of value."

"His wit was as thick," Theobald wrote of Pope, "as Tewksbury mustard."

Horace Walpole, who compared Dante to "a Methodist parson in Bedlam," was undecided whether Goldsmith had a kind of low humor or no humor at all.

Dr. Johnson preferred the translation which Pope made of the *Iliad* to the original of Homer. He also considered Fielding a block-head and Rousseau a fraud.

As I contemplate the sketch in which Van Schaick has portrayed Théophile Gautier criticising the play in the dressing-room of some actor, I am reminded of the fact that the author of "Les Grotesques" was himself the father of some bold and eccentric judgments.

Gautier on one occasion went so far as to say that Molière wrote like a pig!

Why be shocked?

Did not the Classicists consider Victor Hugo a madman?

Did not the Romanticists consider Casimir Delavigne a bore?

We all know that the reviewers of the "Edinburgh" slashed Byron and Wordsworth when they issued their first poems, and we have not forgotten that the reviewers of the "Quarterly" unmercifully assailed Keats and sharply castigated Shelley.

The poets have sometimes been critics as bitter as any to be found in literary history. Their criticisms are often prompted by jealous rivalry.

Do you remember when Bulwer in the "New Timon" wrote of Tennyson?

"Tingling medley of purloined conceits,
Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats;
Where all the airs of patch-work pastoral chime
To drown the ears in the Tennysonian rhyme."

Do you call to mind, how in Punch, Tennyson answered this?

"A Timon you! nay, nay, for shame;
It looks too arrogant a jest.
The fierce old man to take his name,
You bandbox! Oñ, and let him rest."

The amenities of the Swinburne-Whitman controversy are too recent to need a recall to the memory of the readers of the newspapers.

Swinburne overwhelmed Whitman with epithets stronger even than those with which Robert Buchanan in his article "The Fleshly School of Poetry," published in 1871, overwhelmed Swinburne.

The poets, like the musicians, are too often representatives of harmony in name and by profession rather than in fact.

The greatest names in literature have not escaped the thrusts of the critics.

Madame de Sévigné said of Racine that a taste for his works "had come in with the rage for coffee, and so, with the rage for coffee, would the taste disappear!"

Dr. Braun has published several volumes on the contemporary opinions of Lessing, Goethe and Schiller, and from these volumes it appears that contemporary opinions of these men were not, by any means, always favorable.

It is not so long ago that Bendix in Germany has tried to pick Shakespeare to pieces; that Lemaître in France has stuck his pen into Victor Hugo; that Barbey d'Aurévilly has endeavored to prove that there is nothing to Diderot and Goethe; that Howells has run full tilt against Dickens and Thackeray.

The criticisms of these gentlemen are interesting, if paradoxical.

Will they be confirmed by posterity, that Supreme Judge of the High Court of History?

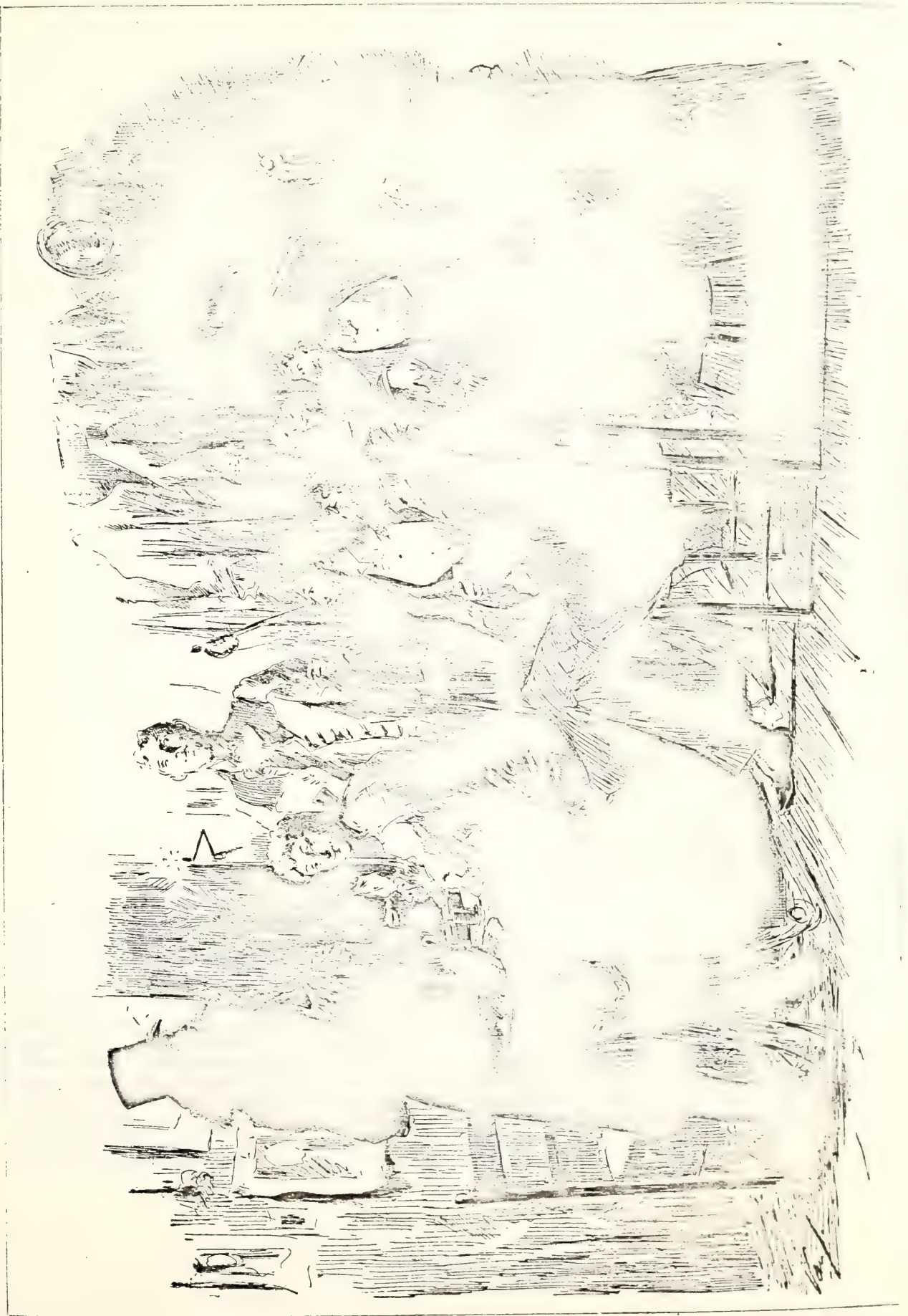
Critics, like poets and musicians, too often smile on a work in public and damn it in private.

"Baron Grimm and I," wrote Mozart from Paris in 1778, "often gave vent to our wrath at the music here [N. B. When tête-à-tête], for when in public, we call out 'Bravo, bravissimo,' and clap our hands till our fingers tingle."

Berlioz did not follow the example of Mozart and Grimm.

He was as outspoken in his likes and dislikes in public as in private.

Geoffroy of the "Journal des Débats" considered the "Nozze di Figaro" foreign rubbish and so expressed himself in print.



A RECEPTION IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PENCIL SKETCH, BY S. W. V. S. R. M.

We all know that Wagner, in his "Judenthum in der Musik" thought Meyerbeer was a clever charlatan.

I have often been amused at the abstruse criticisms of some learned German critics.

They see more in a work than the author even sees himself.

Their criticisms are veritable curiosities.

It takes a full academy of savants to understand them.

The other day I ran across a letter in which Chopin ridicules one of these hypothesis-spinning critics.

"I am going to play my F minor concert and the variations in B major. Of the latter I received from Cassel, a few days ago, a review ten pages long by an enthusiastic German, who, after an exhaustive preface analyzed every bar. He does not consider them variations according to the orthodox style, but a picture of the imagination. He says of the second variation, that Don Juan and Leporello are running; of the third that he is fond of Zerlina to the disgust of Masetto. In the D flat major, in the fifth bar of the Adagio, he can perceive Don Juan kissing Zerlina. A comical conceit of the reviewer!"

The comical conceits of critics meet one at every page of histrionic history. Not to go

back to the past we have only to read the daily papers.

William Winter, of the "Tribune," maintains that Salvini cannot play Shakespeare.

Andrew Wheeler, of the "World," holds that Mary Anderson is a great white rose to whom the gods have denied perfume.

Edwin Forrest, to whom Stephen Fiske once caustically remarked that he had piano legs, had no high opinion of Edwin Booth.

"He had a father born before him," he said, "and he had a brother, both of which facts helped to make his reputation."

When Mr. Palmer brought out "Elaine" at the Madison Square Theatre, last winter, the press critics were most amusingly contradictory on the morning after the performance.

Mr. Harry Edwards, one of the actors in the cast, collected these opinions of the critics and published them in the "Theatre" without comment.

They spoke for themselves, these curious specimens of criticism, and they spoke volumes.

They convince us how correct Mendelssohn was when he said;

"Let a man write as he will,
Still the critics fight.
Therefore let him please himself,
If he would do right."

Lewis Rosenthal.

OLD SIGN BOARDS.

FIRST PAPER.

IT is the humor of the age to revive the old. We borrow from the past our architecture, our furniture, our literature, and not infrequently our morals. But while we have our gaping fire-places and ingle-nooks and low-studded ceilings, the sign boards of other days, like the stocks and the whipping post, find no rejuvenation in this money-grubbing era.

The present system of numbering buildings may not add to the picturesque interest of a street, but it is certainly more practical. What would your modern gallant think if a young lady asked him to call on her at her house, "The red ball and acorn over against the Globe Tavern in Queen Street, Cheapside near the Three Crowns," and how would it look on a modern visiting card? Yet until the be-

ginning of this century when numbers were generally adopted in London, directions for finding a house or tavern could be only explained in such a round about way.

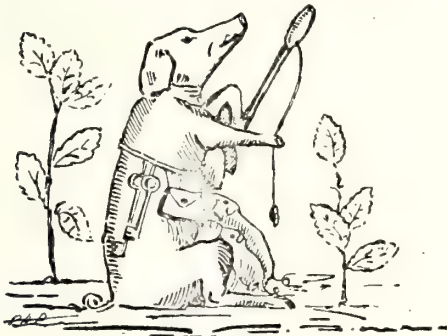
Yet from a historic point of view the old sign boards should be preserved. France alone cherishes these art galleries of the people and the noble old custom is adhered to in Paris as well as the provinces where the signs are multiplying instead of decreasing.

In England the quaint names that adorned so many hotels are becoming modernized and instead of "The Green Man," "The Robin Hood" and "The White Horse," the traveller is confronted with such senseless titles as "The Vulcan Arms," "The Puddlers Arms" or "The Angels Arms."

In the middle of the seventeenth century the sign-board mania in France was at its height. The tradesman and tavern keeper of that era sought to outdo each other in the elaboration of their mural decorations. Great sums of money were spent on figures as large as life, painted in dazzling colors, and radiant with gold paint. Religion, history and the stage were drawn on for subjects for trade tokens and the most *bizarre* and absurd combinations were eagerly sought for.

Many of these signs were of enormous size and costly in the extreme. A writer of the period describes seeing feathers reaching from the ground to the third story of a building and pearls as big as hogsheads.

The French love of caricature and grotesque was illustrated in the subjects of many old sign-boards. In the fish market at Chartres may be seen, to this day, rudely carved in stone, the sign of a "Donkey playing on a Hurdy Gurdy" (*L'Ane qui veille*), and on the *facade* of the Cathedral in the same city is a relief carving of a "Spinning Sow." The last subject is still



THE SPINNING SOW.

popular for sign boards in the provinces and is said to have originated from a legend which runs something as follows:

A certain Christian Queen was besieged by a gallant knight and was grievously in danger for her honor. To frighten him away she prayed that she might have one of her feet transformed into a goose's foot. History does not relate if he transferred his affections to any one else after this change in extremities, but another young lady who was also hotly pursued by her lover asked to be transformed into a sow, praying only that she might be allowed to keep her spindle. The industrious porker has been immortalized by having a street named after her in Paris, and is still a favorite sign in the south of France.

Another absurd sign was the "Laughing Dog" (*le chien qui rit*), which formerly swung over a famous tavern in Rouen, and, according

to an old print published early in this century, the city of Lille could boast of a sign of the "Hunchbacked Cats."

A frequent inscription on barber signs a century ago was "*Ici on rajeunit*" often supplemented by a dapper young man in white making a wig, or the representation of a curled and oiled fat man in costume. An eating house near the Seine grew famous during the last century for its punning sign representing an ox dressed in fashionable attire including a bonnet, with the inscription underneath "*Bœuf à la Mode*."

The Café Talma connecting the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs and the Passage Choiseul bore for its sign an excellent portrait of the great actor and under its shadows have passed some of the most illustrious writers of France. A favorite resort was it in the early days of the literary renaissance for Théophile Gautier, Balzac, Alexander Dumas, Jules Janin, Tony Joannot, Frédéric Soulié and Alphonse Karr. Here they sipped their absinthe and cracked their jokes. Balzac still writing his *Eugénie Grandet*; Soulié, a timber merchant, always in debt and borrowing money of Dumas; Gautier and Karr just tasting the first fruits of success. *Apropos* to Dumas it may be well to relate the story of the sign he presented to Collinet, the keeper of a still famous restaurant, "Pavillon Henry IV." The *château* of Monte Christo was in the neighborhood, and Dumas, always fond of good things, used to send to Collinet frequently for his famous wood-cock pies. In time he ran a bill up amounting to about five thousand dollars and in payment of which the chef received an autograph letter from the novelist and a live eagle. Dumas suggested that if the bird and the letter were used as a sign they would be sure to attract custom. Collinet did so and the result was that hundreds flocked to the "Pavillon Henry IV." to see such a novel sight. The eagle—or his progeny—is still there.

The famous old sign of the "White Rabbit," immortalized by Eugène Sue in the "Mysteries of Paris," and the inn before whose door it swung, have been swept away from the sight of modern Paris. For many years after the novel was written it was visited by curiosity seekers from all parts of the world. But the band of cut throats who gave it a picturesque interest had disappeared, driven away by the new police *régime* and in its last days "*Le Lapin Blanc*" was a very tame resort. The ogress had grown stout and lazy and the ogre bland and servile, and the stuffed white rabbit perched among the absinthe bottles, eyeless and mouldy.

In the old days, some of the Paris signs were well worthy of a place in an art gallery, and many have indeed been captured by collectors from impecunious tavern keepers and tradesmen. Great artists in their poverty have been known to paint signs for a bottle of wine and a *galette* and not a few used their brushes to paint out their tavern bills.

The sign of "La Chaste Susanne," formerly decorated the front of a *cabaret* in the Rue aux Fevres. It was a fine stone bas-relief of a woman and generally supposed to be the work of Goujon. As such it was purchased by an enthusiastic amateur and is now in a noted collection of curios.

Watteau, when he was a struggling artist, was glad of the opportunity to paint a sign for a milliner on the Pont Notre Dame and until lately there was a White Horse inn near Paris whose sign was the work of Guéricault. The bombardment of Paris destroyed some fine old signs of historic value, but in the old streets and out of the way towns the traveller of to-day may find many curious memorials of early sign painting.

Sign boards in England during the seventeenth century were extremely simple. A few objects typical of the trade set over the door, sufficing. A knife for the cutler, a barrel for the brewer and a bunch of grapes for the vintner, answered the requirements of the age.

As shops and houses increased, it became necessary to find names by which they might be separately distinguished, and consequently the whole vegetable and animal kingdom was ransacked to find curious titles that would fix themselves on the public mind.

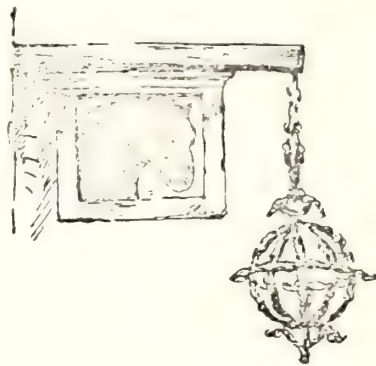
As only a few of the old London signs bore inscriptions, and there was little realism in the paintings, the ignorant patrons of the ale houses often made mistakes. The "Bull and Mouth" Tavern sign was supposed to be a corruption of Boulogne Mouth, or the Mouth of Boulogne Harbor, as the old gambling house on the Isle of Wight called "Pique ou Carreau" became in after years, "The Pig and Carrot."

In the days of Cromwell a noted public house bore the pious inscription "God Encompasseth Us." Years of rain and sleet having obliterated the original sign it was known forever afterwards as "The Goat and Compasses."

One reason for the peculiar combination of subjects on the old English sign boards arose from the fact that when a publican removed to another tavern he added generally the old name to the new. This doubling up process may account for such signs as "The Angel and Still," "Bible and Peacock," "Blue Peruke and

Star," and "Two Flower Pots and the Sun Dial."

One of the oldest signs of which there is record, was the "Nag's Head," a notorious resort that flourished in the last half of the sixteenth century. It is represented on an old print now



THE NAG'S HEAD.

very rare, of the entry of Queen Marie de Médicis on her visit to Henrietta Marie Queen of Charles I. The crown of evergreens suspended from the sign was evidently intended to represent the Bush or early tavern sign, though it may have been a special decoration for the occasion.

"The Nag's Head" was the scene of the fictitious consecration of the Protestant bishops on the accession of Queen Elizabeth in 1559. According to the Catholic authorities of that day a number of ecclesiastics who were in a hurry to take possession of the vacant sees, assembled at this inn to be ordained by Antony Kitchen, Bishop of Landaff, who had sworn allegiance to Queen Elizabeth.

Bonner, Bishop of London, who was then languishing in the tower, sent his chaplain to threaten Kitchen with ex-communication if he proceeded, so that this prelate became alarmed and refused to perform the ceremony. The candidates, rather than give up their chances, decided to consecrate each other in turn and by this means created themselves bishops on the spot.

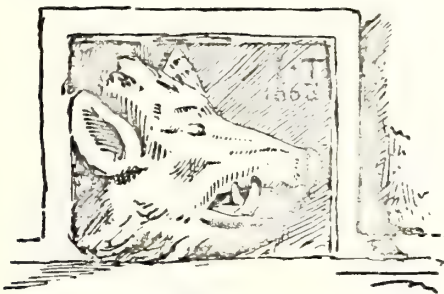
Noted personages of the day were often chosen as the subjects for signs. Whoever became distinguished in any way, or notorious, paid the penalty of his greatness by having a public house named after him. The Earl of Essex, who enjoyed the favoritism of Queen Elizabeth, was a popular subject in this line. At the sign of the "Essex Head," in Essex street, that wonderful old political society, the "Robin Hood," used to meet and discuss the

issues of the day. Seven minutes were allowed each speaker, and some of the greatest orators of England were graduates of that convivial board.

The society afterward removed to "The Robin Hood," kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mrs. Thrale. Here in the last year of his life Dr. Jonson founded a literary society of twenty-four members.

Robin Hood was one of the most popular characters of the day for signboards, and particularly in the forest districts his name was revered and cherished. He was generally represented, by the artists of that age, clad in Lincoln green, and in the act of sending an arrow from his bow. Sometimes Little John was in his company, but there was always a great deal of green paint about both of them.

Around the sign of the "Boar's Head," in East Cheap, cluster many historic memories.



THE BOAR'S HEAD.

It was no invention of Shakespeare's that the jovial Prince Hal made this hotel the scene of his rollicking pranks and escapades. Proud enough was mine host of the fact, too, for he took care to inscribe beneath his sign, "This is the Chief Tavern in London."

Here, in 1784, the last great Shakespearian dinner was given, when Wilberforce and Pitt kept the assembled guests in a roar by their sallies, and the board groaned with a genuine boar's head, not to mention great flagons of Rhenish wine to wash it down.

The "Boar's Head" was destroyed in the great London fire, but was rebuilt, and continued to do a famous trade until its final demolition in 1831 to make way for the new street leading to London Bridge.

The sketch of the "Boar's Head," here presented, is from the original old sign, carved in stone, now preserved in the City of London Library at Guildhall.

It was at the "Boar's Head," in 1718, that James Austin, an ink manufacturer, invited his customers to partake of a mammoth plum

pudding. This delightful dish might have appeased the hunger of Gargantua, for it weighed over a thousand pounds, and required two weeks' boiling before it was ready for consumption.

The customers of the ink manufacturer who had assembled at the inn were cheated however, for as the pudding was on its way, escorted by a brass band, the delicious aroma the raisins gave out acted so on the crowd that they overpowered the guard, stole the pudding, and ate it up.

A common sign to be seen in the English farming districts to-day is the "Green Man and Still," and an infinite variety of Green Men have been popular among tavern keepers.



THE GREEN MAN AND THE STILL.

History is a little vague in explaining exactly who these peculiar creatures were. But they always formed a part of the pageants during the sixteenth century, and were favorite characters with the populace. When Queen Elizabeth was at Kenilworth Castle a green man met her on the return from the hunt. He was clad entirely in ivy and green boughs, and made her a neat little speech. There is also record of these green men going before the great processions to clear the way, and sometimes they fought with each other at the Court tournaments.

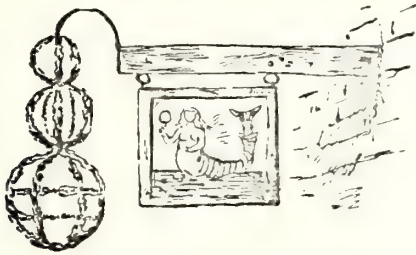
The sign of the "Rose," in Russell street, Covent Garden, was a place to be shunned by honest farmers on a sight-seeing visit to London. Wild were the orgies nightly carried on within its walls. Hogarth, in "The Rake's Progress," has graphically shown the kind of revelry that was enjoyed under the "Rose."

It was as much as your life was worth to pass this tavern after dark, for in the shadow of its sign hovered birds of prey ever ready to pounce upon a watch or trinket, or even a satin doublet. In 1712 the inn was the scene of the duel be-

tween the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, in which the latter was killed.

Pope and Gay used to frequent the "Rose," in Wokingham. The famous song of "Molly Mogg" was addressed to the beautiful daughter of the inn keeper, and was written one rainy day as they sat over their pipes and ale, in the snug parlor back of the bar. Miss Mogg, however, was unmoved by the importunities of genius, and though nearly all the "Rose's" customers were more or less in love with her, refused to heed their prayers and died a spinster at the age of 67.

Mermaids and mermen had great attractions for the people during the seventeenth century, and were the subjects of street ballads, and the pamphlets which the hawkers sold. Many quaint handbills are still preserved advertising the exhibition of one or more of these fabulous creatures, and mermaid taverns sprung up all over England.



THE MERMAID.

At the sign of the "Mermaid," in Cheapside, the poet Laureate, John Dryden, often spent his evenings, and here came many of the poorer members of the Guild of letters to court his conversation and sip mine host's brown October.

At the "Mermaid," in Bread street, the first literary society of England met at the beginning of the XVII. century. It was founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and around the tavern table

Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Donne, Selden, Carew and Martin met to discuss the topics of the day, to smoke their church-wardens and quaff tankards of bitter ale and Yorkshire stingo.

Biblical and religious signs were often used, particularly among booksellers. The "Blue Bible" and "Bible and Sun" were the most common in use by printers, and there were "Angels" without number. "Adam and Eve"



ADAM AND EVE.

was a popular sign of old and is to the present day.

It was the arms of the Fruiterers' Company, and an old stone sign of the subject is to be seen still in Newgate street with the date 1669. Sheridan on his way to Holland House used to stop at the sign of the "Adam and Eve" in High street to refresh himself on credit. The thirsty playright ran up such a long bill that he could not pay for it, so Lord Holland had to come forward and settle it.

(To be continued.)

Ernest de Lancy Pierson.



THE GREAT BOOKSELLERS OF THE WORLD.

LUDWIG ROSENTHAL, OF MUNICH.

ABOUT seven years ago I took dinner with Ludwig Rosenthal. He was a man of medium height, rather slight build, with a dark, thoughtful face, and dark hair and eyes. He dressed in black and wore gold rimmed spectacles all of which gave him a professional air.

The dinner was elaborate, lasted about two hours. Mr. Rosenthal, soon after the fish was brought on, launched out on a discourse upon books and continued to navigate on the congenial theme, even to that stage of the feast when I cracked nuts and ate raisins.

Every now and then my host would jump up, place his napkin on the back of his chair, walk around the room, talking all the while, and then resume his seat again. I noticed he always kept his hands at his back when he walked and talked, and that he talked with a broad accent in a slow and ponderous measure.

Ludwig Rosenthal was born in Felheim, near Memmingen, Bavaria, about forty years ago. His father, Joseph Rosenthal, was a lover of old books and odd bric-à-brac. Ludwig made his apprenticeship with Dr. Hess at Ellwangen, Wurtemberg, and, after a number of years, established himself in his native Felheim.

Many a rare tome, precious manuscript, odd binding did he collect in that dingy little shop in that pretty but obscure little town.

It was in 1868, I believe, that Ludwig Rosenthal moved to Munich and established himself there. His place, 16 Hildegardstrasse, is almost immediately back of the National Museum.

It is a large three story building which you approach after traversing a yard. On the ground floor are the offices. A dozen clerks write here; some get up catalogues; others collate volumes; all are busy

At a high desk near one end of the offices, with an excellent bibliographical library at his elbow stands Jacques Rosenthal, the brother and partner of the head of the house, his right hand man and his able representative in London, Paris and Vienna. Jacques Rosenthal has the art of making himself understood and amiable in four languages.

There are perhaps no booksellers in Germany that have published as many catalogues and as many different subjects as the gentlemen of the Hildegardstrasse. I pick out some of the rarities here and there as I turn the pages. How is this?

COSMOGRAPHIE | INTRODUCTIO | *cum quibus 1 dam Geome | triae | ac | Astrono | miae principiis ad | cam rem necessariis.* | Insuper quattuor Americi | Vesputij navigationes. | Universalis Cosmographiae descriptio tam | in solido q. plano. eis etiam insertis | quae Ptholomeo ignota a nu | peris reperta sunt. | Disthycon | Cum deus astra regat, et terra climata Caesar | Nec tellus, nec eis sydera maius habent. [Deo- date [Saint Dié en Lorraine] 4. kal. sept. 1507.] Avec une carte du monde et plusieurs figs. mathémat. 52 ff. 4. Veau ar. press. (Très belle rel. moderne, style du XVI. siècle.) M. 3000.

Now look at this:

BOCCACE. LE DÉCAMÉRON, trad. par LeMaçon. 5 vols. Londres (Paris) 1757. Avec 5 frontisp., 1 portr., 110 figures et 97 culsdelampe d'après Gravelot, Boucher et Eisen, gravés par Aliamet, Baquoy, Flipart, Legrand, Le Mire, Lempereur, Leveau, Martenasi, Moitte, Ouvrier, Pasquier, Pitre, Saint-Aubin, Sornique et Tardieu. Maroq. rouge, doré s. plats, dos et tr. (Derome.) M. 800.

What think you of this:

DUSOMMERARD, ADR. et ED. Les arts au moyen-âge en ce qui concerne principalement le Palais Romain de Paris, l'hôtel de Cluny issu de ruines et les objets d'art de la collection classée dans cet hôtel. 5 tomes.

Paris 1838-46. 8vo. D. veau. Album, 402 planches lithogr. et Atlas, portrait, et 108 planches 510 pl. lithogr. en noir représentent, des monuments, sculptures, peintures, meubles, armures, costumes, objets d'art en ivoire, argenterie, or et métal, bas-similes etc. Architecture, ornement et vues. En 3 tomes. Riv. Fol. D. Maroq. rouge, (Vogel.) Non rogné. M. 1600.

I, for my part, prefer the original editions of Molière, Racine, Schiller, that I have seen in the Antiquariat of the Rosenthals to all the incunabula and older works there.

But this is an aside, a matter of taste.



Ludwig Rosenthal

I continue to let my fingers turn the pages of the catalogues.

Here is a miniature on vellum for which Rosenthal asks *eight thousand marks*:

BIBLE HISTORIE. Un volume in 4^{to}, contenant 48 belles miniatures sur velin et d' un côté, du XIII. siècle, illustrant l'histoire du vieux testament avec une petite légende en français vulgaire sur chacune d'elles. M. 8000.

There I find an old edition of Dryden's "Alexander Hast" with the music of Haendel. The copy belonged to Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy and has his annotations and corrections in the margin.

Modern society verse does not fetch the price asked for Mediæval poetry judging by this item:

KONRAD VON WUERTZBURG. (Berühmter deutscher Dichter, 1287) Die Goldene Schmiede. Manuscript in deutschen versen v. jahre 1450. Mit 4 Miniaturen und 79 gleichzeitig und charakteristisch colorirten Zyklographien. (Reiberdrucke.) Vorgebunden: Das goldene Marienbuchlein. Manuscript in deutscher Prosa. 1450. Zusammen 228 Blätter. 4 Goth. Orig-

-Ebd. Leder m. Pressung. u. goth. Beschläge. (Höhe 215, Br. 155 mil.) M. 12,000.

Twelve thousand marks for a poem!

I remember that Ludwig Rosenthal, several times in the course of our dinner, wildly flung figures of such dimensions at my head. I also remember that he spoke to me of his special catalogues on travels and on dancing and the theatre, on Catholic and Protestant theology, on the Jesuits and the Rosecrucians, on the history of France and Germany.

His collection of books of the Robinson Crusoe kind (*Robinsonaden*, I believe they call them) is difficult to duplicate.

Ludwig Rosenthal spoke to me, I know not how long, of Incunabula, Mediæval prayer books, rare prints, interesting autographs.

I only know that it was late when Jacques Rosenthal came in and asked me to take a chartreuse with him at Jambosis's under the arcades of the Hofgarten. *Max Maury.*

THE DOMINICK DIAMONDS.

A STORY OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Author of "The Confessions of Claud," "A Gentleman of Leisure," "An Ambitious Woman," "Rutherford," "Social Silhouettes," etc.

II.

THE Dominick diamonds would to-day have been esteemed a very ordinary possession. If Mrs. Amsterdam or Mrs. Manhattan, in their present reigning supremacy as leaders of fashion, had descended arrayed for a ball from their smart Fifth Avenue abodes with nothing more luminous and valuable than these heirlooms of the Dominick family, their adornments at one of the Patriarchs' or Assembly balls would have been considered of extremely meagre consequence. But in those days it was an entirely different matter. Not long after the engagement between himself and Alicia, Herman Dominick alluded to these well-known diamonds. He had dropped in to "tea" at the house of his sweetheart—a meal taken, like all others, in this and similar households, when dinner is ordinarily taken now. The Van Schaicks had no "dining-room." They breakfasted, dined and supped in the basement, or front apartment of the house, on the lowest or ground floor, not far from the kitchen. Dinah, a female negro servant, who had not long ago been a slave, waited on them. Their cooking was of the simplest order; it had

astonished and disconcerted Herman at first, it was so remotely different from the daintiness of repast that he had known abroad. Sometimes when the question of hot, indigestible cakes, greasy gravies, and dumpling soups became too apparent, he would rebel and express forlorn disapproval. But as a rule he rarely complained. His peptics were still those of youth, and such an important product as a Parisian or even a London cook was unknown at this epoch. Besides, the hot rusk, corn-cakes, flannel-cakes, or mince pie delivered to his vigorous young appetite by negro culinary skill, would too often disarm his criticism as regarded other less commendable dishes.

"Those so-called 'Dominick Diamonds,'" he said, on the especial evening when his first mention of the jewels had occurred, "are really stones of no very great worth."

"No?" murmured Mrs. Ruthven, "I am surprised to hear that. I saw your mother wearing them at a large ball given by the State Street Stuyvesants, a good many years ago, and I remember then how fine and brilliant they seemed."

Herman laughed. "I have been taking a look at them myself," he said. "They are in

the Varick Street Bank, where I have other deposits." He turned a fond glance upon Alicia, who blushed and dropped her eyes, as if she knew what was coming, while a little spear of envious perturbation cleft its way into Mrs. Ruthven's heart. "They are gems," he continued, "which would be considered of worth abroad, but by no means extraordinarily so. The necklace is good; it contains seven or eight diamonds of the best or almost the best water. The two bracelets are composed of stones not so large, but so clustered as to seem effective." He paused for a little while, and a smile of seeming amusement crept across his lips. He looked for an instant at Alicia, then regarded Mrs. Ruthven somewhat sweepingly, and at last fixed his gaze upon Casper Van Schaick.

"I don't know, sir," he said, "if you have ever heard the odd story connected with those diamonds."

Van Schaick seemed to think. "No," he said, shaking his head, and ruminatively removing from his lips the pipe which his beloved Alicia had lighted for him and which he permitted himself to smoke here, "down in the basement" and "after supper," when some especial occasion authorized.

"No, I don't remember anything about those diamonds, Herman, except that your father once told me that he had bought them from a San Domingo negro who sold them remarkably cheap, and whom he suspected of having stolen them from some former employer."

"The negro *did* steal them," said Herman, in his quiet way; "there's hardly a shadow of doubt on that point, though my father may have kept the facts from every one outside of his own family; but I recollect perfectly his having told my mother, when I was a little boy and a very competent listener, that the negro had declared the diamonds to be invested with a most singular superstition."

"A superstition?" echoed Mrs. Ruthven, deeply interested; and Alicia, interested no less, repeated meaningly, "A superstition?"

"Yes," resumed Herman. "It was this: The negro's master in San Domingo, from whom he had most probably stolen the gems, was a Spaniard who had lived a long time in old Spain. This person claimed (so declared the negro) that the stones (thirty in all) had been given him by a merchant of Morocco, who had in turn received them from a trader in India. The latter had disposed of them for a mere song, asserting that they were bewitched, and would turn crimson like rubies the mo-

ment they were worn by any one who had committed a crime or who had secured them through the commission of a crime.

Of course it is all the most purely frivolous nonsense," Herman finished; and now his eyes dwelt upon Alicia. "You will wear them when we are married," he said, with deep feeling in his tones, "and I am certain that they will not lose the whiteness of their lustre then—I think, indeed, that they should turn not only more bright, but purer, because of her whom they will adorn."

A few days later Katherine returned from her Boston visit. She came back by no means in the best of humors. Mrs. Ogilvie, she asserted, had been a crusty and whimsical old lady, whose society had greatly wearied her. But as Katharine's father shrewdly suspected, it was the news of Alicia's engagement that had called his youngest daughter home.

On the first evening of Katharine's meeting with Herman Dominick it chanced that the latter had brought with him those diamonds of which we have heard him speak. As he undid their case a little cry of pleasure escaped Katharine, and Herman lifted his eyes with a smile, encountering her own. That look seemed to the young man as if it sounded new depths in his soul. He could not understand the swift sorcery that this girl had exerted over him. He still loved Alicia as fondly as ever. But Katharine! her presence gave him a kind of delicious pain; his heart throbbed under her gaze; he found himself longing and yet fearing to speak with her in private; he felt that the spell she had unconsciously cast upon him must either be shattered at once by his own powers of volition, or else deal him the sharpest misery hereafter. And at this same moment it seemed to him as if a voice were pouring in his ears, "You cannot resist—it is useless—you have not the strength."

He told again the story of the diamonds, while showing them to the little assembled company, Alicia having requested that her sister, should be made aware of how romantic an atmosphere engirt the gems. Katharine listened with close attention. As the necklace lay in a small glittering heap where Herman had dropped it, Alicia lifted it suddenly and held it against the dark brown tresses of Katharine.

"Diamonds become you more than they do me," Alicia said.

Katharine laughed, took the string of shining stones from her sister, and went toward a near mirror. She twined and re-twined the necklace about her brows and temples, with game-

some, exaggerated gestures that struck Herman as almost ideally graceful.

"Oh, yes," she cried merrily, "I was born to be a great lady."

"That you were, my dear," broke from her aunt, who had been watching with an intensity of interest on her grave matronly face.

"Where's your lord to come from, Kitty?" asked her father, in jovial sarcasm. "I'm afraid he's too far away to be of much service."

"Oh, perhaps he isn't so far away, after all," said Katharine, turning and handing the necklace back to Herman. Their eyes met again, just as she finished that last sentence of hers. She had really meant nothing whatever by it, though Herman somehow believed otherwise for quite a while afterward, and heard in it a subtle yet audacious challenge.

From that night he ceased to be the same man that he was before. He was bewitched; he struggled in the viewless meshes of a net woven by passion's deft and pitiless power. His love for Alicia yet remained, but it seemed to him a colorless and tepid feeling beside the fervor of his regard for Katharine. Still the honor of a gentleman stood him in good stead now. He incessantly guarded himself against the least betrayal of the truth. He was even careful not to appear as if he avoided Katharine. He assured his own heart that there must be no compromise made with it, no plan of mere hypocritical expediency entered into. His command of his own emotions became truly an admirable species of discipline. The day of their marriage was fixed; it would take place in the following September. All that summer was one of crucial torment to Herman. The Van Schaicks rarely left town during the hot weather, nor did many families of equal standing with their own. The city was salubriousness itself, with brisk winds almost constantly sweeping over Staten Island and the Narrows, while no huge edifices impeded its healthful progress, and acres of open space, not by any means devoid of shade-trees, lent it grateful touches of rusticity. In the evenings young men and maidens would roam the Battery, where no penetrative electric light was thrown, as now, upon their pleasant intercourse, but only the drowsy flickering of a few ordinary street lamps. Walks of this sort Herman would take, with Alicia leaning proud and happy on his arm. There were moments when a glance into her blue trustful eyes would send the most acute thrill of remorse through his soul. Later in the evening, on their return, Katharine would greet them, and often her

father and aunt as well. This was always a trying time for Herman, as the contrast between the two sisters would strike him then with greatest force. Katharine's spirits were usually high, her step wonderfully light, considering its firmness, her voice and her mode of expression as different from Alicia's as confidence from humility. Little repasts "down in the basement" would be very apt to wind up those summer nights, with iced lemonade, cider, apples, nuts, and perhaps some of the gingerbread or crullers that Katharine prided herself on making to perfection; for the indiscretions of our American forefathers in the way of satiating appetite were reckless indeed, as more than one living dyspeptic has hereditary reasons to recall.

On these occasions Katharine was for the most part full of gayety. She often provoked laughter by her bright sayings, and sometimes she would waken both mirth and tears by singing some of the negro plantation-songs which a friend from the South had taught her.

If it once or twice crossed the mind of her father or of Alicia that there was something feverish or unnatural about these really charming outbursts, the impression was not deep enough to endure. But with Mrs. Ruthven it was quite otherwise.

She had read her beloved Katharine with unerring clearness. That her niece should have become infatuated with Herman Dominick was horrible to her, and yet before the end of July she had made up her mind that this was unquestionably true.

Her acumen had detected, also, evidence of an answering attachment in Herman. She spent solitary hours in meditating over the whole unhappy complication. She watched Katharine with a fierce if covert vigilance. "You are somehow not yourself," she said to the girl, one day.

"I?" replied Katharine. Then her eyes met those of her aunt, and she blushed vividly. It had always seemed to Katharine as if her aunt Cordelia would have power to read, should there be any demand for such clairvoyance, the inmost reservations of her soul. "I have never felt better," she continued, a little stammeringly. "I am a trifle excited (I don't know if that's just the right word either, aunt) about Alicia's engagement. It—well, well, it surprised me so. There was something so queer in coming back from Boston to find it had all happened without my—my being here to even observe the courtship."

"I see," said Mrs. Ruthven, rather grimly. Katharine was standing at her side, she herself

being seated. She reached out her hand and took one of the girl's, beginning to fondle it.

"How hot your hand is, Aunt Cordelia!" Katharine exclaimed. "Are *you* not yourself?"

"I don't know," was the answer. Mrs. Ruthven's black eyes were searchingly fixed on her niece's face. "Perhaps I am worried," she added.

"Worried? About what?"

"About you."

"About me?" faltered Katharine. A wistful, perturbed smile gleamed at the edges of her lips. "Why should you be worried about me? What have I done to cause your worryment?"

"Nothing, my dear—nothing. Tell me: do you think Herman Dominick a suitable match for Alicia?"

"Suitable! Why not, Aunt?"

"You have never given me any opinion regarding him. You have never told me whether you even admired him or not. Do you admire him?"

"Yes."

"Your color leaps up into your face while you say that little word, Katharine—" Here Mrs. Ruthven's voice trembled and her eyes took a fervid, hectic, almost hungry light. "My darling! she cried; "you are in love with Herman Dominick!"

"Aunt Cordelia!" burst from the girl, as she drew her hand suddenly away and recoiled several paces.

Mrs. Ruthven rose. "It is no use, Katharine!" she exclaimed. "I have seen the truth! you cannot deceive me!" She suddenly caught her niece to her breast and held her there for several seconds, agitatedly kissing her while she did so. "My love, your heart is breaking! you care for him. And he cares for—"

She paused there. No doubt she realized the folly into which her impetuosity, born of the supreme affection that she entertained for her niece, was insensately driving her.

Katharine almost tore herself away from her aunt's embrace. If her face had been damask with blushes before, it was now scarlet with them.

"Aunt Cordelia!" she appealed, "what are you saying? You don't mean that—that I have given the least sign of—of caring for him!" And then a wretched disarray befell the girl. She quivered from head to foot. Her face turned ashy in its palor. The tears sprang to her glistening eyes and stained her cheeks. "Oh, Aunt Cordelia, I have always told you everything—always through my life! But I—I

did not tell you this! I said to myself that I would keep it locked in my heart till I died, and that no power could ever steal it from me. And now—now you have guessed it." Her voice faltered miserably; she was literally choked with grief and shame. She drooped her head and staggered toward a chair, dropping into it, while she lifted both hands as if to shroud the agony of her self-contempt from even the gaze of one who had watched and guarded her since her babyhood.

Mrs. Ruthven leaned over her. She was very composed, this adoring and wondrously astute kinswoman. She put her arms about Katharine's trembling figure. "Yes, my dear," she murmured, "I have guessed it. Remember, I know you so well. I could not help but guess it. You love him. There—don't start so, my darling. There is nothing to feel ashamed of. If you had been here when he first appeared he would have become your lover, not Alicia's. With all the difference between you two sisters there is a certain resemblance, nevertheless—when he saw you he realized his mistake. It was you, not Alicia, whom he wanted for his wife. Katharine, I ought not to say this, but I somehow cannot help it; I—" Mrs. Ruthven said no more. She suddenly discovered in the sidelong droop of Katharine's head and the complete laxity of her half-recumbent body, that the girl had fainted.

For a few days affairs at the Van Schaick mansion went on with no event of the slightest disturbing tendency. If Mrs. Ruthven's demeanor was more serious than usual no one observed this fact. She was a woman at all times given to seriousness, and all knew that her past had been one of sorrow, disappointment and mortification. . . .

Those chronicles from which the historian has been enabled to draw in his weaving of the present tale, just here fail him with a most distressing inexactude. He finds no real criminal evidence against the woman who had for so many years loved one sister and disliked if not positively hated the other. There is abundant evidence that Cordelia Ruthven believed her younger niece the fitting bride of Herman Dominick. Many statements that she had made to this effect among acquaintances with whom she was frequently and inevitably brought into contact would tend to confirm this view of the whole extraordinary and dramatic record. But that she ever resorted to the murderous means with which report has so darkly and horribly accredited her, cannot by any means be proved. Provided she had wished to administer some subtle and slow poison to

Alicia (as inimical assertions afterward roundly held) she must have gratified such desire in a strangely adroit and surreptitious way. It is known that Alicia had slept ill toward the latter part of July and among the earlier days of August, and that Mrs. Ruthven had repeatedly prepared small draughts of Bromide of Potassium at bedtime for her niece to drink. But nothing more definite than this rather vague theory remains for the most detective spirit of inquiry to grasp and use. The full stress of culpability attaching to Mrs. Ruthven must be sought and discovered in those disclosures which circumstance now most fatally hastens to furnish.

There is no doubt that during the last days of July Alicia showed marked signs of an insidious, lingering illness. Her father, who was now himself an invalid of self-admitted decrepitude, took alarm at his elder daughter's failing health. A physician was summoned, and his verdict anxiously waited for by at least two persons—Caspar Van Schaick and Katharine. But the physician had no distinct opinion to impart. Alicia was undoubtedly ill, and afflicted with loss of appetite and general lassitude. Medicines were given, and a salutary change waited for. Meanwhile she grew no better, and once or twice during the first week of August she was attacked with giddiness that resulted in brief terms of swoon, followed by a complete prostration. Mrs. Ruthven now scarcely left her side, and it would seem as if all the disregard she had shown her elder niece in the past had been stimulated into the most repentant and assiduous devotion.

As for Herman Dominick, he underwent passionate visitations of self-reproach. A kind of presentiment had overtaken him that Alicia would die, and this omen goaded him into at least an outward profession of anxiety, which no eyes save those of Mrs. Ruthven saw to be as spurious in one way as it was genuine in another.

Casper Van Schaick haunted his daughter's sick chamber with a most forlorn face. Alicia always had a smile and a genial word for him, when he drew nearer, no matter how ill she might be feeling. There was something pitiable enough in this father's excessive worriment and the way he strove to conceal it.

"If I lost that girl," he said, one day, in childishly tremulous tones to Katharine, "I—am sure it would kill me."

"Lost her, father?" Katharine exclaimed. "What can possibly have put such a fancy into your head? Alicia will be well—thoroughly well—in a few days."

But this proved a false prophecy. Every day the invalid grew distinctly weaker. The physician in attendance may have been a gentleman whose discernment and erudition were equally limited; for it appeared that no faintest suspicion of foul play visited his mind. And yet if Mrs. Ruthven were really dealing death to her niece by the administration of some poison mixed with either the girl's food or her medicine, a failure on any physician's part to discover this hideous truth did not necessarily involve so vast an amount of professional dullness. Mrs. Ruthven's character had always been a most unblemished one; then, too, we do not look for the rank vileness of homicide in surroundings of tranquility and culture. Still, the doctor may have been scientifically deficient, and close reflection tends to make this view acceptable.

One afternoon, the last of a fortnight during which Alicia's illness had continued, Katharine returned home from a walk and promptly saw on the face of the old negress who admitted her traces of alarm and grief.

"Dinah," she exclaimed, her thoughts instantly flying to her sister, "what is it? How is Miss Alicia? Has she grown worse?"

Dinah's answer began in a tearful moan, but Katharine did not hear much more of it than that. She flew up-stairs to her sister's apartment. There were Van Schaick and Mrs. Ruthven standing at Alicia's bedside. In a minute more she had seen Alicia herself. The invalid looked deathly white, and her eyes were closed. She opened them, however, as Katharine approached. She lifted one hand ever so little, letting it fall again as if through sheer weakness. But Katharine understood the gesture and took her sister's hand, holding it. It was like ice.

And now Katharine turned toward her father. "What does this mean?" she whispered.

Van Schaick's lips quivered, but he did not reply. Mrs. Ruthven softly said, however, the next moment: "She has had a severe fainting-fit. We have sent for Dr. Middleton, but he was not at home. Still, I think she is a good deal better now. . ."

But this was quite untrue. If consciousness had returned to Alicia, a terrible exhaustion nevertheless remained. She seemed incapable of uttering a word, but still her fingers clung to Katharine's hand. Now and then the pale lids would drop over her eyes, as if she had not strength to keep them lifted. Soon they would raise themselves again, and stare wistfully, yearningly into her sister's face.

"Does she want to tell me something?" shot through Katharine's mind—"something that she cannot put into words?"

Just then she heard a low, heavy sigh from her father, and turned to see that he was staggering as if seized with vertigo. But apparently he controlled himself by a severe effort, and to Mrs. Ruthven, who had put her arms about him in a supporting way and murmured to him certain hurried sentences, he made answer: "No, Cordelia; it was only a little dizzy fit. I'd rather stay here. Don't ask me to go away from her."

"But, Casper," sped Mrs. Ruthven's reply, most urgently spoken, "you must lie down for at least a short time. . . Come with me to your room. . . Pray don't refuse, brother. It is really necessary. . ."

The two passed out of the room together, and Katharine once more fixed her gaze upon Alicia. She perceived that the sick girl had seen her aunt and her father depart. And then Alicia's blue eyes sought her sister's face again. Somehow their look terrified Katharine. But she conquered her perturbation, and leaned down till her breath broke upon Alicia's colorless face.

"Are you in any pain?" she asked. "Please try and say so if you are."

As if by the aid of a very great effort, Alicia now spoke. Her voice was hollow, husky, totally unlike its usual tones.

"Katharine—I—I must tell you." . . . And then the gasped words came to a dead pause.

"Tell me what, dear?" questioned Katharine, eagerly.

"Aunt Cordelia—she—she—"

"Well, Alicia, what about Aunt Cordelia? Try to say it. I'm listening. Do you want her to come back? Shall I go and call her?"

"No—no. She hates me, Katharine. I feel it—I know it. If I die, it—is because she—"

A shiver now swept through the speaker's frame. But Katharine's face had become almost as white as her own.

"Alicia! What *can* you mean? Oh, my dear, your mind is wandering—"

"No—no!" The emphasis of this denial was in painful contrast with Alicia's great difficulty of articulation. It seemed as if some paralysis in the muscles of the throat or lips were vetoing every syllable she sought to form.

"No—no," she repeated. She extended one arm toward the door by which Mrs. Ruthven had just quitted the chamber. Holding this arm for a brief instant upraised, she continued strugglingly to speak.

"I—I believe I *am* dying, Katharine, and—I—want—to—tell you something—something that I saw to-day. Aunt Cordelia—stood—yonder—near the bureau—and she did not know—I—saw—her . . ." Here the arm fell, and as it did so Alicia's eyes slowly dilated and all light of consciousness appeared to leave them. Then a frightful convulsion immediately ensued. Katharine, with a wild cry, hurried from the room. "Help! help!" she called; and help soon came. But it reached Alicia only to find that she had already breathed her last.

Katharine, standing at the bedside and looking down upon the white, mute face of her sister, had a frozen and wholly tearless feeling. She could not weep or give vent to any passionate demonstration of sorrow, harshly as the blow of her sister's death had smitten her. She could only cast covert looks toward Mrs. Ruthven and wonder shudderingly to herself at what horror of crime those dragged-forth and inadequate words of Alicia's had hinted.

[To be ended in our next number.]

"WELL RECOMMENDED."

TO BELIEVE the newspapers, we are constantly enjoying the visits of artistic angels, unawares. It appears to me that I cannot, by any chance, take a swallow flight over the morning news at breakfast, without learning of the dawning, upon the gloom of our occidental barbarism, of some new light in the artistic firmament under whose splendor the old world basks.

I do not count the visits of the Herkomers and the Seymour Hadens, the Renoufs and

the Rajons, who come to us with a sufficient heraldry of native merit to exact critical consideration. It is to the great band of artistic adventurers who have to visit us for us to learn of their existence, that I make application of wondering words.

According to the reporter, they are all geniuses of the first order. They are provided by him with portentous pedigrees and endowed with lives embroidered with touches of romance, and he favors us with descriptions of their works

couched in those vivid terms familiar to the daily press as "fine writing."

They may paint in oils or in water colors; carve in wood or in stone; wield the pastel or the etcher's needle; lavish their divine inspirations upon portraiture or realism or imaginative art; but one and all, their printed recommendations are cast in the same tone, and it must puzzle the general public, which is not conversant with what little Miss Wren would call the "tricks and manners" of the American news-monger, that all of these distinguished visitors of ours should be so much alike in character, in talents and in attainments.

The truth is that if there is any subject the newspaper reporter who is the most adaptable of men, is least qualified to adapt himself to, it is art. Our critics are often but poorly enough equipped. The men who do not enjoy the distinction of being recognized as critics know even less.

The critic, at any rate, gets a sort of current idea of what is going on and who is coming up in the art world, out of his catalogues. When the reporter is sent to interview Mr. X., the celebrated water colorist, or Miss Z., the eminent sculptress, upon their arrival, he has to take his subject's own statements for facts, and so presents us with a prettily colored puff of the visitor, dictated by him or herself.

When the reporting is done by women it is even worse. The male reporter may make mistakes, but he does not generally gush. The penciller in petticoats exhausts her vocabulary of cheap praise, in flabby and mucilaginous phrases of extravagant commendation, upon her subject, more especially if that subject happens to be a member of her own sex. And the average editor, who in the realms of daily journalism usually knows as much about art as a clam does of aerial perspective, sits in lenient judgment on the farrago of nonsense because he cannot understand it.

As for the public, which accepts most that it reads in print as fact, on the simple theory that it ought to be fact because it has got in print, it swallows this as part of its regular diet, with the touching confidence of perfect trustfulness.

A certain class of persons who seek a subsistence of art abroad, apparently view America in much the same light as do the artists of the stage, who come across to make tours of the country for strictly commercial purposes. Like the player they come and go with the seasons and thrive by notoriety. This class is, moreover, constantly augmenting.

Its members are of both sexes and of one invariable grade of mediocrity. One never, by any accident, discovers any special merit in their productions, and they are too commonplace to exhibit any great inaccuracies. Still they are not unequal to the appreciative intelligence of the average American, and we are presented, as one result, with the spectacle of our own country, which has certainly no dearth of excellent portrait painters, importing the poorest portraiture it can find abroad and patronizing it liberally.

It is a long step from Mr. Herkomer, with his portraits of our millionaire bankers at £500 and £1,000, and Mr. Dobbster, with his portraits of any one whom he can get to sit for him at as many dollars. But the very success of Mr. Herkomer created a market for his successor, since the magnates who patronized him have made it fashionable for their humbler social imitators to extend the hand of encouragement to this peripatetic form of art, at whatever price the hand can afford.

I am acquainted with one gentleman in this city, who has had himself painted half a dozen times by as many different visitors to us from over the water. He hangs, in dubious shape, in his bedroom, his dining room, his parlor, hallway, and quite possibly in his bath room and kitchen, and not one of these reflections of him equals a portrait that one of our own artists once made of him for a couple of hundred dollars. An able French painter, who visited America for a month's rest, a couple of years ago, remarked to me "Your people have an insanity to be painted. I am offered a commission a day." And I do not think he exaggerated in the least.

What is remarked about the portrait painter holds with such practitioners in other walks of art as the newspapers reveal to us.

By assiduously cultivating social favor they contrive to secure professional support. The intrepid explorers of the press, who discover that talent which it is reserved for us to be favored with while it is a sealed to its native land, help them to the first, and the rest is not hard.

I once had an artist offer an ingenious, and possibly not untrue explanation, of this condition of affairs. He argued that since Congress had raised the duty on foreign art, the respect of the inartistic American for foreign art had grown in proportion to the importance attached to it by the desire to prevent its entering into competition with the native article. This, he held, would incline the average citizen to extend his favor to any stranger coming among us, in the belief that he must be a better painter than we could produce, because we had made a law to keep his works out.

I believe that Boston is responsible for the introduction of this form of very small hero worship. At all events I have noticed that it is in Boston that these amazing artistic treasures are commonly unearthed.

Your Bostonian is a true lion hunter. He is never happier than when he is sitting at the feet

of some new giant of his own creation, or exploiting the merits of some new genius of his own discovery. That peculiarly Bostonese institution, the literary clique, is the sponsor of no end of artistic mediocrities. Some it keeps to itself. Some drift across New England to us. Others still, make a direct descent upon us, and force their own acceptance, with their letters of introduction, and their newspaper comments.

It is to be noticed, by the way, that where the true artist's works are his best introduction, the works of these gleaners in his fields are always of subsidiary importance to the letters with which they arm themselves.

Last year a very amiable and diverting gentleman called on me with an introduction from a mutual friend in London. The letter mentioned casually that he was a sculptor. He told me that he was one. I heard, moreover, that he had commissions for various works here. For all this I never saw him at work, never saw any of his productions, and never knew more of his art than his paragraphs in the press, and the praises of the many friends to whom he had come, as he came to me "well recommended."

— Alfred Trumble.

OUR "NOTE AND QUERY" DEPARTMENT.

The Marseilles Family.

To the Editor of THE CURIO:

SIR:—In the Letters of "Caspipina," published over a century ago, are several addressed to "Charles Marseilles Esq., New York." Who was the said Charles Marseilles? His business, ancestry and any information regarding him is desired. Was he married, had he children, and are any of his descendants now living? If so, who, and where? "Caspipina" was the *nom de plume* of Rev. Jacob Duché, the first Chaplain of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. He was also the assistant minister of Christ Church and St. Peter's in Philadelphia, in North America, the initials of which form his *nom de plume*—"Tamoc Caspipina." During the Revolutionary War he addressed a letter to General Washington, advising him to desert the Colonial army and join the British. He then fled to England, but after the war, returned to Philadelphia by the consent of Washington and others. His mortal remains are interred in the yard of one of the churches of which he was rector in Philadelphia.

Extending now my Query upon wider grounds, I want to put on record the following question:

Is there anywhere living on the face of the habitable globe another male human being bearing the name of the subscriber, spelled the same, which is precisely as the city in the south of France, viz.:—M-a-r-s-e-i-l-l-e-s? My paternal ancestry was French Huguenot. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—over two hundred years ago—my paternal ancestor, with his family, fled from France to Holland, thence sailed to America and settled in New Jersey, where my father, the late Peter Marseilles, of Philadelphia, was born. Is there a coat of arms of the Marseilles family? If so, what is it, and where may it be had or seen?

CHARLES MARSEILLES.

Exeter, N. H., September 27, 1887.

The Washington Portraits.

To the Editor of THE CURIO:

SIR:—With your kind permission I should like to correct an oversight. I cannot imagine by what carelessness I came to say that the portrait of Washington, in the Boston Athenæum, is a replica of the Lansdowne pictures, for I certainly knew better. It was painted from life. Stuart himself says so in a letter dated 1823.

B. R. BLISS.

The Eglinton Peerage.

To the Editor of THE CURIO.

DEAR SIR: The Seton influence which secured to that family the titles and honors of the Montgomeries, Earls of Eglinton, is well emphasized by you when recounting the action of Hugh the fifth Earl, which deprived the kin of his own name of their rights. The point is well taken, and it only seems reasonable that the family who benefited by the transaction should be desirous of avoiding the indictment. It is in line with this avoidance that Mr. Fraser, in his *Memorials of the Montgomeries, Earls of Eglinton*, should dismiss this eventful subject, without naming the locality of its occurrence, in the following well-chosen words: "According to an arrangement between the families of Eglinton and Winton, it was agreed that the third son of the Countess of Winton, who was the nearest kin of Hugh, fifth Earl of Eglinton, should be his successor in the Earldom" (I., 58).

The Earl's nearest heir male was unhappily mated to a Cunningham, who was herself implicated with her family in the murderous attack on Hugh the fourth Earl; and the latter's son, while on one of his visits to his aunt, Lady Winton, at Seton, was induced to surrender the original grant, which entailed the titles and estates in the male line, and ask a new one, by which he could favor his portionless cousin, Alexander Seton, then but twenty-three years of age, to the prejudice of Sir Neil Montgomerie of Lainshaw, his nearest of kin in the male line.

Another reference to Mr. Fraser's statement of his case can well find its place here. In his *Memorials*, where reciting the children of Hugh, the first Earl of Eglinton, to his account of Sir Neil Montgomerie, his grandson, he adds a foot note, namely: "A family of the name of Montgomerie, settled in America, is at present endeavoring to prove their male descent from Sir Neil Montgomerie of Lainshaw and Jean, heiress of Lyle. The Editor has been unable to ascertain the result of their inquiries" (I., 33). This was in 1859, and before this there had been placed on file in the office of the Lyon King of Arms, in Edinburgh, certified copies of the original Lainshaw and Brigend documents in possession of the "family of the name of Montgomerie, settled in America," which proved their claim and were accepted as conclusive by the Lord Lyon, and which could not fail to have been known to those in whose interests Mr. Fraser was then writing.

My friend Monsignor Seton's notation on the "family arrangement," as Mr. Fraser terms it, is a praiseworthy effort to remove from the noble escutcheon of the Setons the stain of what has been truly called an unjustifiable transaction. But when he desires to prove that the claim of the beneficiary to succeed Hugh Montgomerie, fifth Earl of Eglinton, was only opposed by sinister or malevolent influences at the court, he makes the statement that Sir Alexander Seton's assumption of the Eglinton titles and honors was opposed by the "favourite Duke of Buckingham," which is only based upon an anonymous pencil note in the margin of a family history. When it is considered that George Villiers was at this time but twenty years of age, and was four years off yet from his knighthood, we cannot entertain for a moment the thought of his influence in the premises.

At the time that Hugh, fifth Earl, submitted to this "family arrangement" at Seton, the apparent heirship of the title and estates was not held by any "obscure branch of the original

possessors," as Monsignor Seton avers. Sir Neil Montgomerie, a wealthy scion of the family, was dwelling at his castle of Lainshaw, not many miles from Eglinton or from Kilwinning, in whose Abbey his ancestors were buried; but the truth may be that the "refined and educated society" at Seton was too potent in its influences for the "barbaric splendor and profusion" in which an Ayrshire laird was supposed to dwell; and in his ancient castle he rested in ignorance of what was being done to his disfavor, and without hope of recall, at the more modern but luxurious Seton House. Little could Sir Neil dream, in 1611, that his Chief was then consummating this unjustifiable transaction, not at Eglinton, but at Seton: the beneficiary, his first cousin, then being a comparatively unknown younger son of his host's.

But in estimating the influences which led to this result, it must be admitted in justice to the Seton family that the individual mostly interested in shaping the results was not Sir Alexander Seton's father, but his mother, who, born a Montgomerie, was led by maternal solicitude to secure these good gifts for one of her own children. The promptings began in the desire to avenge the death of her brother, which was laid at the door of the Cunninghames, into which family Sir Neil had married, and were fostered by true maternal instincts; the latter may have been the cause, the former only the occasion which she dexterously employed. How easy was it for the Countess of Winton to nurse her nephew's anger at his father's death, and prod him with the thought that his nearest heir male was by marriage a partner in the foul deed, and how easy was it for him to accept her timely suggestion that her own son's succession to it would be in better taste. And was it not natural for her to desire that a son of hers should become the successor to the beautiful groves of Eglinton and those lovely estates in Ayrshire, among which as a child she had wandered so many happy years? On her must rest the credit, or discredit, of this successful diplomacy, of which, however, it is true, the Seton family harvested the results, which were only secured by a Seton dropping his patronymic and calling himself a Montgomerie.

When visiting many of these localities and estates a few weeks ago, I could not wonder that a Seton should crave their possession, even though at the cost of losing his own honorable name. The beautiful hills and plains of Ayrshire, its Garioch and its Doon, with Eglinton and Kilwinning and Ardrossan and Skilmorlie and Cumbræ, all conspired to make the Montgomerie possessions the richest prize of the times, and a residence under the charming climate of the west coast of Scotland made the Montgomerie home incomparably superior to any that the eastern shires could offer.

THOS. H. MONTGOMERY.

ARDROSSAN, 30th September, 1887.

Fennell's Shakespeare Repository, 1853.

The editor of "Shakesperiana" writes: "I have the four first numbers of this quarto print. Can any one tell me how many were printed? It was in many respects a remarkable issue, and some of its contents will bear reproduction. For instance, the following is said to be taken from an old newspaper:

Original Letter of Shakespeare: William Neate, a picture dealer, many years ago discovered an original letter of Shakespeare, addressed to his intimate friend the Lord Mayor, 1609.

The letter was found in an old pocket-book, which Neate, among other things, had purchased in the City at the sale of some property belonging to a person named Hathaway, a descendant of Shakespeare's wife, Anne Hathaway. Neate advertised the document, which was purchased for *one hundred*

pounds by a gentleman, whom he subsequently ascertained was Sheridan, who had been sent by the Prince Regent. The letter is now in the British Museum, and the pocket-book was sold for £15."

THROUGH THE WORLD OF BOOKS, ART AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

NEW BOOKS.

SOCIETY VERSE BY AMERICAN WRITERS, edited by E. de L. Pierson.—The De Vinne Press has recently printed for Messrs Benjamin & Bell this very neat volume, containing a very clever compilation of light poetry. The editor has proved his good taste by choosing such pieces as could be acceptable to all—more especially perhaps to the peculiar youth of our time, always anxious to get at the mocking side of things. There is more sadness in that perpetual sarcasm than one is desirous to acknowledge, and these selections prove the fact. Every laugh is not merry, and the Spartan boys of our days know of many a fox gnawing their vitals to pieces whilst they jingle the bells of folly. (*Benjamin and Bell.*)

MR. INCOUL'S MISADVENTURE, by Edgar Saltus.—No one would think, reading this powerful story, that it could constitute the first incursion of its author into the realms of fiction. But everything is to be expected from a man who understands Balzac and Mérimée as Mr. Saltus proved he did. In fact this short novel is distinctly of the school of clear-minded, cool-headed Mérimée, "Eugénie's tale-teller"; the deductions are merciless, the facts put down with the soul of logic (if such a soul exists), and Mr. Incoul handed over to posterity as the type of the practical XIX. century American, bent on a vengeance of the Borgia species. We object though to the "Baccara" scene as to an impossibility, and we are just a little surprised at such a blunder from a man who knows so much of the world. Not wishing to end with that minor criticism, we will simply say to the reader that if he is not of the goody-goody, Canada-bent church-Elder style, "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" will prove to him strong food for thought and imaginative introspection. (*Benjamin and Bell.*)

ONE HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.—That the CURIO refuses to bow before any idol, be it old or new, of lofty or humble descent, our readers may have found out before now. So it is that the popularity of the "Autocrat" would have failed to secure our approbation for his last literary effort had it not been sustained by the relative merit of the work and, if we may be allowed to say so, by the real ingenuity of the venerable author. It is not every citizen of this "free and untrammelled" country who can cross the ocean to find himself, from the first day of his sojourn on British soil, made the general favorite of the Great, the Wealthy, the Cultured, and whose honest instinct knows how to avoid, with winning grace and natural good taste, all taint of snobbishness. The recently published letters of another man of letters, of Thackeray himself, prove him to have been but too easily influenced by Society jargon and flattery. His assumed cynicism weakened rapidly before the well-directed fire of titled adulation. So much for the historian of snobbish affectations. Not so for Dr. Holmes, in spite of the extreme consideration shown

by so many on the other side, for his graceful talents. The well-balanced mind of the New England poet-physician (certainly a unique combination) saved him, in his old age, from the stumbling-block of over-excited vanity. And a pleasant, readable chat—rather vague and indistinctly outlined, but always good-natured and sufficiently entertaining—has been the result of our old friend's second visit upon the theatre of his youthful exploits. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

AMERICAN ANCESTRY, Part II., Columbia County, N. Y., by Thomas P. Hughes.—A compilation of feeble interest, except for those who have materially sustained the work, so as to see their names inscribed upon this *Libro d'oro* of the common multitude. (*Joel Munson's Sons.*)

TRADE ORGANIZATIONS IN POLITICS AND PROGRESS AND ROBBERY, by J. Bleecker Miller.—We always have a feeling of sympathy for those few men of pluck and clearly-defined judgments who never hesitate to face the popular idol and to speak out their mind. Our country seems managed now a-days by such a despicable class of political trimmers that public conscience is bound to weaken, if not to get irremediably out of gear. It is more cruelly so among the class of men to which Mr. J. Bleecker Miller belongs—men of culture, of refined habits, of ample means. Such worthy members of the community are falling more and more into the habit of withdrawing from the hot strife of local and State government, and leaving the untrained crowd to impose the dicta of its irresponsible will. Never has this state of things shown itself more clearly than it has under the leadership of Messrs. Henry George and McGlynn; never has it been more imperiously desirable that the voice of common sense should be raised in defense of common sense issues. Theories, such seductive theories as Mr. George handles with more cleverness than candor, must be answered by facts, historic and economic facts, concisely and graphically presented, hammering the nail every time, and backed by something more than braggadocio. If our restricted scope forbids us discussing the leading features of Mr. Miller's counter-poison recipe, we can at least commend his frankness, the scholarly form of his deductions, above all the motive which determined this young and promising writer to throw himself in that battle of politics which so many enter into without any of his special achievements and of his honesty of purpose. (*The Baker and Taylor Co.*)

JACK, THE FISHERMAN.—This little story, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is a book for a purpose beyond that of simple amusement. It treats of the life, the hardships, the sorrows and the crimes of one of a class to whom even birth is a misfortune. It is a burning protest against our social system, and a melancholy comment on its inevitable outcome. The scenes it pictures are humble and its perspective limited, but as a portrayal of a certain phase of life it is vivid and true to nature. The literary skill and dramatic power of the story shows the hand of experi-

ence, but this Miss Phelps has taught us to expect from her. It treats of a class with which few come in contact, and whose ideas, lives and hopes are such that we shun a closer knowledge of them. It shows the pathos, the misery and the moral wants of this very class, and points out the path of duty to many willing feet. It elevates the low by virtue of their sorrows and even of their crimes, so that the rich and happy may see them and recognize them as fellow creatures deserving a helping hand. It may be that Miss Phelps has given to them a power and depth of feeling beyond these poor creatures' conception; but the germs are there, though buried under centuries of evil and neglect. Miss Phelps has appealed to man's humanity against inhumanity, and her voice is a solemn and a powerful one. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*) [M.]

PICTURES, PAINTERS, PATRONS.

—The exhibition sale of Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate," in this city, has encouraged Mr. Sedelmeyer to import the painter's latest work of note, if dimensions constitute note, the "Calvary." This enormous canvass was executed by Munkacsy, to follow up and take advantage of the furor made in a popular sense, by the picture which Mr. Wanamaker purchased for \$100,000. Like the second part of "Don Quixote," it does not equal the first. There is some superb painting in it, but the entire impression of the work is not as satisfactory as the "Christ before Pilate," which at any rate has the merit of unity and dramatic interest. The best painting in the "Calvary" is in the details. Some of the types introduced are masterly in their treatment, and one studies them with satisfaction. But this very fact provides the key-note to the weakness of the picture. The greatness of the subject is dwarfed by the undignified prominence of its subsidiary and accessory parts. One is engrossed by the howling mob and can spare only a glance for the martyrdom that has assembled it. That this defect of the picture is apparent to the artist is demonstrated by the fact that he has sanctioned no complete reproductions of it, though portions of it have been photographed quite successfully. In color the "Calvary" bears no comparison with the "Christ." The latter work, executed on a ground of bitumen, holds well together, and though one may quarrel with parts of it, one cannot deny it the merit of harmony. In the "Calvary," on the contrary, discords are supreme. A sky, whose chill has been exaggerated by the painter for purposes of sentimental effect, till it has the quality of sheet-lead, clashes with a foreground and muddie distance of hot colors, violently antagonistic in every way. That the "Calvary" will parallel the "Christ" as a show-picture, is not to be questioned. The crowd which is awed by area and subdued by blustrous movement and theatrical sentiment, will flock to admire it. Some one will doubtless buy it, and after all it will serve its purpose as an object lesson in cost, and the American public has sore need of such schooling.

—To the artist who will turn with disdain from this heroic effort at rendering the catastrophe of Holy Writ panoramically interesting, the newly-opened gallery of Eden Musée will afford a harbor of refuge. Here is shown one of those triumphs of audacious teachings in which modern French art revels, as Titan might revel in rending mountains and tearing up primeval forests like weeds. M. Ch. Guion has conquered the impossible in his "Deux Soeurs." He has transplanted upon the canvass virtually in the dimensions of nature, a part of liv-

ing Paris. We are on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. The facade of the church looks down on us, towering up out of sight. The afternoon parade of luxury rolls to and fro before the temple, which satirizes the life it turns its severe front upon, with the cold scorn of a vestal inveigled into the presence of forbidden revels. Mile. Chose is passing homeward from her dining in the Bois. Her horses measure the asphalt with strides of pride; her terrier and her violets occupy the front seat in her coach that her patron shrinks from advertising himself upon. Her hound turns his round eyes in a stupid wonder upon a woman shrieking at his mistress from the trottoir. It is a woman of the people, whose bare head is the badge of her humility. It is a mother of children, honest and strong. She has her brats with her, and their father, coming from digging dirt, bearing his pickaxe on his shoulder with the powerful ease of an Achilles balancing his great spear. And so these two sisters, travelling by different roads to their hour of judgment, meet, and poverty extorts from the one a denunciation that is perhaps not without a trace of envy. "Why should she ride in her corruption and pamper her brutes while my children cry for bread?" The figure of this shrieking mother is full of fire. There is a classic bigness about the father, not yet aroused by his wife's sudden outcry. And who, who knows Paris, can fail to recognize the stiff arrogance with which Phryne faces the scorn of the crowd that burns her through all her armor splendors with an indellible brand? It is a picture for an artist, this one of M. Guion's, and for men to whom art is not a thing learned from text-books. I sincerely hope that the report I hear of a movement to purchase it for the collection at the Metropolitan Museum is correct. We can permit our crowds to enjoy the Munkacsy's. Some day they will learn from them to bow to something higher. Let us have the something higher ready for them when the time comes. I do not know of any modern picture that has come to us from abroad that better displays the technical strength of this revelation for the student. There is a theatrical touch to it, my friend Hypercritic tells me. Fie upon thee, Hypercritic! What is the great town but a theatre, and what is Paris but the greatest of great towns, not even excepting big bloated London, that has grown too monstrous for its bones?

—The exhibition at the Eden Musée is under the auspices of the "Society for the Promotion of Art." This is, I believe, a society organized under the law which permits the admission of works of art under bond into galleries owned by public corporations. It is one way of evading the scandalous thirty per cent. duty, which disgraces our tariff list as a tribute to the incompetence in art and imbeciles in legislation. Thanks to it, great works can be brought into the country and exhibited and returned within a given period without the payment of a tax of one-third of their value. Without it the exhibition of such pictures as M. Guion's would be next to impossible with us, since no dealer would be likely to assume the costly risk of landing them.

—Quite a famous picture in its day was Toby E. Rosenthal's "Elaine," which is now being shown in New York for the first time in an improvised gallery on Fifth avenue. It is a work in the Munich school, decorative in composition and well painted. There is more of the painter than the poet in it. In its days it was the art sensation of San Francisco, where the painter, who is a German by birth, was brought up from child-

hood. Painted to order for a banker of that city, it was purchased at a greatly advanced price from the artist's studio in Munich, by a lady of San Francisco. This gave rise to some discussion of the painter's bad faith, and served to attract notice to it. It was exhibited in San Francisco by the owner and stolen from the frame, but afterwards recovered, and this added to its notoriety. In 1876 it was seen at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. Since that time it has passed into the possession of a new owner, who is apparently getting some of his purchase-money back by showing it at a modest fee.

—The addition of Mr. John Wanamaker, the great shopkeeper of Philadelphia, to the roll-call of American Art Collectors, was first publicly announced by his purchase of Munkacsy's "Christ." He did not halt here, however. He has added pictures to the amount of \$189,000, from the gallery of the Philadelphia dealer Haseltine, to his Munkacsy. He is reported to have the purpose of presenting his collection to the public in a gallery that will bear his name.

—Mr. John S. Sargent arrived in the country as quietly as Mr. William Dannatt departed. Their courses must have crossed at sea. Scarcely any one but his intimates was aware of the presence of the latter able artist, though he spent a goodly part of the summer here. He came over to rest alone. Mr. Sargent, on the contrary, is on labor bent. He will leave a number of portraits behind him when he departs. Perhaps our art can claim no better representatives of the current spirit and ambitions than these two brilliant men, to one of whom, at least, America can lay but the slenderest and most sentimental of claims. Mr. Sargent is the highest development of the impressionist. His art has all that was good in Manet's, with none of its weaknesses, and with a good deal of excellence that is Sargent's own added. As for Mr. Dannatt, he is a realist of the first order, one who puts thought and technique together, who sets his mind to work in unison with his eye. Curiously enough, both these painters, who paint like no one but themselves, graduated from the tutelage of the most individual of masters. Mr. Dannatt was a pupil of Munkacsy, and Mr. Sargent, of Carolus Duran. It would require a soothsayer to identify their schools in their works, or to discover a trace of the American in the canvasses of either. A third painter, whose art is as thoroughly gallicised as if it had never breathed the rude air of the Occident, is Mr. Frank M. Boggs, who, from a scene painted at a New York theatre, has grown to be one of few mature painters of our time.

—Much attention has been attracted amongst artists and connoisseurs to the remarkable work in dry paint recently executed by Mr. F. W. Freer of this city, an artist who has been chiefly known as a successful painter of pretty and graceful femininity. He has completed one large plate, a figure study made directly from life on the copper, on almost the scale of life, and with the graver only, that has made a veritable sensation. Merely as a physical feat such a work set up on the easel and completed as one might a study in crayon or colors, would be worthy of notice. With the merits of artistic excellence added, it is likely to become quite an episode in the history of the art it is contributed to.

—The demand for Jules Breton is not confined to the collectors who make auction sales profitable. Etched prints from his pictures would seem to enjoy an extensive popularity. Large and costly plates by Waltner, Rajou, Courty and other

etchers of European note are before the public. The etching of the "First Commission," by Hamilton, enjoys a large sale, and the same publisher is about putting out a copy by W. L. Lathrop of the "Evening in Finisterre." This is a much superior plate in technique to "The First Commission," though the latter was an excellent effort at the rendition of a difficult subject. What charm the public can find in black-and-white reproductions of Breton, it is difficult to understand. The only approach to an interesting subject by him that had been etched is the one by Waltner, published by Messrs. Toole of London, and called "The Closing of the Day." The demand that the dealers assert exists for his prints must be a reflection from the amazing madness of the collectors that sent Breton's prices up to balloon altitude without any more warning than excuse.

—Although a vigorous attempt is being made in Europe to revive mezzotinting, as an art for artists, it does not appear to be encountering any encouraging degree of success. A number of fine plates have been produced, many finer indeed than those produced by the old school when mezzotint was still in fashion. But the public will none of them. Given their choice between an inferior etching and a masterly mezzotint of the same subject, and they would pay a higher price for the former. After all, however, this is not inexplicable. The public really knows nothing and cares less about the technique of art. It has been told over and over again that etching is the thing, and has come to believe it. Here is a curious illustration in point. A local publisher of my acquaintance owns several steel plates by a well-known and able line engraver. This engraver has latterly taken to etching. He etches precisely in the same style as he engraves, with no more art and no more feeling. Yet his etchings sell and his engravings are dead. There never was such a craze in the possession of an intelligent people as the etching craze is in possession of us now-a-days, and it is a tribute to the value of newspaper advertising entirely. If the press had decided on a policy of silence when Dr. Hayden visited us and set the ball rolling, the popularity of the art he apostled would not have outlasted a year. Years before Dr. Hayden's time etching was an art known to the world, and practised with noble results, yet we know not of it. Previous to this period, Mr. Keppell, now the most important printseller in the country, dealt chiefly in line engravings. He saw the drift of affairs in time and has done much with his special exhibitions to advance the cause. If he were to take up the cudgels for mezzotinting in the same way, he might no doubt, inaugurate a general movement among the dealers that would secure it popularity. I shall not be astonished to see him try it after he gets his coming exhibitions of Peter Moran and Felix Buhot off his hands. Meanwhile there are some bargains in mezzotints to be had in the print shops, and those who take advantage of them will have future occasion to congratulate themselves on their prosperity. [T.]

HERE AND THERE.

—About half of the necessary amount to defray the cost of a statue to the late ex-President Arthur has been raised.

—Will H. Low, the illustrator of Keats' "Lamia," is at work on twelve large drawings for a new edition of the same poet's "Odes and Sonnets."

—Antonin Mercié, the Paris sculptor, has been awarded the contract for the equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee, to be erected in Richmond.

—Mr. Lyman H. Low, the well-known coin dealer of New York City, has become the manager of the coin department of the Scott Stamp and Coin Company, Limited, of New York. Both parties are to be congratulated upon such a happy combination.

—Valentine's statue of Breckenridge has been accepted by the State of Kentucky as a thoroughly satisfactory piece of work. The casting of the statue in plaster has been accomplished, and it will shortly be put in bronze. The figure is of heroic size.

—The *New York Eistadlfod* will hold its next yearly meeting on February 22, 1888. Valuable prizes are offered for the best Welsh essays on five different subjects; also for the best Welsh poem. Translations, recitations, ensemble music, etc., will also receive rewards, and altogether the programme prepared for that great day is highly promising. For conditions, apply to the secretary, Henry Blackwell, Esq., Woodside, Long Island, N. Y.

—George W. Childs is preparing to erect a General Grant memorial window in St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church at Long Branch, where the great commander was a constant summer attendant during his lifetime. The church is in the upper village, over a mile from the ocean. The window, which will measure fourteen by seven feet, will be placed in the recess back of the pulpit, and will be the largest and most ornate in Long Branch.

—August St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln will be set up in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and will be unveiled this autumn. The size is colossal, and the statue, the chair at the back, the pedestal and the exedra, or semi-circular seat platform, and its approaches, will form an imposing ensemble at the head of Dearborn Avenue. The erection of the work is due to the generosity of the late Eli Bates, of that city. The pedestal and the exedra will be of rose colored granite.

* —The Rev. Dr. Maynard, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain, who has for many years lectured before large audiences, on Foreign Lands, in Chickering Hall, invites all who can, to attend his course for 1887-1888, beginning Wednesday, 26th October, at 3.30 o'clock. These lectures, in the most attractive way, without intellectual strain, with illuminated illustrations, afford a vast amount of interesting, historical, and popular information, together with a knowledge of art and architecture that only years of constant research can secure. The success of Dr. Maynard has largely resulted from the colloquial character of the delivery, giving a freshness and conversational freedom that monotonous recital, or learning by rote, seldom produces. There are ten lectures in all, and the course ticket costs \$5.00.

—The Japanese have set up an Industrial Museum in Osaka, which shows to how great an extent the manufacture, in the European style, of almost every sort of article required for personal or household use is being engaged in by the Japanese home makers. In that district many European industries are being introduced. The manufacture of glassware has been carried on to a certain extent in Osaka for a few years back.

Of late the manufacture has been much improved, and some good specimens of ground glassware are now produced at the works. It is proposed to extend this industry by the addition of the manufacture of plate-glass. Copper works, for the rolling of copper, and brass sheathing, for shipbuilding and other purposes, the drawing of copper and brass rods and wire, have been in existence in Osaka for some years, and are in active operation.

—HENRI-DEUX WARE.—This unique pottery, so dear to the connoisseur and so highly prized by the fortunate possessor of a specimen, was the subject of much speculation and disagreements among French writers on ceramics for many years, and is still surrounded in many respects with unsolved mystery. Our readers have probably never heard of this ware, the few existing specimens being the most costly in existence; they would bring ten times the price of any other ware if offered for sale. There are only about fifty pieces known to have been preserved, and more than one-half of these are in the possession of rich English collectors. Some fifty years ago the European continent was searched high and low for any specimens that might yet be found, and millionaires, princes, and the heads of museums contended for their possession. This ware was manufactured only for royalty, and, while bearing no potter's mark, (with a single exception), is decorated with the arms or monogram of the person for whom it was made. The date of manufacture is fixed to a short period between 1540 and 1560—perhaps twenty years. By many it is supposed to have been the production of Florentine artists working in France; by others, that it must have come from Italy, and was probably the work of Benvenuto Cellini, whose peculiar taste they believed to recognize in the work. Certainly the designs and execution might well have been traced to the influence of the Italian renaissance. The best authorities declare that the ware was purely of French origin, and distinctly of the style of the French renaissance. It is only natural that French writers should claim so precious and rare a ware, and one can reasonably concede the point when it is known that a large number of pieces bear the monogram of Henry II., and one, a device of the salamander, surrounded by flames, of Francis I., of France.

As all things mysterious are generally interesting, so did this curious ware create a great interest and scramble for its possession among the rich and powerful, in whose estimation that which is rare and mysterious is correspondingly valuable.

It is evident that the ware was made for presents only, and this lends a charm that in some eyes could not be excelled by any quality of the ware. We agree with many experts, that its technical merit is very small, but that has little to do with the value set upon it.

At the court of Francis lived a widow lady of noble birth, who was a great favorite of the king, and to whom he dedicated a number of rhymes. This lady is known to have established a pottery at her château, and employed an able potter to direct the work done. It is also a fact that this lady was an artist of no little talent, and many of her most meritorious works are still preserved. While "Henri-deux" ware is attributed to this pottery and supposed the work of this potter, it is by no means a wild speculation to believe the origin of this beautiful ware due rather to the artistic inventive genius of the lady who established the pottery, than to the executive ability of a common workman.



"the débutante."

—WILLIAM CAXTON. (? 1412-92).—Eight distinct founts of type are attributed to him, and the following is a summary of his labours :

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| No. 1. | type 1472-74 | 5 books probably all printed at Cologne. |
| 2. | 1474-78 | 20 books, three of which were printed at Bruges, the other seventeen in England. |
| 2. | 1478-81 | 9 books. |
| 3. | 1478-84 | 3 books, existing in fragments only, besides the headings of works in other types. |
| 4. | 1480-84 | 12 books. |
| 4. | 1473-91 | 18 books. |
| 5. | 1486-91 | 7 books. |
| 6. | 1489-91 | 8 books. |

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82 books in all.

Caxton conceived the idea of reproducing his books by printing, in 1471, in which year he was at Cologne, probably for the purpose of learning the new art. In the absence of direct evidence concerning his career, from 1471 to 1475, we must proceed by inference; and an impartial review of existing typographical monuments will lead us to believe that Veldener, Caxton, and Colard Mansion all learned and worked together in one printing house at Cologne. Whether the master printer was Zell, Ther Hoernen, Koelhof, Goetz, or any other, we know not, but Wynkyn de Worde's direct statement shows that Caxton's first typographical labour was the production of an edition of Glanvil's *De Proprietatibus*, apparently issued from Goetz's press and printed at Caxton's expense. After a certain period of practical study, Veldener started on his own account at Louvain, in 1473, Caxton at Bruges, in 1474, and Colard Mansion at the same place in 1475 or 1476. All three made use of types of similar kind, imitating the French and Burgundian writing of the time, and abandoning the German-Gothic models of Mentz and Cologne. The non-appearance of Mansion as an independent printer before 1475-76, and the curious fact that the first five books published by Caxton (in No. 1 type) were never used again, leads to the further conclusion that Caxton and Mansion produced those five books in partnership at Cologne, between 1472-74, at a press which was entirely surrendered (type and all) before their return to Bruges. There a new fount of letters was made from Mansion's models, and Caxton prepared to transfer his establishment to London. He effected this purpose in 1476, after testing the new types by printing his "*Dernieres Choses*," at Bruges. Then his career in England began (1476) and lasted till his death in 1491; while Mansion's press in Bruges only lasted from 1476 to 1484.

—The collection called "*Encyclopædia of Monograms*," by Mr. Chevilley, recently finished, will be the most complete in existence; each monogram will be found here combined in ten different ways, in all the styles in vogue down to the nineteenth century. In addition, there is given a complete collection of crests, and monograms of all the names, commonly employed, both in English and in the continental languages.

We wish to offer some hints which may prove of service to those making use of this work.

The word "monogram" is formed of two Greek words, *Monos*, one, and *Gramma*, a letter. A monogram is, therefore, a device formed by the assemblage of two or more letters so interlaced as to form a single character.

When this character is formed by the union of only two letters, it is a "simple" monogram, and when it contains all the letters of a person's name, it is called a "perfect" or "complete" monogram. In a complete monogram, containing all the letters of a name, the first letter should be much more distinct than the others—it is called the key of the monogram.

The origin of monograms is very ancient. Traces of the device are found in Greek coins of the age of Constantine, A. D. 306. One of the oldest known is that of Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, A. D. 489. The use of monograms spread rapidly, and the kings of France of the first and second race employed them for their signatures, their seals and their coins.

There are three distinct types of monograms.

1. *The Mediæval Monogram*.—This is composed of the characters in use in that period: the Uncial, the Minor, and the Gothic, derived from the Minor.

2. *The Renaissance Monogram*.—This is formed of the Latin capitals in use in the 19th century, and more or less ornamented.

3. *The Fanciful Monogram*.—This is composed of more modern characters, made up of elements borrowed from every quarter and combined according to the fancy of the designer.

These last are only called monograms when they are complete, that is, when they contain all the letters of a name. When they contain only certain of these letters they are called ciphers. Here are some notes on the first two styles:

The Mediæval Style.—The period called the Middle Ages begins with A. D. 475, and ends with 1453. The character employed in this period were the Uncial, the Minor and the Gothic.

It was during this epoch that those manuscripts were written which are to-day the object of universal admiration—veritable treasures of illuminated caligraphy.

The characteristics of the mediæval monograms are their simplicity and the singularity of their abbreviations. It is not rare to find one complete letter serving for two and, sometimes, even for three different letters. There are cases where all the secondary letters seem to be grafted upon the principal letter or to grow out of it.

The Renaissance Style.—The Renaissance monogram is composed of Latin characters as they were employed in the 16th century.

In these combinations the artist gave the rein to his fancy, and according to circumstances employed the ornate and decorated characters in vogue in his own time. It is necessary in this style to guard against the introduction of characters belonging to the mediæval time, since this would be an anachronism displeasing to people of learning and taste.

Exhibitions.—Season 1887-8.

National Academy, New York, Nov. 21 to Dec. 17.

Associated Artists, New York; Embroideries, Nov. 15 to Nov. 30.

Architectural League, New York, Dec. to Jan.

Colored Artists, Atlanta, Ga., Nov. to Dec.

Piedmont Exposition, Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 10.

Charitable Mechanic Association, Boston, Sept. 27 to Nov. 12.

Preparations are being made for the fall exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Club.

THE PERIODICALS OF THE MONTH.

The following articles, treating of subjects kindred to those topics THE CURIO is devoted to, were published since our last issue under the headings given hereafter :

Adriatic, Architecture on shores of.....(Aug. 20) <i>Amer. Arch.</i>	England, Old English Fair..... <i>Chambers</i>
America, Historical Treasures of..... <i>Mag. Amer. Hist.</i>	England since Henry VIII..... <i>Girl's Own Paper</i>
Art, Berlin Exhibition..... <i>Urban Land and Meer</i>	Etymology, Curies of.....(Aug. 20) <i>All the Year Round</i>
Art, Criticism on Raphael..... <i>Nineteenth Century</i>	Folk Lore, Recent Books on..... <i>Scott's English</i>
Art, Death of the Renaissance.....(Aug.) <i>Dial</i>	France, Ancient Buildings in.....(Aug. 6) <i>Sat. Rev.</i>
Art, Durand-Kuel Collection.....(July) <i>Studio</i>	France, Royal Army of (1789), (Aug. 15) <i>Rev. des Deux Mondes</i>
Art, Landseer, Edwin.....(Aug.) <i>Boy's Mag.</i>	Heraldry..... <i>Girl's Own Paper</i>
Art, La Tour..... <i>Art Journal</i>	Indians, Historic Pictographs..... <i>Mag. Amer. Hist.</i>
Art, J. F. Millet.....(July) <i>Gazette des Beaux Arts</i>	Japan, Ancient Rulers of..... <i>F. L. Pop. Mo.</i>
Art, Nature in the Louvre..... <i>Magazine of Art</i>	Japan, Legends of.....(Aug. 27) <i>Rev. Biblic.</i>
Art, Private Galleries of United States (July) <i>Gaz. d. Beaux Arts</i>	London, Charterhouse.....(Sept. 3) <i>Athenaeum</i>
Art, Rosetti and Pre-Raphaelites..... <i>Every Boy's Mag.</i>	London, Christ's Hospital..... <i>St. Nicholas</i>
Art, Royal Academy Exhibition..... <i>Art Journal</i>	London, Visit to the Tower..... <i>Church Mag.</i>
Art, Rude, Francois.....(Aug. 1) <i>L'Art</i>	Manuscripts, Ancient Collection of (July 1) <i>Gaz. des Beaux Arts</i>
Art, Sales in America..... <i>Art Journal</i>	Mary Stuart and the Peterboro' Exhibit.....(Aug. 27) <i>Spectator</i>
Art, Salon of 1887.....(Aug. 15) <i>L'Art</i>	Mexico, Literary..... <i>World</i>
Art, Sculpture in Salon of 1887... (July 1) <i>Gaz. des Beaux Arts</i>	Mexico, National Library.....(Aug. 27) <i>Amer. Arch.</i>
Art, Some recent Monuments.....(Aug. 11) <i>Independent</i>	Monticello, Later Years..... <i>Nineteenth Century</i>
Art, St. Gaudens' Lincoln Monument... (Aug. 18) <i>Independent</i>	New England Homes.....(Aug.) <i>Amer. Art.</i>
Art, Stepping Stones to Sculpture..... <i>Illustration</i>	Orkney, Peasant Nobility of..... <i>Westminster</i>
Art, Vinci's Adoration of the Magi.....(Aug. 15) <i>L'Art</i>	Oxford, Name of.....(Sept. 3) <i>Academy</i>
Bayeux Tapestry, Fac-simile Reproduction..... <i>Mag. of Art</i>	Paris, Churches of.....(Aug. 27) <i>Amer. Arch.</i>
Book, An Old..... <i>Atlantic</i>	Polo, Marco..... <i>Blackie's</i>
Books, Bindings..... <i>Hour Glass</i>	Printing, Invention of.....(Aug. 13) <i>Academy</i>
Books that have helped me..... <i>Book Mart</i>	Shakespeare, English and the Prayer-Book.... <i>Church Review</i>
Books that have helped me..... <i>Forum</i>	Shakespeare, Sonnets of..... <i>Knowledge</i>
China, Recent Literature in..... <i>Nat. Review</i>	Signatures, Statistics of..... <i>World</i>
Church, Cathedral of Florence..... <i>F. L. Pop. Mo.</i>	Thackeray, Unpublished Letters of.....(Aug. 20) <i>Athenaeum</i>
Clinton, Geo. (Maj.-Gen.)..... <i>Ballou's</i>	Thackeray, Unpublished Letters of..... <i>Scribner's</i>
Diamonds, Four large South African..... <i>Swiss Cross</i>	Upholstery at Home..... <i>Amateur Work</i>
Domesday-Book..... <i>F. L. Sun. Mag.</i>	Vallière, Louise de la..... <i>London Soc.</i>
Eighteenth Century, Poetry of the..... <i>New Eng.</i>	Van Schaack's, (H.G.) Historical Treasures... <i>Mag. Amer. Hist.</i>
Elizabethan Furniture..... <i>Amateur Work</i>	

THE "CURIO" CAMERA.

NO. 2.—"THE DEBUTANTE."

Mrs. James Brown Potter, the one-day pupil of Sarah Bernhardt, and the would be rival of the Jersey Lily.

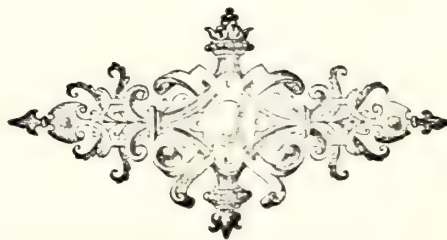
The lovely child of one of those chivalrous Southern families where Imagination is Queen of the house and Reason its Cinderella; born in the dark days of Rebellion, Ruin and Regret; lets her warm heart and her excitable mind see things as she wants them, not as they are; has little understood the world, its flatteries, snares and deceptions; took it all for virgin gold and built her life upon such clouds.

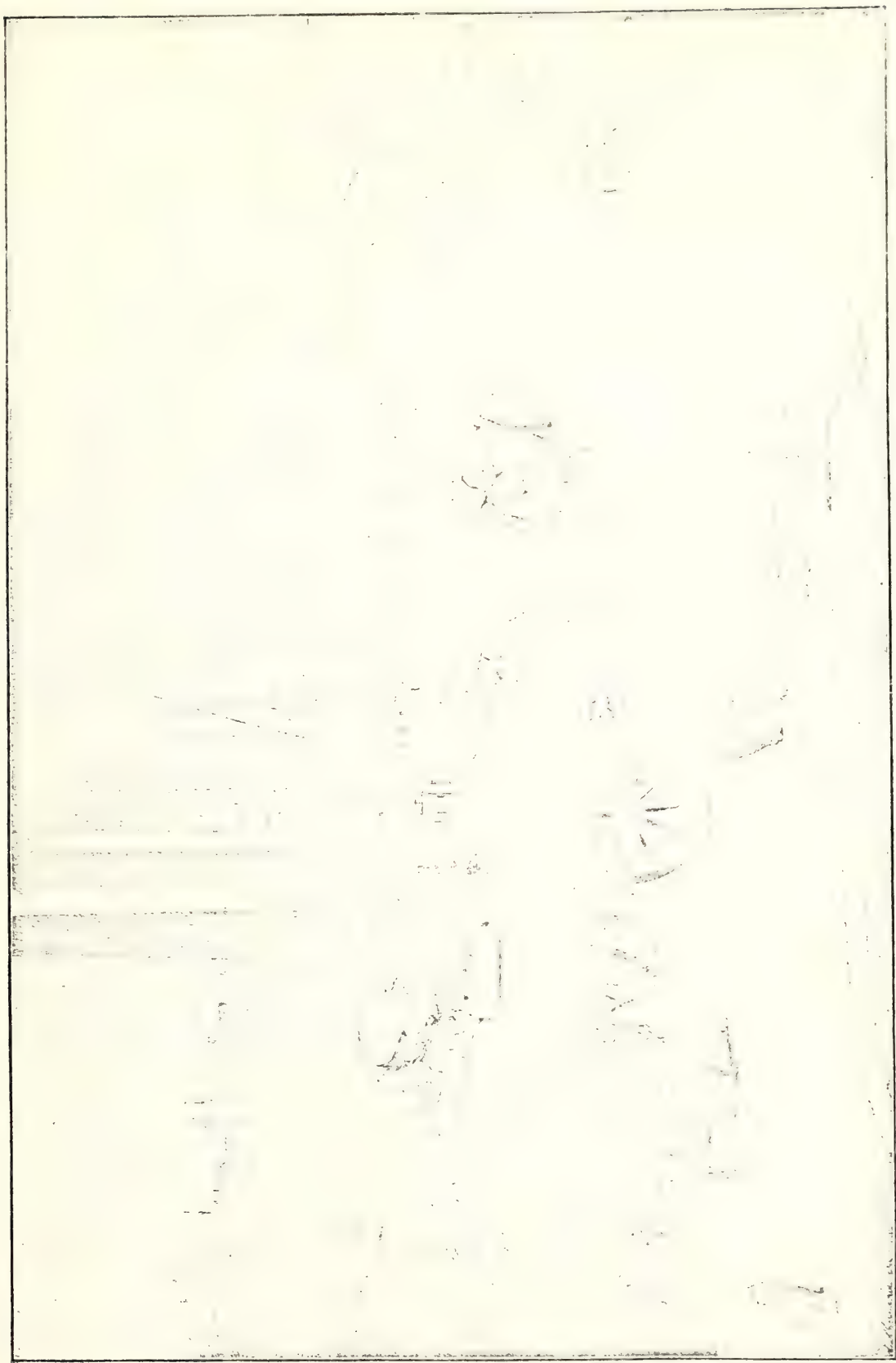
Yesterday, the envied amateur, giving her smile for charity's sake.

To-day, by her own free will, the companion and the peer of the Rialto Knights.

To-morrow.....

The Sibyl.





No. 30. CHARLES GIRON [of Paris.] Two Sisters.
From the Paris Salon, 1883.

This remarkable work, which has been exhibited in the principal cities of Europe, has been sufficient to give its author a universal renown. The scene it represents is simple and striking. Two sisters of humble origin started life in different roads. One followed the rough path of honest work and virtue. She married a man of her own class and has borne him several children. She has just been out for a walk with them, to meet their father on his way home from work, when an elegant carriage passes by, and seated in it, in a luxurious toilet that represents, probably, more than a workingman's yearly income, is her own sister. The poor woman knows by what unrighteous means that wealth has been obtained. She has just called out some bitter words of reproach to her fallen sister, to which the cold, heartless creature disdains to reply. The expression of the coachman and footman's faces is in itself a little comedy.

NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN ART.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. H—L—.



NO. I GENIUS OF MIRTH.
(Marble by Crawford.)

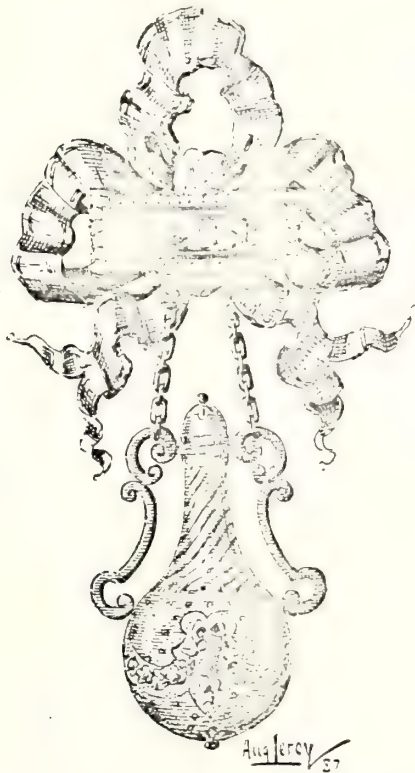
IT IS certainly one of the most pleasing features of a tour through sunny Italy to be allowed to visit, for a nominal fee covering but half the expense of care taking, etc., the many private galleries, which, from Turin to Naples, and even Palermo, adorn that heaven-blessed country. The graceful kindness—or, better said, the real love of art for art's own sake—shown by the Italian *grande*es, possessors of so many specimens of antique, Renaissance and modern talent, has had undoubtedly, a beneficent influence upon the general education of the civilized world. The writer himself remembers how, in 1865, he was allowed to visit the principal galleries of Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice and Genoa, under the guidance of that distinguished connoisseur, Prince Joseph Lubomirski, and what delight filled his youthful soul as the *palazzi* displayed, the one after the other, to his ardent and enthusiastic eyes, the wealth of their renowned collections. Such remembrances are never to be forgotten, and they help marvelously to build up that interior edifice of culture and refinement—one of the essential features of men and women of the world. How many young sons of family from England, France, Germany, Austria, even America—the newly discovered continent, still on its own ex-

peditions of discovery—have brought back to their homes, from such an intelligent excursion, the seeds of an art education that would otherwise never have bloomed to life! And now that so many among our fellow-citizens—young girls particularly—train themselves for such a visit to the chosen land of art, music and belles-lettres, what a debt of gratitude do they contract, as it were in advance, toward these generous noblemen who feel in duty bound to throw open for their examination the treasures brought together by many generations of their cultured ancestors! Spain follows in the path thus opened. We have found in Austria—especially in Hungary—a few private galleries to which access is allowed the traveling public; but alas! neither Germany, France, England nor America seem to have understood this moral obligation, imposed by the law of nature on the possessors of master-pieces. We do not care particularly for the free-land theories of Mr. Henry George, but we do care for a freer and broader understanding of the natural laws of artistic generosity. Public collections—if they are not public *in name* only, as the Lenox Library, for instance—are all right and desirable in their way; but, in this age of gigantic accumulation of wealth, when the governments are generally the poorest among the powers that be, we feel that the collectors of art treasures, even more so than the monopolists of stocks and bonds or the real estate kings, ought not to be allowed to escape from the obligation to exert, with a liberal and intelligent hand, the duties of the hospitalities of art.

* * *

It is certainly not too soon to broach the subject in this, our own country, so honestly desir-

ous to do things with an open-handed and courteous liberality, but so awkwardly trammelled by the sudden growth of its intellectual development. We are just now most decidedly the prey of an "embarras de richesses," and we suffer, moreover, from many of the idiosyncrasies of the "petites villes," being afraid to face the comments of our immediate neighbors and to hear the words "ostentation" and "love of display" thrown in our faces, should we open,



No. 2. SALTS-BOTTLE of rich gold, in exquisite chasing, set with the owner's monogram in diamonds, suspended, "en chatelaine," by a gold chain, and fastened with the help of an ancient cameo brooch set with jewels.

even to a special public, the doors of our private galleries or of our curio collections.

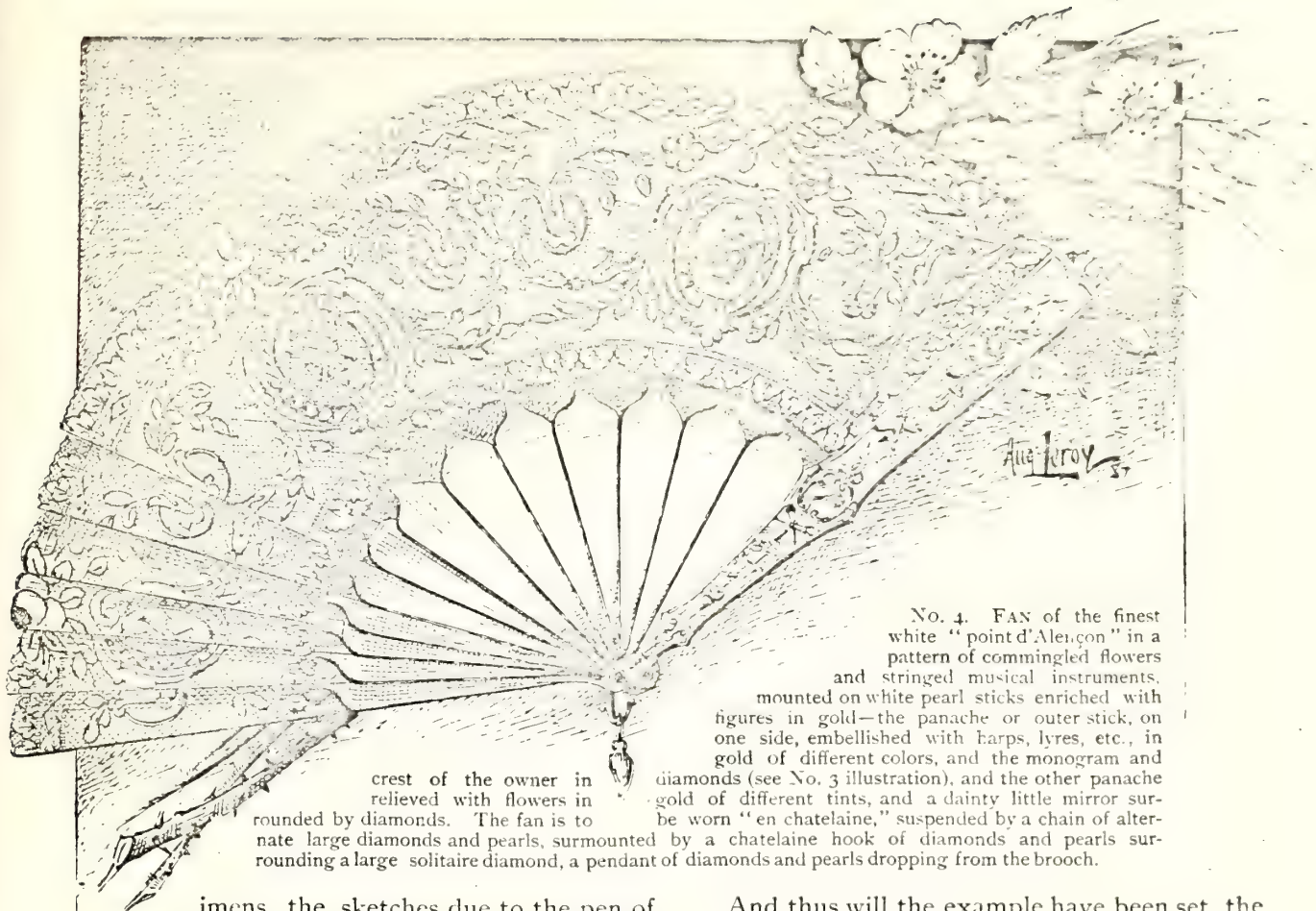
Our museums are few, far between, and ill-stocked, while it is a well-known fact that many of the works of art of the most real value, recently offered for sale in all parts of old Europe, have been bought for some private American collections. An insane tariff vainly interferes in favor of stagnation and systematic ignorance; the extra duties are cheerfully paid, and the examples of the great masters enter

our ports, our houses, our lofty galleries. Yet—once received—they are the delight of but a few, a very few, when they ought to constitute the art inspirators of the *élite* of our ideal-struck youth, the cherished and revered models of our budding painters, sculptors, engravers.

And not only is this true in the higher spheres of art, and of the imported creations of foreign genius; it is even more true in regard to those specimens of American art which we are justly proud to see multiply in number, year after year, as they climb higher up the scale of excellence. The minor branches of art have found already, among us, no mean interpreters. Chiselling, modelling, jewel-setting, enamel-painting and mounting, all the details of interior decoration, have reached, nowadays, especially in New York, a respectable degree of perfection. The education of these special artists has been pushed faster than that of their prouder brethren. The models and the instructors have been more easily secured, and a few houses of business,—one, perhaps, above all others—have directed their ambition in the line of exquisite creation. Thus it is that we are enabled to entitle these few notes "Examples of American Art," and do not fear any contradiction from the connoisseurs when we place before their eyes, with the description of these few spec-



No. 3. The outer stick of the fan, No. 4.



NO. 4. FAN of the finest white "point d'Aleçon" in a pattern of commingled flowers and stringed musical instruments,

mounted on white pearl sticks enriched with figures in gold—the panache or outer stick, on one side, embellished with harps, lyres, etc., in gold of different colors, and the monogram and diamonds (see No. 3 illustration), and the other panache gold of different tints, and a dainty little mirror sur-

crest of the owner in relieved with flowers in rounded by diamonds. The fan is to nate large diamonds and pearls, surmounted by a chatelaine hook of diamonds and pearls surrounding a large solitaire diamond, a pendant of diamonds and pearls dropping from the brooch.

imens, the sketches due to the pen of our skilled special artist.

* * *

The first private collection, thus opened to public inspection and criticism, has been brought together with unfailing patience and the help of an inborn taste. THE CURIO never praises by order, and we prefer to let the facts praise themselves. We will therefore simply state that—the first, perhaps, among her brother and sister collectors—the owner of these beautiful articles of vertu, plate, jewels and statuary has consented to have her treasures submitted to the examination of those who know and understand such things, and who find profit, or simply pleasure, in studying the details of man's ingenious and lovely creations. We can truthfully state that some of these pieces are *chefs-d'œuvres* of their kind; others find an additional value in the historic, even patriotic interest they excite—as in the case of the sculptor Crawford's works.

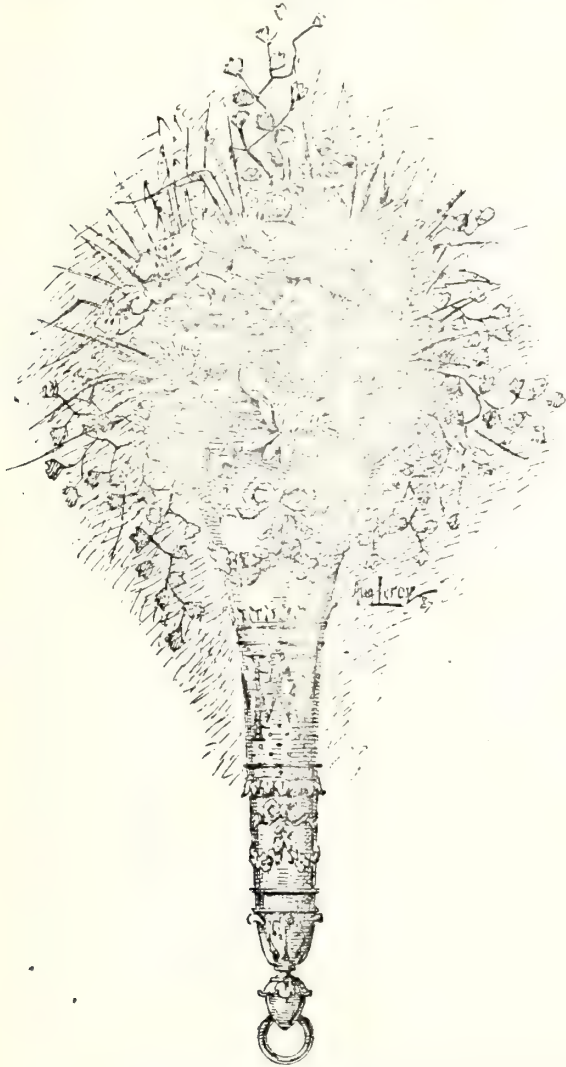
And thus will the example have been set, the move given. Let others, no less fortunate in their accumulation of art tokens, follow in the opened track. If our peculiar state of civilization does not allow us to leave our doors open to the passer-by in love with the secrets of art and with their tangible manifestations, it does not preclude our giving to the public fairly executed reproductions of notable specimens of such dainty inspiration, adding thus our mite to the artist's treasure of information, and to the connoisseur's happiness.

* * *

We have thought that the following details concerning the distinguished American artist, Thomas Crawford, although not in any way original or new, might be found interesting by a generation which seems to hold his works in undeserved oblivion.

Thomas Crawford, the American sculptor, was born in New York, March 22nd, 1814. He died in London England, October 10th, 1857.

Crawford worked first at wood carving, and at the age of nineteen he entered the studio of Frazee & Zannitz of New York. After two years' apprenticeship, during which he worked on the bust of Chief Justice Marshall and on others, he went to Italy with a letter of introduction to Thorwaldsen, the great Danish

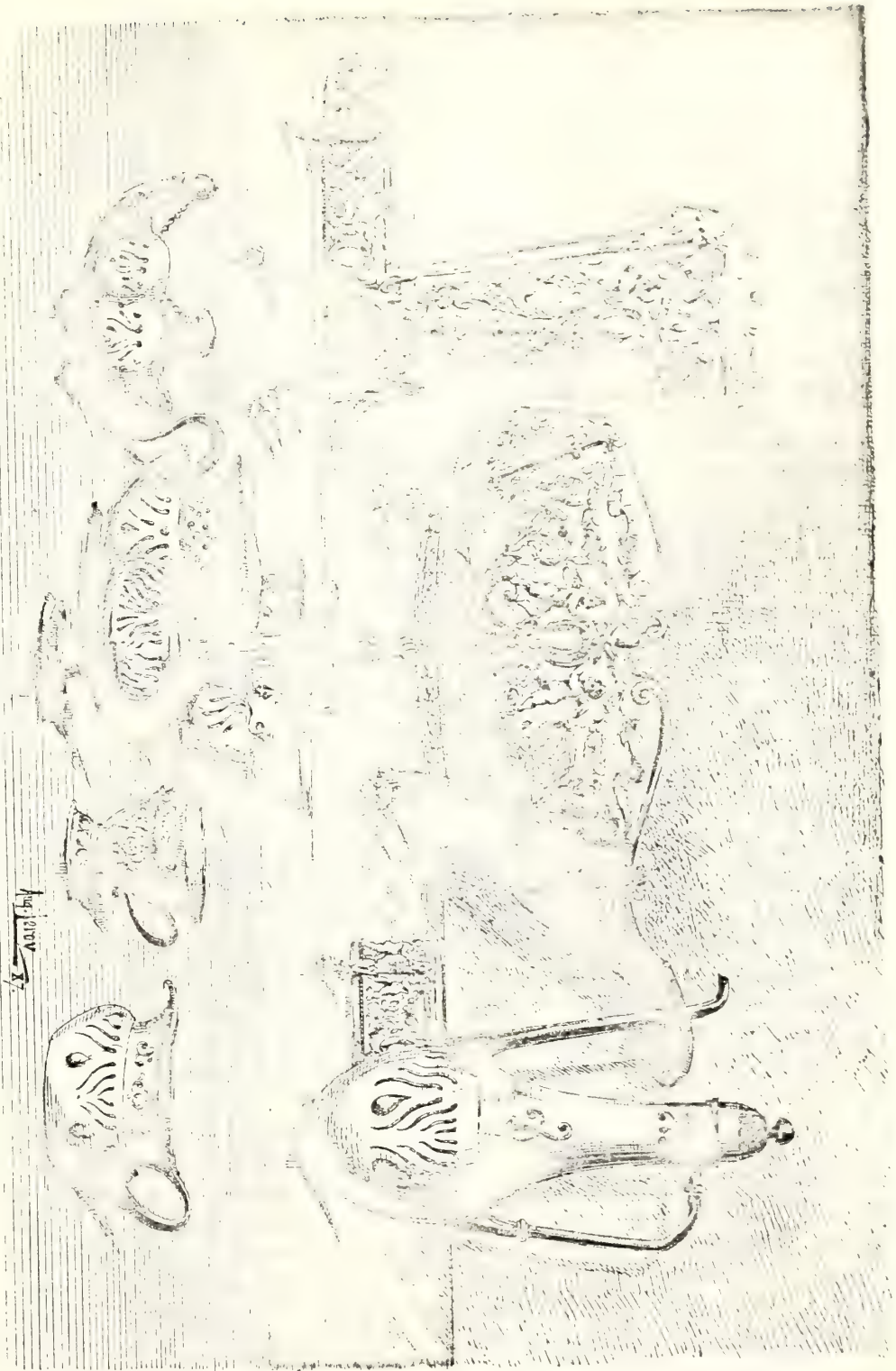


No. 6. BOUQUET-HOLDER of trumpet shape in chased Etruscan and red gold, encrusted with miniature blossoms of gold in different tints, having simulated dewdrops in diamonds nestling in the hearts and sparkling on the petals, and the lady's monogram in diamonds embellishing the central division of the jewel.

sculptor, who invited him to work in his studio and for years assisted him earnestly in his labors. During ten weeks, in 1837, he modelled seventeen busts and copied in marble the "Figure of Demosthenes" in the Vatican. In 1839

he designed his "Orpheus," which first brought him into notice in America and elicited the warm commendation of Gibson & Thorwaldsen. Charles Sumner, who saw the "Orpheus" in Rome, was so struck with its merits that he procured its author an order for a copy in marble, which is now in the Boston Athenæum. In 1844 he visited America and married. On the following summer he modelled the bust of "J. Quincy, Senior," for Harvard University and then returned to Europe. In 1848 he chiselled the two examples of his art reproduced in this magazine. In 1849 he again visited America and prepared his model of Washington, for the State of Virginia; it was adopted. From the time of his return to Rome, in 1850, until he was incapacitated for work, he was engaged on various bronze and marble works—one of the most remarkable being the bronze statue of Beethoven, for the Boston Music Hall, and the colossal equestrian statue of Washington, for Richmond, Va. In 1858 he received a commission from Congress for various works in marble and bronze for the Capitol at Washington; also for the remarkable doors to be found in the same public edifice; also for his grandest work, "Armed Liberty," destined for the dome of the Capitol. While engaged on these works he executed the "Babes in the Woods," "Hebe of Ganymede" and several portrait busts. In 1856 he visited America, leaving his family in Rome, was taken sick and returned to Paris and London for medical advice. He died in the latter place in 1857, having finished upwards of sixty works, many of them colossal in size and conception. His chief mythological subjects are the "*Genius of Mirth*," [given page 97] "The Muse," "Autumn," "Orpheus," "Cupid," "Flora," "Io," "The Peri," "Apollo," "Homer," "Diana," "Vesta," "Sappho," "Paris Presenting the Apple to Venus," "The Archer," "Mercury & Psyche," "Jupiter and Psyche," "Psyche Found," "Nymph and Satyr," "Boy and Goat."

His Biblical illustrations are: "Adam and Eve," "David & Goliath," "David before Saul," "The Shepherds and the Wise Men before Christ" [24 Figures], "Christ Disputing with the Doctors" [12 Figures], "Christ Ascending



No. 6. DESSERT SERVICE of sterling silver gilt (*vermilion*), some pieces in the Louis XVI. style of ornamentation, others of a simpler design, partaking of Oriental form and decoration, bearing on each piece the owner's coat-of-arms and monogram in relief, finished and chased by hand. It is made after special designs and sizes suggested by Mrs. H—L—, is unique and cannot be reproduced except on her order.



NO. 7. VINAIGRETTE of enamel, reproduced from the old Florentine enamel, which was for centuries a lost art, representing in refined coloring and in delicate drawing the Assumption of the Virgin Mary—the figure pillowed on clouds and surrounded by cherubim, mounted in Etruscan gold, the jewel suspended by a gold chatelaine which is confined at the side by a turtle chatelaine hook in diamonds, from which drops a locket in enamel representing one of the cherubs of Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, with diamond-studded wings.

from the Tomb," "Christ Raising Jairus' Daughter," "The Daughter of Herodias," "Repose in Egypt," "Eve Tempted," "Eve with Cain and Abel," "Lead Us into Life Everlasting," "Christ Blessing the Children," "Christ at the Well of Samaria."

Among various other works are found: "The Dancers" [2 life size figures of children]; the Statues of "Channing," "Washington Alston," "Henry Clay" and many other busts, and a beautiful one of his wife. His marble presentation of "James Otis" is in the chapel at Mount Auburn; "Adam & Eve," "Orpheus," "The Shepherdess" and "J. Quincy," are in the Boston Athenæum.

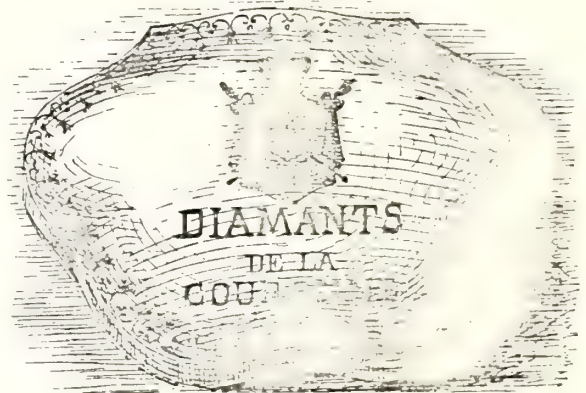
The two statues, the pen-sketches of which are inserted in this article as belonging to the

collection of Mrs. H—L—, were obtained from the sculptor by Mr. Henry W—H—, in Rome, as far back as 1848. At that time, this distinguished and high-minded connoisseur helped with an ever-generous hand the debut of several young American artists, more than one of whom is still living to bear witness to his excellent taste and his enlightened munificence.

It may be also interesting to know that a number of the original models [plaster casts] of Thomas Crawford were destroyed by fire, several years ago, at the burning of the St. Vincent House, Central Park, New York, rendering thus any duplicating of many works of Crawford a matter of utter impossibility.

* * *

On the 10th of December last, the French Parliament, after a lengthy and animated discussion, voted the sale at public auction of the jewels and precious stones, forming the collec-



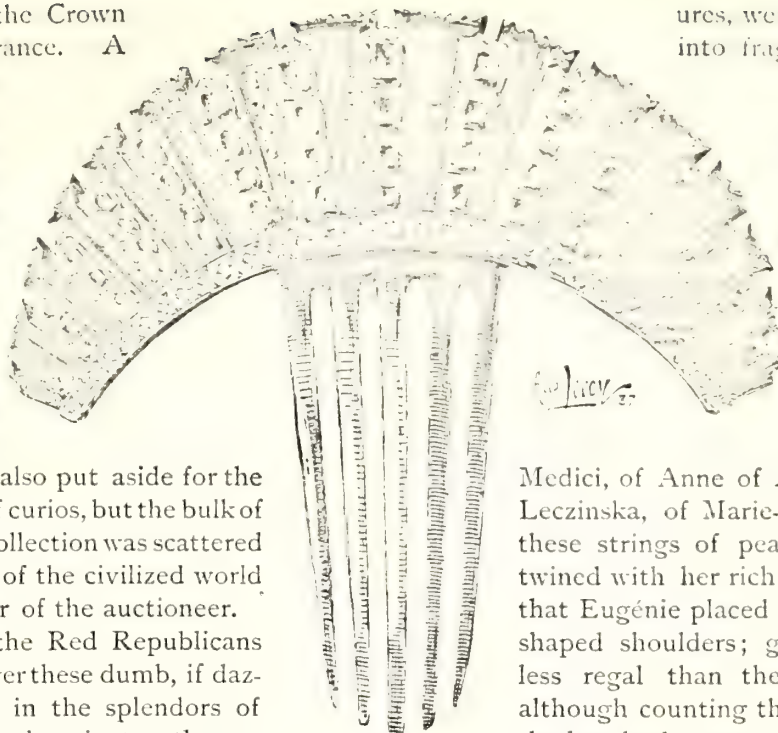
NO. 7. FROM THE FRENCH CROWN DIAMONDS.

tion known, as the Crown Diamonds of France. A

limited number of stones of extraordinary value, such as "The Régent," the finest, if not the largest, brilliant known to exist, were preserved as *geological specimens*; a few jewels of special historical interest were also put aside for the

Louvre galleries of curios, but the bulk of that magnificent collection was scattered to the four winds of the civilized world under the hammer of the auctioneer.

And thus did the Red Republicans triumph at last over these dumb, if dazzling participants in the splendors of royalty; thus did the nineteenth century democrats complete the work of the Terrorists. After the scions of Royal blood, after the highly-born courtiers and the "grandes dames" of the "ancient régime," the kingly palace had fallen under the revengeful hatred of the reigning sovereign, *Monsieur tout le Monde*. And as there did remain, safely stored in the halls of the "Mobilier de l'Etat," a few trinkets which had shown on the foreheads of queens and on the bosoms of empresses, an ever-vigilant spirit of rancor, blind to that distinctive trait of the French type—love of the beautiful before and above everything—opened the jewel cases with a jerk of ill-augur, and threw their contents to the gaping crowd. A few paltry millions—we mean millions of *francs*, not of *dollars*—were realized in that way, and poured into that French Treasury which swallows up two billion dollars a year. But, alas! these lovely souvenirs of Saint-Germain, Versailles, the Tuileries, Saint-Cloud, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, these masterpieces of the jeweler's art handling nature's rarest treas-



COMB, modeled after the form of what the ladies term a *ruche*, having fifteen folds raised between others depressed, the whole ornament being paved with diamonds, those in the raised flutes being larger and all varying in size from one to five carats each. One of the beauties of this piece is that the stones are so mounted that the backs are nearly as much exposed as the faces and show to almost as much advantage. The diamonds have all been selected for their purity, and the whole forms an absolutely unique piece of jewelry. The design was given by Mrs. H—L—, and it is claimed that the workmanship has never been excelled in any New York jewelry firm.

[Reduced in Size.]

ures, were ordered broken into fragments, so as to meet some possible buyers, losing thus in the final catastrophe, even to the last vestige of a distinct personality.

Gone, they are, the "rivieres" that encircled the neck of Catharine of

Medici, of Anne of Austria, of Marie Leczinska, of Marie-Antoinette; gone these strings of pearls Joséphine entwined with her rich "chevelure," and that Eugénie placed on her exquisitely shaped shoulders; gone the diadems, less regal than their bearer's mien, although counting the "brilliants" by the hundreds; gone the pendants and the bracelets and the rings; gone the unique stones collected by Mazarin, the rubies and the sapphires imported from the Eastern lands by the Regent, a man of taste if a wicked "roué." These sword-knots will no longer hang at the side of a Bourbon prince, nor these diamond buttons retain the folds of a court dress; the Cathedral of Reims will never see again these gorgeous witnesses of the great coronations, and, if ever the Cardinal-Archbishop pours the holy oils on the brow of a Phillip the VIIth., King of France and Navarre, the crown that will bow reverently before the Envoy of the Lord above, will have to be built by modern hands and boast no history of its own. The work of the radical iconoclasts has been done with care and, so

far, with apparent success. No more kings, no more palaces, no more jewels, not even a name on a monument's gate or on a street's lamp post. "We are a Republic now, *vous savez*, and don't you forget it."

Well, if it is to be so—if bygones are to be

bygones and forever—who, among the admirers of the rare, the beautiful, the antique, will find it strange, even in this land of ultra liberty, if a few pious souls have tried to collect some of the souvenirs of that great Past, and treasure them as such. In this special case no love of display can be supposed to exist, as the ornament bought is of no great intrinsic value. But the jewel, its case marked with the Imperial arms, the fact of its having been bought at the sale

itself, not from any doubtful source, all that constitutes, and will constitute more every year, a *curio* in the full and best sense of that modern word, *i. e.*, an original and artistic *curiosity*.

Thus does it find its place in a collection of "Notable Examples of American Art," a link, as it were, of that chain of sympathy that must unite for evermore the Royal France of the Bourbon Kings with the country they helped to free.

The Rambler.



NO. 10. THE MEXICAN PRINCESS.
[Marble by Craceford.]

LIFE-WISHES.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667).

This only grant me ; that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone ;
The unknown are better than ill known :
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.
Books should, not business, entertain the light ;
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace ; and should fitting be
For all my use, not luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his sabine field.
Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate ;
But boldly say each night ;
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have lived to-day

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN PEDIGREES

Scott of Ancrum.

SCOTT, LEWIS ALLAIRE, of Philadelphia, born in Philadelphia, Pa., succeeded April 3, 1858, his father, John Morin Scott, Esquire, of Philadelphia, in the Male Representation of the American (junior) branch of the family of Scott of Ancrum, Baronets; married Fanny, youngest daughter of Richard Wistar. Has had from that marriage: 1st. John Morin Scott. 2nd. Richard Wistar Scott, who died in infancy. 3d. Lewis Allaire Scott, Jr. 4th. Alexander Harvey Scott—and a daughter, Hannah Lewis Scott. Was a member of the Philadelphia bar. Has now retired from active practice.

The heir apparent to the Male Representation of the American (junior) branch of the family of Scott of Ancrum is the Hon. John Morin Scott, member of the bar and of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

LINEAGE.

I. UCHTREDUS FILIUS SCOTI, the founder of the ancient family of Scott, was witness to the foundation charters of the abbeys of Holyrood House and Selkirk, by David II., in the years 1128 and 1130. It does not appear, however, that this person assumed the name of Scott as a surname, but that he was designated "filius Scoti," as a son of a Scotsman, to distinguish him from other persons called Uchtred, which was then a common Christian name beyond the Tweed. This Uchtred was father of,

II. RICHARD, who did assume the name of Scott, and was living during the reigns of Malcolm IV. and of William the Lion. This Richard Scot was witness to a charter granted in or before 1158. He had two sons,

Richard, ancestor of the Duke of Buccleuch; and,

III. MICHEL, the undoubted ancestor of the Scots of Balweary (later of Ancrum). He was a man of property and power in the County of Fife, flourished in the reign of King William (1165), and married Margaret, daughter of Duncan Syras, of that ilk. He made a donation to the monastery of Dunfermline, "pro salute animi sui," &c., of the lands of Gascum-

enfen, in the county of Fife, in the reign of the said King William. He died soon after and was succeeded by his son,

IV. DUNCAN SCOT, who confirmed his father's donation to the monastery of Dunfermline; it was also confirmed by King Alexander II., in 1231. Duncan was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. MICHAEL SCOT, who had the honor of knighthood conferred upon him by King Alexander II., and was one of the Assize upon a perambulation of the marshes between the monastery of Dunfermline and the lands of Dunduff, then belonging to David "Hostiarius," in 1231. He married the daughter and sole heiress of Sir Richard Balweary, with whom he got the lands and barony of Balweary, in the county of Fife, which became the chief title of his family. By her he had a son,

VI. SIR MICHAEL SCOT of Balweary, who succeeded him and was second Baron of Balweary, of the name of Scot. Upon the death of his father-in-law he succeeded to all the possessions of the ancient family of the Balweary's of that ilk. He was a man of extraordinary abilities, and made a great figure in his time. After pursuing, with unusual success, the study of languages, belles-lettres and mathematics at home, he travelled into France, where he resided several years. From France, he removed into Germany, and lived for awhile at the Court of the Emperor Frederick II., a prince, the most eminent of his time, both for his own learning and for the encouragement which he gave to learned men. But that prince being then engaged in war, Sir Michael Scot withdrew from the court to prosecute with more advantage in retirement his favorite studies of medicine and chemistry.

Sir Michael is called in the histories of the Middle Ages, the *Magus* or *Wizard*, and his extraordinary proficiency in all Aristotelic sciences are still the admiration of the scholars. He is also said to have been a prophet, and among other events to have foretold the union of Scotland and England. He left behind him several publications. Sir George Mackenzie calls him one of the greatest philosophers, mathematicians, physicians, and linguists of the time in which he lived, and says that had he not been so much addicted to astrology, alchemy, physiognomy and chiromancy, he would have deserved recognition of the republic

of letters. Sir Michael of Balweary, with most of the nobility and gentry of his country, was compelled to submit to King Edward I. of England in 1296. He died about 1304, and left issue two sons, the eldest of whom, viz.:

VII. SIR HENRY SCOT of Balweary, was also compelled to submit to the said King Edward I. of England. He died in the beginning of the reign of King David Bruce, and left issue a son and successor,

VIII. SIR ANDREW SCOT of Balweary, a great patriot, and always ready to fight in defence of the liberties of his country. He lost his life at the taking of Berwick by the Scots, in 1355, leaving issue an infant son,

IX. SIR WILLIAM SCOT of Balweary, who succeeded him and got a charter of confirmation from John, Abbot of Dunfermline, dated June 3, 1393. He died in the end of the reign of King Robert III., and was succeeded by his son,

X. SIR MICHAEL SCOT of Balweary, who, by an authentic writ still preserved, disposed of the lands of Cambrune, and mill thereof, to Sir John Wemyss, of that ilk, in 1400. He died in the reign of King James II., and was succeeded by his son,

XI. SIR WILLIAM SCOT of Balweary, who married Isabel, daughter of Sir John Moncrieff, of that ilk, and got a charter under the Great Seal from King James III., upon his own resignation, dated the 16th of October, 1484. He got a confirmation from Adam, Abbot of Dunfermline, to himself and Mr William Scot, his son and apparent heir of the lands and Barony of Balweary, in 1498. He got several charters from King James IV., of many different lands and baronies, dated 1493, 1494, 1498 &c. Sir William was succeeded by

XII. SIR WILLIAM SCOT of Balweary, who married Janet, daughter of Thomas Lundy of that ilk. He got a charter from King James IV., of the lands of Muiburn in Fifeshire, also a charter of the lands and barony of Strameglo, Easter and Wester Pitlour, and several others united to the barony of Strameglo, with power to erect that town into a barony, etc, dated the penult of February, 1509. By these and other charters it appears that he was possessed of a large estate. He accompanied King James IV. to the famous Battle of Flodden, in 1513, where he was taken prisoner, which obliged him to sell several of his estates, to purchase his redemption. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XIII. SIR WILLIAM SCOT of Balweary, who, in his father's lifetime, was put in possession of the lands and barony of the Innertiel, and was long designated by that title. He got a charter

under the Great Seal, upon his father's resignation, dated the 5th of March, 1528. He married Isabel, daughter of Patrick, the fifth Lord Lindsay, of Byres, and got a charter under the Great Seal, from King James V., dated the 7th of May, 1535. He had two sons and one daughter: 1. Sir William, his heir. 2. Andrew, progenitor of the Scots of Ancrum, who carried on the line of this family. Sir William (XIII.) was succeeded by his eldest son; but that line failing in the reign of Charles II., the line of Ancrum is carried on through

XIV. ANDREW SCOT, second son of Sir William of Balweary (XIII.), who got from his father in patrimony possession of the lands and barony of Glendoick in Perthshire, with this express provision, that after the death of this Andrew these lands should return to the family of Balweary. He lived in the reign of Queen Mary, was a man of prudence and economy, and acquired the lands of Kirkstile, in the parish of Kinfauns, in Perthshire, which then became the title of the family. He married Euphame, daughter of Thomas Blair, of Balthyock, by whom he had a son,

XV. ALEXANDER SCOT of Kirkstile, who married Catharine, daughter of Hugh Moncrieff of Rind, by whom he had a son,

XVI. PATRICK SCOT of Kirkstile, later of Langshaw and later of Ancrum, who succeeded him. He lived in the reign of King James VI., was a man of good abilities and great application to business. He sold his lands of Kirkstile, in Perthshire, and purchased those of Langshaw, in the South country. He afterwards acquired the lands and barony of Ancrum, in Roxburghshire, which hath ever since been the chief title of the family. He married first, Elizabeth, daughter of ——— Simpson, of Monturpie, an ancient family in the county of Fife, by whom he had three sons and one daughter. He died in the reign of King Charles I., and was succeeded by his son,

XVII. SIR JOHN SCOT of Ancrum, who got a charter under the Great Seal of the lands and barony of Ancrum, &c., dated Anno 1670. He was, by King Charles II., created a baronet, by his Royal Patent to him and his heirs male, dated the 27th of October, 1671. He married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Scott, of Mangerton, by whom he had five sons and five daughters, among whom,

1. Sir Patrick, his heir,

3. JOHN, "who being bred a merchant, settled in New York, where he married and had a numerous issue, some of whom are in a prosperous situation" (these are the terms used by Playfair in his "British Fam-

ily Antiquities," A. D., 1181). The first baronet married, secondly, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Bennett of Grubbet, by whom he had two daughters [The continuation of the Lineage of the Barons Scott of Ancrum down to the present (seventh) Baronet, is to be found in any Peerage and Baronetage of Great Britain and Ireland. We follow now the *American line only*]. The American line begins with,

XVIII. JOHN SCOTT, third son of the first Baronet of Ancrum. The exact date of his arrival



is not known to the family in America. It seems that on the 2d of January, 1702, he and his partner William Glencrosse were appointed prize-masters at New York. The appointment is recorded at Albany in the office of the Secretary of State. March 2d, 1702, he was "received and allowed a freeman and a citizen" of the city of New York. The original parchment certificate is still preserved.

According to family tradition, this very ancient miniature represents John Scott, the emigrant. The head-dress indicates the portrait to be that of a gentleman living in the early part of the XVII. century. The emigrant was again in Great Britain in 1709; for, on the 28th of January of that year, we find him drawing, from London, on his brother Patrick Scott, then afterwards second Baronet of Ancrum, for 25 pounds 16 shillings, to the order of Robert Bruce, payable thirty days after date. Sir Patrick paid the amount to Bruce and took his receipt, endorsed on the draft, and dated March 21, 1710. Fourteen years afterwards, Sir Patrick, by a formal separate paper, dated at Ancrum, April 2, 1724, transferred this bill of exchange to his nephew Patrick Scott, a son of the emigrant. Both the original draft and the assignment are still preserved.

These papers with letters from members of the family at Ancrum to members of the family at New York, leave no doubt as to the origin of the emigrant.

On July 7, 1709, he was admitted and received "burges and gild brother" of Glasgow, Scotland, and on the 12th of the same month a "burges" of Peebles, Scotland. The original certificates are preserved in America, and that of Peebles styles the emigrant "lawful son of John Scott of Ancrum." On the first of March, 1710, the emigrant was commissioned lieutenant of a company of "Fusileers," posted in the province of New York, and the commission is

recorded at Albany. The lieutenant was commandant of Fort Hunter, erected 1711, on the Mohawk River, in New York; and he had lands in that neighborhood.

In March, 1711-12, we find him writing to the Secretary, "Mr. Wileman" to get "his excellency's" signature to an extension of his furlough for four months to enable him to go to South Carolina.

[Signature of the emigrant.]

The signature to the letter (which is on file at Albany) and other signatures of the commandant, compared with the signature of the above mentioned bill of exchange, leave no doubt whatever as to the identity of the emigrant.

The emigrant married Magdalena, or Lena, or Helena Vincent or Vinsendt. She was grand-daughter of the Hollander, Adrian Vincent; he was in New York as early as July 16, 1645, and had land on Broad Street. The emigrant, John Scott, had by her nine children. These children are all mentioned in a deed (still preserved and recorded in the Secretary's office) from him to Patrick Scott and Hunter Scott, two of his younger sons, in trust, dated on November 4, 1722, and acknowledged by the grantor, at Fort Hunter, September 14, 1724. In the acknowledgement the grantor is styled "Lieutenant John Scott, commandant of his Majesty's garrison called Fort Hunter, in the Mohawk country." The emigrant died in June, 1725. Family tradition says that his death occurred from the effects of a fall which he received when landing, on some occasion, at the city of New York; and that he was buried "at the foot of the fort." He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XVIII. JOHN SCOTT, born in 1702; baptized August 16th of the same year, in the Reformed Dutch Church of New York. He was a merchant in New York, and was admitted a freeman of that city in 1726. He obtained a patent for land near Fort Hunter, on the Mohawk River, dated June 23, 1725, and in the patent, etc., he is called "John Scott, Junr., eldest son of John Scott, lieutenant and commandant of Fort Hunter." He married Marian Morin, youngest daughter of Peter Morin, brazier and merchant, of La Rochelle, France.

a Huguenot refugee, who was made freeman of New York June 11, 1691. John Scott died April 30th, 1733; his will, dated March 15, 1731, was proved at New York, May 8, 1733. He had only one child,



JOHN SCOTT. *Mercator*

ARMS of JOHN SCOTT (XVIII.) blazoned as follows:
ARMS: Argent, three lions' heads, erased gules for SCOTT;
impaling: a cannon upon its fortress-carriage be-
 tween three grenades inflamed all proper, for MORIN (?).
Crest: A lion's head, erased gules, for SCOTT.

[The impaled arms are found, with slight modifications, upon some silver plate, supposed to have descended from the wife of the above John Scott (XVIII.).]

XIX. JOHN MORIN SCOTT, born 1730. He graduated at Yale College in 1746, a year after William Smith the younger, and five years after William Livingston. He studied law in the office of William Smith the elder, contemporaneously with the younger Smith, the historian, law partner of William Livingston. His license to practice was dated January 23, 1752, about fifteen months after his fellow-student, Smith, was called to the bar; and these three, Scott, Livingston and Smith, afterwards composed the "triumvirate of lawyers" complained of in the correspondence of the provincial governors with the British authorities. To each of these three, and to them conjointly, and also to William Alexander, Lord Stirling, had been attributed the authorship of the very able and efficient pamphlet, published in 1757, known as "A Review of Military Operations in North America." The style does not resemble that of "Smith's History," which appeared at about the same time; and the pamphlet may have been the work of any of the personages named.

John Morin Scott was quite eminent in his profession; very eloquent in speech, he has been called one of the readiest speakers

on the continent. He was author of a variety of official papers and reports, and took part in most of the questions of his day, in New York, so that his name is found in every history of that city covering his times, and also in more general histories. In politics he was very ardent—ranging himself, very early and unwaveringly, on the side of his native country. He was, indeed, in advance of his New York contemporaries, in the attack upon the prevailing monarchical ideas of the pre-revolutionary era, and in maintaining, by voice and pen, the principles which were finally established by the revolution. He was one of the earliest "Sons of Liberty" in New York; alderman of the outward (1757 to 1762); was defeated by the Government when a candidate, in 1768, for the Assembly of New York, and again, in 1769, when the last election, under the Crown, was held. He was also defeated in 1774 by the "moderates" in the Committee of fifty-one, when candidate for the first Continental Congress. He was one of the Committee of One Hundred, created in 1775, and member of the Provincial Congress, or Convention, of New York, 1775—1776. He was Brigadier-General of the New York militia in the service of the United States, June 9, 1776, to March 1, 1777, and took part in the campaign of 1776 around New York.

The exposure incident to this service, particularly the exposure for two days and nights preceding the retreat from Long Island, to almost incessant rains, without shelter and with but scanty food, in lines at Brooklyn, seriously strengthened the grasp of the disease,—rheumatism—to which he was already subject, and which terminated his existence within a year after the departure of the Loyalists from New York. His papers were seized by the enemy, and some of them were returned from London with a letter from Oliver De Lancey, dated February 23, 1784, which also contained the information that he had collected five boxes more in New York and had deposited them with William Walton. General Scott was also member of the council of appointment, 1777; of the State Senate 1777 to 1782; Secretary of State of the State of New York, March 13, 1778, till his death; member of the Continental Congress, 1777, 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783; honorary member of the Society of the Cincinnati, July 6, 1784; trustee of the Presbyterian Church, 1776.

General Scott married Helena Rutgers, daughter of Petrus Rutgers, a descendant of Rutger Jacobsen Van Schoenderwoerd, who sailed from Texel for the New Netherlands, October 1, 1636. The family name Rutgers is extinct in the city of New York. The General

died in September, 1884, and was buried in Trinity Churchyard, New York. His will was dated September 2, 1784, and was proved September 28, of the same year. He left surviving him, a daughter Mary, and one son, Lewis Allaire Scott; and his widow married secondly, January 9, 1789, John R. Myer, and died August 1, 1798, at Flatbush, leaving a will dated February 4, 1797. He was succeeded by,

XX. LEWIS ALLAIRE SCOTT, mentioned in the wills of his parents; was born February 11, 1759. He succeeded his father as Secretary of State of the State of New York, having been commissioned to that office by Governor Clinton, October 23, 1784; and he continued to hold the position till his death. He married at Philadelphia, Pa., February 18, 1775; Juliana Sitgreaves, daughter of William and Susanna Sitgreaves, and sister of the able and distinguished Samuel Sitgreaves. This Lewis



From a miniature of LEWIS ALLAIRE SCOTT (XX.), Secretary of State of the State of New York.

A. Scott died March 17, 1798, and was buried in the Trinity churchyard. His will dated September 28, 1793, was proved April 13, 1798. He left two children: Maria Litchfield Scott, married to Peter Pedersen, Danish Consul-General and *Chargé d'affaires* near the United States, Knight of the Danenborg; she died at Copenhagen, Denmark, November 7, 1814, leaving no issue. Lewis A. Scott was succeeded by his only son,

XXI. JOHN MORIN SCOTT born in New York City, October 25, 1789. He graduated at Princeton College; read law with William Rawle, and was a successful member of the bar of Philadelphia; served at Camp Dupont as first-lieutenant of the Second Troop of City Cavalry in the war of 1812; was a member of Common Council of Philadelphia, and President

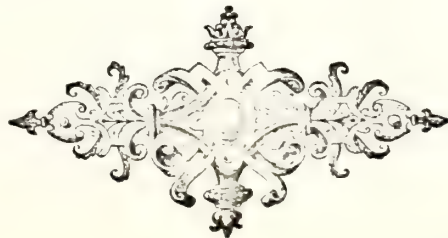
of the Select Council; member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, 1816, 1836; of the Convention to amend the Constitution of Pennsylvania, 1827, 1828. He married May 15, 1817, Mary Emlen, youngest daughter of George and Sarah Emlen, which George was a descendant of an early "friend" or "quaker" of Philadelphia, of the same name.

Mayor Scott died in Philadelphia April 3, 1858, and was buried at Laurel Hill. He had seven children: 1. Sarah Emlen, who is the relict of Joseph D. Meredith and has issue.



From a miniature of MARIA LITCHFIELD SCOTT (Mrs. Pedersen), daughter of Lewis Allaire Scott (XX.)

2. LEWIS ALLAIRE SCOTT, his successor in the Male Representation of the American (junior) branch of the family of Scott of Antrum, baronets.
3. George Emlen Scott, who died unmarried.
4. Maria Litchfield, who is the wife of John T. Lewis, and has issue.
5. Julia, who is the relict of Robert W. Leaming, and has issue.
6. Helen Scott.
7. John Morin Scott, Jr., who died in infancy.



AMERICAN BOOK-PLATES AND THEIR ENGRAVERS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER, the eldest son of John (1697-1741) and of Cornelia (Van Cortlandt) Schuyler, was born in Albany, New York, November 22, 1733; he married on September 17, 1755, Catherine Van Renselaer, served meritoriously in the French and Indian Wars, and, in 1764, was appointed commissioner to manage the controversy between Massachusetts and New York respecting the partition line. At the time preceding the Revolution, he was an active but conservative politician, and espoused the cause of his country with a clear understanding of the merits of the dispute. Keeping, however, a clear judgment, his love of order and his social position made him cautious and careful until the time for action came. In 1767, he had erected at Saratoga the first flax-mill in the colonies. Elected in 1771 to the General As-

sembly of New York, and, in 1774, appointed delegate to the Provincial Congress, his health would not allow him to serve in the latter capacity. In 1775 he was appointed Major-General and given command of the Northern Army, but, being taken sick, the command devolved on Montgomery. Upon his recovery he took an active part in the superintendence of Indian affairs and in perfecting the discipline of the army. No officer was more vigilant and active than Schuyler; nothing escaped his observation. Fearless in the performance of what he thought his duty, we see him rebuking insubordination, peculation and waste in the army, and using, on such occasions, the most forcible and clearest Saxon English. In 1775 the disorderly spirit manifested by the troops, the peculation of commissaries and other representatives of public trust, and the selfishness and sectional jealousy that continually manifested themselves, made him weary of the service and caused him to ask Congress permission to retire. Entreated by the leading men of all classes to remain in office, he yielded. After St. Clair had evacuated Ticonderoga, unreasonable suspicions arose against Schuyler, and caused him to be superseded by Gates; but his conduct was fully approved of afterwards by a court of inquiry. Later, Washington offered him a command, but he declined, still rendering, however, important services to the Government in the campaign in and about New York. He was Senator from New York in the Federalist party from 1789-91, and again from May 15, 1797, to January 3, 1798, when he resigned. He died at Albany, November 18, 1804.

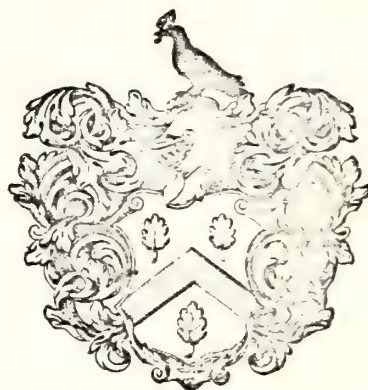


Philip Schuyler Esq.

[From the collection of Mr. J. E. Mauran, of Newport, R. I.]

ARMS: Vert, issuing from the dexter point a cubit arm in fess vested azure, holding in the hand a falcon close; all proper. CREST: The falcon of the shield.

sembly of New York, and, in 1774, appointed delegate to the Provincial Congress, his health would not allow him to serve in the latter capacity. In 1775 he was appointed Major-General and given command of the Northern Army, but, being taken sick, the command devolved on Montgomery. Upon his recovery he took an active part in the superintendence of Indian affairs and in perfecting the discipline of the army. No officer was more vigilant and active than Schuyler; nothing escaped his observation.



EDWARD SHIPPEN, ESQ.

[From the collection of Mr. E. N. Hewins, Boston, Mass.]

ARMS: Argent, a chevron between three oak-leaves gules. CREST: A bird, close, sable, in its beak an oak-leaf vert.

Edward Shippén, the younger son of William Shippén of Prestbury, Cheshire, was born at the family seat, Hillham, Yorkshire, England, in 1639. He was bred to mercantile pursuits and, in 1668, moved to Boston. Here he seems to have been very successful, for, in 1687, he is mentioned as one of the principal taxpayers, and, as early as 1669, as a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

In 1671 he married Elizabeth Lybrand, a Quakeress, and he seems to have become a member of that sect, as he suffered with them in their persecution. In 1693 he removed to Philadelphia, where he soon rose to prominence. In 1695 he was elected Speaker of the Assembly; in 1696 he was chosen member of the Provincial Council by popular vote and returned, every year, at the regular annual elections. In the charter of Philadelphia he was appointed by Penn first Mayor of the city, was President of the Council (1702-4), and on the death of Penn's Deputy, Hamilton, was the head of the Government for a while. He died in Philadelphia, October 2, 1712.

His son, Edward Shippen, was born in Boston February 10, 1677, and died in Philadelphia in 1714.

A grandson named Edward Shippen (who was the son of Joseph Shippen, born February 28, 1678-9, died June, 1741) was born in Boston, July 9, 1703, and died at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, September 25, 1781, while a son of the above, also Edward Shippen, born at Philadelphia, February 16, 1728-9, died there April 16, 1806; the last named gentleman was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania and a distinguished citizen. A daughter of that Judge Shippen married Benedict Arnold.

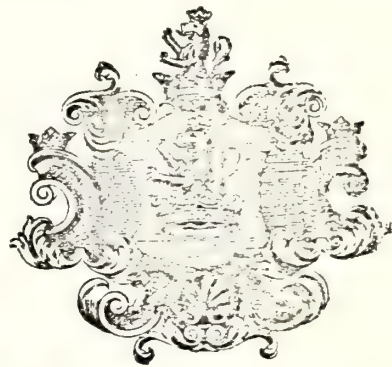


[From the collection of Mr. J. E. Mauran, of Newport, R. I.]

ARMS: Azure, a chevron between two mullets in chief and a heart inflamed proper in base or. *CREST:* A laurel crown proper.

Elias Boudinot was born in Philadelphia, May 2, 1740. He was of French extraction, his great-grandfather being one of the Huguenots obliged to leave France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685). His father's Christian name was Elias, and his mother's Catharine Williams, from an old Welsh family. He re-

ceived a good classical education, such as was common at that time in the colonies; after which he pursued the study of law with Richard Stockton. At the termination of his studies he entered the practice of his profession with remarkable success. At the commencement of the Revolution he took a decided stand on the side of the colonies, and, in 1771, Congress made him Commissary General of Prisoners, while in the same year he was elected a member of Congress, and, in 1782, was chosen its President. In that capacity he signed the treaty of peace concluded soon after. In 1789 he was again elected member of Congress and occupied his seat through re-elections for six years. In 1796, Washington appointed him Director of the Mint, to succeed Rittenhouse, an office which he filled to the general satisfaction until 1805, when he resigned public employment and passed the remainder of his life in attending to the affairs of his estate and to the study of Biblical literature. After a life of usefulness, he died October 24, 1821. By his will he left magnificent bequests for numerous charitable objects.



FREDERIK PHILIPSE-EST:

[From the collection of Mr. E. N. Hewins, Boston, Mass.]

ARMS: Azure, issuing from a ducal coronet or a demi-lion rampant argent, ducally crowned of the second. *CREST:* The charge of the shield.

Frederick Philipse, the second Lord of the Manor of Philipsburg, New York, was born on the Island of Barbadoes, W. I., in 1698, and was sent to New York while quite young (1701), to be there educated. He was Speaker of the Assembly of New York (1721-1728) and, in 1733, Baron of the Exchequer and second Judge of the same Court. He was elected and re-elected representative of Westchester County in the Assembly of New York for the last twenty-seven years of his life. He was the founder of St. John's Church, Yonkers, New York, and died July 23, 1751. He left several

children, among whom was a son also called Frederick (born about 1728, died in London, May, 1785), who took sides with the mother country; a daughter, Mary, who married Roger Morris, and another daughter, Susannah, who married the senior Colonel Beverley.*



[From the writer's collection.]

ARMS: Quartered; 1st and 4th gules, a lion rampant regardant or; 2d and 3d, azure three boars' heads argent.
CREST: A lion rampant regardant or.

Of the many book-plates belonging to the various New York families dating back to the colonial times, none have a greater interest and few bring back to the mind more delightful recollections and associations, marked with a stronger and sadder tinge of romance, than the book-plate of Roger Morris. If the student of history is likely, on many occasions, to let his imagination play fancy free for a while, we trust he may be pardoned. As one looks at the plate, the mind goes back to that beautiful mansion on Hoboken Heights, the home of its loyalist owner and of the lovely partner of his life whose charms and virtues made such an impression on the heart of the youthful Colonel Washington.

One can hardly think without some degree of national shame that a lady whom we have every reason to believe to have been the object of Washington's love should be attainted of

* We had hoped to present to our readers a copy of the book plate of Colonel Beverley Robinson, but have been unsuccessful in finding any; he used a seal, impaling the Philipse Arms, which is now in the hands of one of his descendants. Col. Robinson took what little was left of his personal property with him to England; most of the estate having been previously seized by the Patriots and sold at Fishkill. The ARMS used by a later member of the family (Beverley Robinson) are: Vert, on a Chevron argent between three roebucks trippant, or, as many trefoils, slipped, gules. CREST: A Roebuck trippant or. MOTTO: *Proper et Provide.*

treason for no crime but that of clinging to the fortunes of her husband whom she had vowed on the altar of religion never to desert.

The Morris mansion was built for its owner on land originally belonging to the Kiersen family of Harlem (and afterwards sold to Joseph Carrol of New York, of whom Morris purchased it) on the High Bank of the Harlem River, a little below High Bridge; its situation is one of the most picturesque on all Manhattan Island, commanding as it does a fine view of Long Island Sound, Flushing and Astoria, with the green fields of Long Island beyond. Close to the estate are seen the Harlem river and the Harlem plain. On the desertion of its owner, at the commencement of the Revolution, Washington used the place as an army headquarters, until the final evacuation of the island in October, 1776. Later, it was the residence, until her death (in 1865), of the widow of Aaron Burr, better known by the name of her first husband, *Madame Jumel*. It is but recently that this estate was sub-divided in town lots and sold at public auction.

Roger Morris was born in England, January 28, 1717. He entered the army as captain of the 48th Foot, in 1745, and was Aide-de-Camp to Braddock in that ill fated battle of Great Meadows where he was wounded. He served under Loudoun and, in 1760, was appointed Lieutenant Colonel and Commandant of three battalions under General Murray, in the expedition against Montreal. He also served with distinction with Wolfe at Quebec. In 1764, he sold his commission and retired from the service, and, on December 5 of the same year, he took his seat as a member of the Council of the Colony of New York. He was a member of that important body at the commencement of the Revolution and continued to hold office until the peace, although, as early as 1777, the Whigs had organized their own Government. On January 19, 1758, he was married to Mary Philipse, the daughter of the Frederick Philipse above mentioned. Tradition says that she was beautiful, fascinating and accomplished, blending exquisitely dignity with affability, in a word, charming to all who knew her. Of her early life the following, related by Sparks, in his "Biography of Washington," is a most interesting incident:

"While in New York, in 1756, Washington was lodged and kindly entertained at the house of Mr. Beverley Robinson, between whom and himself an intimacy of friendship existed, which, indeed, continued without change, until severed by their opposite fortunes, twenty years afterwards, during the Revolution. It so

happened that Miss Mary Philipse, a sister of Mrs. Robinson and a young lady of rare accomplishments, was an inmate of the family and that the charms of the lady made a deep impression upon the heart of the Virginia Colonel. He went to Boston, returned, and was again welcomed to the hospitality of Mr. Robinson. He lingered there until duty called him away; but he was careful to entrust his secret to a confidential friend, whose letters kept him informed of every important event. In a few months intelligence came that a rival was in the field, and that the consequences could not be answered for if he delayed to renew his visits to New York. Whether time, the bustle of the camp, or the scenes of war, had moderated Washington's admiration, or whether he despaired of success, is not known. He never saw the lady again until she was married to that same rival, Captain Morris, his former associate in arms."

Mrs. Morris is said to be the original of the lovely character of Frances in Cooper's "Spy," but this is believed to be incorrect. A part of

who compromised with the state of New York, and, after fulfilling certain conditions, in 1828, received \$500,000 for the same. Roger Morris died in England, September 13, 1794.

Jonathan Belcher, the son of Governor Belcher, of Massachusetts, was born in Boston, July 23, 1710. He was educated and graduated from Harvard in 1728; being sent to England afterwards to complete his education, he was a student at the Inner Temple, London, and after entering the legal profession soon rose to pre-eminence. He was one of the first settlers of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and was Councillor, Lieutenant Governor and Chief Justice of that Province. He died at Halifax, March 29, 1776.

The book-plate of Governor Belcher (the father) bears the appearance of having been engraved by the same artist who designed the son's book-plate. The arms are identical, except that they bear a label for difference, while the son seems to have changed the father's *Loyal jusqu' à la Mort* to the one generally borne by the Belcher Family: *Loyal au Mort*. He had added another motto of his own: *Sustine, Abstine*.

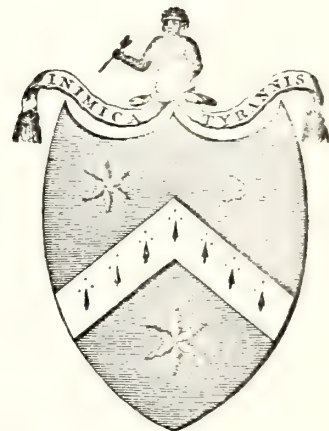


*Jonathan Belcher
Esq. Societate Medy Templi?*

ARMS: Pale of six or and gules, a chief vair. **CREST:** A greyhound's head ermine ducally gorged.

[From the collection of Mr. J. E. Mauran, of Newport, R. I.]

the Philipse estate came in the possession of Colonel Morris, in the right of his wife, and was confiscated, as the whole of that interest had to pass under the act of attainder, Mrs. Morris was included in the act. During the Revolution, it is thought that but three females were attainted of treason, Mrs. Morris, her sister, Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Inglis, wife of the Rev. Chas. Inglis, rector of Trinity Church, New York. In 1809, the Morris heirs sold their reversionary interest in their estate for £20,000 to John Jacob Astor, of New York,



*Thomas Shubrick?
South Carolina.*

ARMS: Azure, a chevron ermine between three estoilles or. **CREST:** A demi-savage holding in his dexter hand an arrow, point downwards, all proper (or sable).

[From the collection of Mr. J. E. Mauran, of Newport, R. I.]

Thomas Shubrick, a member of the South Carolina family and an important authority on naval affairs, was born in 1755. During the Revolution he was aide to Generals Green and Lincoln. He died at Charleston, S. C., March 4, 1810.

John Beatty, son of the Reverend Charles

Beatty (born in Ireland about 1715, died at Bridgeton, Barbadoes, August 13, 1772), was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, Decem-



J. Beatty M.D.

ARMS: Argent, a bee-hive surrounded with bees on the wing, all proper. CREST: A demi-lion rampant holding a crescent.

[From the collection of Mr. William J. Potts, of Camden, N. J.]

ber 10, 1749. He graduated at the New York College in 1769, studied medicine with Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, and, at the commencement of

the Revolution, joined the army; in the fall of 1776 he was made Lieutenant Colonel. He was taken prisoner and brought to Fort Washington and the severe treatment that he received there greatly injured his health. After his exchange, he was appointed, on May 28, 1778, Commissary General of Prisoners with the rank of colonel. He resigned this office, March 31, 1780, and settled at Princeton, New Jersey, as a physician. He was a delegate to Congress (1783-5); successively a member of both branches of the Legislature of New Jersey and Speaker of the House. Later a Member of the Convention which adopted the Federal Constitution, and a member of Congress (1793-5); then Secretary of State of New Jersey (1795-1805). He died at Trenton, New Jersey, April 30, 1826. His book-plate is peculiarly well conceived, both in design and in grouping; the whole execution being a strikingly happy one, as the various emblems all have some expressive meaning. American book-plates of this class are by no means common, the few that still exist being eagerly sought for by collectors. Plates of that character were generally engraved during the period from 1810 to 1830.

R. C. Lichtenstein.

(To be Continued.)

DRAMATIC LIBRARIES AND THEIR OWNERS.

A SHORT time ago I called on Mr. Thomas J. McKee, who has the finest collection of books, prints, manuscripts and photographs relating to the stage that is to be found in this city.

I noticed at a glance that the treasures which Mr. McKee has during many years collected are scattered throughout several rooms. Here hangs an old print of Quin once the property of Horace Walpole. There are oil paintings of Forrest and McCullough.

The walls of the library are lined with high and low book cases, in which stand ranged close-serried and brilliant ranks of volumes on histrionic art.

A bust of Shakespeare, over the mantel, seemed to regard this scene of studious quiet with stately impassibility.

I jot down at random some of the curios of which Mr. McKee is justly proud.

Tennyson sings of—

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth"

Mr. McKee has, in early editions, almost all the more notable literary treasures of that

glorious period. He has all the early folios of Shakespeare except the first. He has the original edition of Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlow and Dekker, Chapman and Ford, Webster, Heywood, Greene and Shirley.

How Charles Lamb would have loved to revel in this library!

The books collected by Mr. McKee were evidently chosen for use and not parade.

No extravagant bindings here, no eccentric luxury incommensurate with the contents.

Any of the books in the McKee collection might have lain on a table of the Mermaid Tavern.

I thought I discovered on the leaves of several of them some old stains of the canary wine which Jonson loved so well and which Peele quaffed so deeply.

However that may be, I had in my hands the thin, old play-books on whose title-pages figure the names of Dryden and Davenant, Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Centlivre.

I reviewed, as they stood on the shelves, fifty

octavo volumes of plays suppressed, privately printed, and produced.

I was amused by the arguments of the old apologists of the stage and by the diatribes of its assailants.

Mr. McKee has paid special attention to the controversial literature of the drama, and he has collected a very goodly lot of it.

What wouldst thou have said, Jeremy Collier, thou who didst hate the play folk, hadst thou known that thou wouldst one day stand on the same shelf with Thomas Heywood who did apologize for actors?

I continue my inventory of the rarities gathered by Mr. McKee.

There is a manuscript History of the Irish Stage by Kemble.

There is a manuscript journal from the pen of Burton, who noted down nightly whether he received encores and how many.

There are three unpublished manuscript plays—"The Last Duel in Spain," "Woman's Revenge," "The Two Sons-in-Law," by John Howard Payne.

Mr. McKee is rich in works by Payne. Not only does our collector possess the poet's scrap books and account books, he is also the lucky possessor of interesting bits of poetry from that gifted hand.

Here is an extract from some unpublished juvenile verses addressed by Payne in his small, elegant writing to Miss O'Neill:

Ah, do not reject the first offering of love,
Which those eyes, I fear, tell thee too well;
'Tis a passion as pure as that of the dove,
Or of those that in Paradise dwell.

I do not blame stage beauties who reject suitors that manufacture such stuff as that.

Mr. McKee has extended Doran's "Annals of the Stage" to twenty volumes, Ireland's "Records of the New York Stage" to twenty volumes, all by the insertion of over six thousand portraits, prints, play-bills and drawings. He has extra-illustrated the printed life of Kean, of Forrest, of Garrick. He has acquired a magnificent collection of the play-bills which Arnold, of the Haymarket Theater, made of that house, of the theaters in the provinces and colonies of Great Britain, of Europe. The collection forms nine huge volumes. Among the most interesting play bills here are those of the convict theaters in the penal colonies of Australia.

Mr. McKee has, finally, a superb array of the original early plays published in the United States.

William Dunlap published some forty pieces. Mr. McKee has most of them. He has, in

fact, an original copy of the first play published in this country. Its title runs as follows:

THE CONTRAST—A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS, WRITTEN BY A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

Performed with applause at the Theaters in New York, Philadelphia and Maryland.

Philadelphia M. D. C. C. X. C.

Besides this play "The Contrast," written by Royall Tyler and reprinted by the Dunlap Society, our collector of dramatica has the rare old farce "The Group," by Mrs. Mercy Warren; the comic opera "The Disappointment," by Andrew Barton, Esq.; the tragic "Mercenary Match," by Barna Bidwell.

These plays may, as one of the title pages reads, have been acted and re-acted "to the Wonder of all superior Intelligences" then, but who cares for them now, who reads them now, what would a manager say to them were you to present one to his considerate attention?

Suppose, after leaving Mr. Thomas J. McKee, we glance at the libraries of some of his fellow collectors of dramatica.

Mr. Augustin Daly has carefully selected and finely bound books on dramatic history. I noted an extended and profusely illustrated edition of the "Sketch of Edwin Booth," by William Winter; a superb extra illustrated copy of Colley Cibber's "Apology"; an extended copy of Keese's "Life of Burton" that is a standing temptation to violate the eighth commandment. Mr. Daly has, with the aid of Bradstreet, built a beautiful copy of Cunningham's "Nell Gwynn." He has extended both Doran and Ireland until they make twenty volumes. He is especially proud of the rare play "Empress of Morocco," and the odd tract "Roscius Anglicanus." Besides these, and more, autographs, play bills, squibs, pamphlets, photographs lend a great value to the library of this scholarly and enterprising playwright.

Mr. J. H. V. Arnold possesses a Sketch of the Life of James W. Wallack that is a jewel of rarest worth. It is large paper and is extra illustrated with seventy-five autographs, play bills and portraits.

We come across a long line of worthies here. Mr. Arnold has extended the Memoirs of Charles Matthews to seven volumes by inserting three hundred curious portraits. He has also devoted his extra illustrating taste to Galt's "Lives of the Players," and has extended one volume to four royal quarto volumes. The biographies of Garrick, Jordan, Abington, Kean, Kemble, Siddons, Forrest, stand before us with a splendor not originally their own, and Ireland

is here decked out in a twenty volume coat that cost nine thousand dollars.

Mr. William B. Dick is especially fond of showing his friends his copy of *Doran*. Out of four volumes octavo he has made nineteen volumes folio. There are three thousand portraits. Garrick looks at you thirty times; the Kembles over a hundred times. Speaking of Garrick reminds me that Mr. Dick has taken the two volumes of Fitzgerald's *Life of the actor friend of Burke, Johnson and Goldsmith* and made ten octavo volumes out of it.

Here again Garrick looks at you eighty-five times! Calculate the time and money it must have taken to gather such a gallery of portraits.

Mr. Charles C. Moreau has many rarities in his collection, but he points with especial satisfaction to his "Records of the New York Stage." How many volumes do you suppose he has made of this work? Forty. How many prints, play bills, autographs do you think he has inserted? No less than nine thousand.

There is a peculiar charm in the contemplation of old programmes. What hands, we ask, have held them? What eyes have scanned them eagerly as they followed the actions and words of some great player with interest and delight?

There is a charm, also, in reading an old play in an old edition. We feel like speculating with Walter Learned who wrote these verses on the fly leaf of a book of old plays:

At Cato's Head in Russell Street,
These leaves she sat a-stitching,
I fancy she was trim and neat,
Blue-eyed and quite bewitching.

Before her, in the street below,
All powder, ruffs and laces,
There strutted idle London beaux
To ogle pretty faces.

For wit nor beaux had she a look
Nor lord nor lady minding;
She bent her head above this book,
Attentive to her binding.

And one stray thread of golden hair,
Caught on her nimble fingers,
Was stitched within this volume, where
Until to-day it lingers.

Yet as I turn these odd, old plays,
This single stray lock finding,
I'm back in those forgotten days,
And watch her at her binding.

Collectors of *dramatica* are numerous in New York.

The members of the Dunlap Society number about one hundred and fifty.

M. Jolly-Bavoillot has, with exquisite taste,



For the Benefit of the Poor.

Thursday, December 20, 1753.

At the New Theatre in Nassau-Street.

This Evening, will be presented,
(Being the last Time of performing till the Holidays.)

A COMEDY, called,

LOVE for LOVE:

<i>Sir Sampson Legend,</i>	by Mr. Malone.
<i>Voltaire,</i>	by Mr. Rigby.
<i>Scandal,</i>	by Mr. Bell.
<i>Tattle,</i>	by Mr. Singleton.
<i>Ben (the Sailor),</i>	by Mr. Hallam.
<i>Forsight,</i>	by Mr. Clarkson.
<i>Jeremy,</i>	by Mr. Muller.
<i>Buckram,</i>	by Mr. Adcock.

<i>Angelica,</i>	by Mrs. Hallam.
<i>Mrs. Forsight,</i>	by Mrs. Rigby.
<i>Mrs. Frail,</i>	by Mrs. Adcock.
<i>Mrs. Prue,</i>	by Miss Hallam.
<i>Nurse,</i>	by Mrs. Clarkson.

End of Act 1st, Singing by Mr. Adcock.

End of Act 2^d, Singing by Mrs. Love.

In Act 3^d, a Hornpipe by Mr. Hulst.

End of Act 4th, a Cantata by Mrs. Love.

To which will be added, a Ballad Farce, called,

FLORA, or, Hob in the Well.

<i>Hob,</i>	by Mr. Hallam.
<i>Friendly,</i>	by Mr. Adcock.
<i>Ser Thomas Toff,</i>	by Mr. Clarkson.
<i>Richard,</i>	by Master L. Hallam.
<i>Old Hob,</i>	by Mr. Muller.

<i>Flora,</i>	by Mrs. Beccoley.
<i>Henry,</i>	by Miss Hallam.
<i>Hob's Mother,</i>	by Mrs. Clarkson.

Prices: BOX, 6s. PIT. 4s. GALLERY, 2s.

No Persons whatever to be admitted behind the Scenes.

N.B. Gentlemen and Ladies that chuse Tickets, may have them at Mr. P. K.

at Mr. P. K.'s Printing-Office.

Money will be taken at the Door.

The Company having been

since being imposed on us, at the Door of the

Old Play-Bill from the Collection of George P. Elder, Esq.

chosen as his special province, the original editions of the poems and plays of Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Victorien Sardou, Jules Sandeau, Emile Augier. Early copies of the works of these masters, enriched with autographs and portraits, elegantly bound, look at us from mahogany shelves.

Mr. John Gilbert and Mr. Harry Edwards can be seen, when in town, mousing in old book shops for dramatic oddities.

Commodore Tooker, an authority on the local stage, has an interesting collection of scraps, play bills and curiosities.

Mr. Ogden Goelet is said to possess a fine copy of Ireland's Records.

Mr. Beverley Chew informed me some time ago that the Nell Gwynn of Mr. J. H. Purdy is a beauty.

Mr. Brander Matthews has a well chosen library on stage history. He does not go in for curiosities, however. The only thing he has in that line, I believe, is a copy of Shakespeare that was once the property of Garrick.

Mr. Laurence Hutton has a useful working library of dramatica. I admired especially among the rare books in this collection a copy of the original edition of Dryden's "Marriage à la Mode" bound by Rivière, and presented to Mr. Hutton, on the occasion of his wedding, by Edmund Gosse.

Mr. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, has a magnificent collection of prints, play bills, photographs, portraits relating to the Union Square Theatre.

Mr. Murtha, of the Windsor Theatre, possesses some printed relics of the Bowery Theatre.

I dropped into the bachelor apartments of Mr. George P. Elder of the New York *Dramatic News* the other day. I was delighted to find a library on stage matters there which merits to rank with the most curious in the city.

I was asked to take a cigar and examine the contents at leisure.

I need hardly say that Mr. Elder is extra-illustrating Ireland's Records of the New York Stage with much care and with splendid results. Stacks of prints that are to adorn his copy fill trunks and litter tables. Autographs, play

bills, portraits, wood cuts, are to swell a modest work to elephantine proportions. Mr. Elder collects slowly but carefully. He has some choice bits. This letter from J. B. Booth to W. W. Caldwell, of New Orleans, dated July 27, 1835, is curious: "Your letters I have received but would not reply for reasons I wish the public to know, viz.: a certain law has been sanctioned by the population of New Orleans, detrimental to the interest of gamblers. In consequence of such a law being approved of by the mob, I shall not condescend to degrade myself by acting on the stage where my patrons have and do suffer persecution. I therefore declare to you that I break my engagement."

Mr. Elder has, among other rarities, a rare print of George Washington Dixon, the first American minstrel; an early print of Maggie Mitchell, another of Cordelia Howard; a print of Davidge, as Pistol; an interesting likeness of Alexandre, the ventriloquist; another of Jack Allen, the faithful dresser of Edwin Forest. I see lithographs of old Hackett; a portrait of Patti when the diva was twelve years old; an autograph of Joseph Wood, the prize fighter; a scarce letter of Alexander Placide; a lithograph of T. D. Rice, who was celebrated as Jim Crow, and autographs of stage and opera celebrities from Garrick to Bernhardt.

Mr. Elder has, besides all this, had Richard Grant White's magazine articles on Opera in New York and Brander Matthews' articles on Actors and Actresses, on the American on the Stage, and on Ballet Dancers put into book form, inlaid, illustrated and bound.

The result is four volumes in which any collector might well glory.

"If we fellows who gather dramatica didn't preserve these tangible souvenirs" said Mr. Elder, opening the window and puffing the smoke of his segar into the air, "the players of the past would leave as much record behind them as that smoke." *Lewis Rosenthal.*

THE GREAT BOOKSELLERS OF THE WORLD.

DAMASCENE MORGAND, OF PARIS.

BUT few among those of our fellow-citizens who honored lovely Paris with their presence, have ever dreamed that in the very centre of the city, just between the splendors of the boulevard and the noisy business resorts of the Rue Vivienne and of the Bourse, there could exist a quiet corner, in the heart of the "vie à outrance," where the lovers of rare

books, of ancient editions and of curious prints and bindings, do congregate in numbers, all the year round, to exchange their impressions in the inspiring presence of many coveted treasures. Old "Quartier Latin," with its venerable traditions of silent study and picturesque retreats, would have seemed the proper place where to look for such relics of ages gone by,

and for their devoted admirers, certainly not the immediate neighborhood of the over-gilded "cafés" and of their loud-voiced customers.

But all the same—and it is not one of the least contradictions of the strange city by the Seine—the most richly-stocked shops of old books (such books as make the mouth of the true amateur water with delight and envy) are to be found but a few doors from the stage entrance of the Théâtre des Variétés, in that Passage des Panoramas the glass covered galleries of which are filled, day and night, with a motley crowd of Bohemians and of pleasure-seekers.

There, two or three "boutiques," of unassuming aspect, present in their show-windows a few rows of plainly, if tastefully, bound volumes. Nothing denotes the fame of these emporiums of one of the most curious branches of trade, and it is only to the initiated that the names of Fontaine, Caen, Morgand, Fatout, whisper the shibboleth of the bibliophile's passion.

First among these, August Fontaines spread far and wide the renown of the Passage des Panoramas booksellers. His son has taken the place of the dead bibliophile in the Old World's famed shop. A little farther, at No. 55, Caen used to present an alluring stock of, illuminated manuscripts, incunables, first editions, XVII. and XVIII. century bindings, engravings and etchings in their earliest and most perfect states, and of late years, in 1875, I think, Damascène Morgand, having bought out the Caen business, began his career of unprecedented success, built upon that solid experience acquired under old Fontaine's careful tuition. In 1882 his partner, Mr. Fatout, died, and the forty-seven year old Norman connoisseur began his rapid strides towards his world-wide reputation. The great bibliophiles placed orders in his hands with a feeling of full security; and in all the great public sales, Damascène Morgand, dignified, cold as steel and sharp as a Yankee of Yankeeland, came forward as the buyer of the highest-priced lots and of unique examples of books, bindings and prints. Such collectors as the Baron James de Rothschild, the Count de Lignerolles, Ernest Quentin-Bauchart, Eugène Paillet, Louis Roederer (of Champagne fame), the Baron de La Roche-Lacarelle, etc., took from his hands the most precious jewels of their choice libraries. From such customers a dealer

learns more than he teaches, and, in fact, the spirit of the collector possessed Mr. Morgand as deeply as it did his buyers. As a tangible proof of his gigantic work, his firm has published, for the last ten years, monthly bulletins, embellished with costly illustrations, fac-similes of frontispieces, reproductions of bindings engraved in colors, and the collection of these bulletins is sought after as the basis of every bibliophile's library of information.

It has been our luck to obtain a full set of these valuable documents, and we have culled from the 22,000 numbers they contain a few descriptions of the most remarkable rarities disposed of, through all these years, by the steady labors and growing connections of the Morgand firm. This graphic enunciation will have to take the place of the portrait of Damascène Morgand, which we desired so much to place before our readers' eyes; but it appears

that there exists no likeness of the famous bookseller, and the autograph herein given states the fact, above the signature of the "premier libraire parisien de livres anciens et d'éditions rares."

*Mon portrait n'a jamais été
gravé, je n'ai même pas
une photographie.
je vous prie d'agréer mes
salutations empressées.*

D Morgand

LIVRE DE PRIÈRES en latin et en français, in-4°, maroq. rouge, dent. et compart. doublé de mar. bl. avec ornements et dent. argentés, tr. dor. (Rel. anc.) Superbe manuscrit du quinzième siècle, sur

velin, composé de 190 feuillets, et dont toutes les pages sont entourées d'arabesques et décorées de riches ornements en or et en couleur. Indépendamment de 24 petites miniatures qui se trouvent au calendrier, il y a 16 grandes miniatures et une soixantaine de petites, y compris celles qui accompagnent les grandes. Frs. 25,000.

CHRONIQUES ABRÉGÉES DES ANCIENS ROIS ET DUCS DE BOURGOGNE. In-4°, de 15 ff.; miniatures; velours rouge, milieux, coins et fermoirs de cuivre repoussé (rel. du temps.)

Manuscrit de la fin du XVe. siècle, sur velin, de la plus haute importance. C'est une suite de onze miniatures couvrant la page et accompagnées d'un texte très-court. Frs. 35,000.

PROCES PLE, absque calendario, in-16, mar. rouge. (Ancienne reliure.)

Manuscrit précieux sur velin, de la fin du XVe siècle (sur lequel MARIE STUART, notamment, a écrit et signé quatre vers), contenant 178 feuillets, dont 12 ont été intercalés au XVe siècle comme nous le dirons tout-à-l'heure. Il est écrit en ancienne bâtarde et orné de 21 miniatures, dont une double, et 8 ajoutées vers le milieu du XVIe siècle. Ce manuscrit a fait partie de la bibliothèque du Duc de la Vallière. Frs. 15,000.

DESSINS ORIGINAUX de Gravelot, Boucher, Eisen et Cochin pour le DÉCAMERON de J. Boccace, édition de Londres, (Paris) 1757. Ce précieux recueil est ainsi composé: 66 dessins de Gravelot, 7 d'Eisen, 4 de Cochin, 3 de Boucher, soit 80 dessins, et 65 fleurons par Gravelot. Frs. 45,000.

BIDA. LES SAINTS ÉVANGILES. Recueil unique des premiers et derniers états des eaux-fortes gravées d'après les des-

sins de Bida sous la direction de M. Edmond Hédouin, imprimées par A. Salmon, publiées par la maison Hachette, avec un portrait à l'eau-forte de Bida, dessiné et gravé par lui. Paris, 1863-73, 4 vol. in-fol. Recueil des Ornaments, gravés sous la direction de L. Gaucherel et d'Edmond Hédouin, d'après les dessins de Ch. Rossignaux, imprimés par A. Salmon, publiés par la maison Hachette. Avec un portrait de Ch. Rossignaux, gravé à l'eau-forte par Edm. Hédouin. Paris, 1863-1873, 2 vol. in-fol. Ens. 6 vol., mar. rouge, dos orné, fil., tr. dorée. (*Magnier.*) Des circonstances particulières, qui ne se renouveleront plus, ont permis à un artiste passionné, à un amateur du goût le plus sûr, de réunir cette incomparable collection d'eaux-fortes. En raison des éléments désormais introuvables, dont se compose ce recueil unique nous croyons autorisés à le signaler comme un des plus précieux monuments de l'histoire de la gravure au XIXe siècle. Frs. 30,000.

GRINGOIRE. LES ABUS DU MONDE. S. l. n. d. Ms. in-8 de 68 ff., avec miniatures, mar. bleu jans, doublé de velin blanc, riches dorures, à petits fers, comp. avec entretoises de feuillages avec semis de chardons et marguerites, large bordure de feuillages, tr. dor. (*Trautz-Bauconnet.*) Précieux manuscrit sur velin, avec quatorze miniatures de la grandeur des pages, magnifiquement conservé. Ce Ms. est celui qui a été présenté par Gringoire au Duc d'Estouteville, à qui l'ouvrage est dédié. Il s'agit ici de Jacques d'Estouteville qui fut prévôt de Paris en 1479, après la mort de son père. Frs. 15,000.

PARISIIS, Excudebam Petrus Didot, Natu Major, Aedibus Palatinis Scientiarum et Artium. MDCCCL. XI. In-fol., mar. bleu, dos orné, comp. de fil. tr. dor. (*Lewis.*) Précieux exemplaire imprimé sur velin, contenant les DESSINS ORIGI-

NAUX de Prudhon et du baron Gérard. Deux exemplaires seulement ont été tirés sur velin, un in-4 et celui-ci in-folio, destinés à recevoir les dessins originaux.

RABELAIS (François). COLLECTION D'ÉDITIONS ORIGINALES ET ÉDITIONS PUBLIÉES DU VIVANT de RABELAIS, les livres du Gargantua et du Pantagruel, 11 vol. in-16, in-12 et in-8, mar. rouge, dos orné, fil., tr. dor. (*Rel. anc.*)

La précieuse collection que nous mettons en vente provient de la bibliothèque de Charles Spencer, troisième Comte de Sunderland. La rareté des premières éditions de Rabelais est trop connue pour que nous ayons à y insister; c'est à peine si, dans les ventes les plus célèbres des deux derniers siècles, celle du comte d'Hoym, du duc de La Vallière, etc., on rencontre quelques volumes des éditions séparées des différents livres du roman de Rabelais. A la vente Solar (1860) figurait une seule importante de ces rarissimes volumes, mais leur condition laissait pour la plupart beaucoup à désirer, et les trois derniers livres seuls se trouvaient en éditions originales. Quelques volumes fort précieux figuraient aussi à la vente Potier (1870). Frs. 60,000.

It is with regret that we close these superb volumes—sort of inventory of many of the finest books known to have been printed during the last four centuries. We will take care to have the "choice bits" of the monthly bulletins of Mr. Morgand brought to the notice of the readers of THE CURIO. *Max Maury.*

OLD SIGN BOARDS.

SECOND PAPER.

IN an artistic sense the sign boards of old England were inferior to those of France, the work generally devolving upon the carriage-painter of the time. The headquarters of sign-artists were in Harp Valley, Shoe Lane, where a prodigious number of gilt grapes, blue lions and red bulls were turned out every week, and carved and painted figures for every trade and business.

The antiquarian of the present may sigh because the days of the sign board are no more, but street travel in those picturesque times must have been exceedingly perilous. The gallant who strayed out on a stormy night must needs dodge with alacrity the heavy boards swinging backwards and forwards with shrieking hinges across the unlit streets. If he was on horseback there was a likelihood of being unseated and even killed unless a link boy was at hand to show him the way; at least he was sure of a good dousing from the water dripping from the hollows on the signs. Now and then a sign would fall and there was always some one going out at the time to receive it. There is record of a sign falling in Brides' Lane, Fleet Street, which by its own weight pulled down the front of the house on which it hung and killed four people, including the King's jeweller and a cobbler.

It must have been an ignominious death for a knight back from the war to be knocked over by a blue lion or a green monkey dropping on his noble head, just as he was entering his native city flushed with the pride of conquest.

The "King's Head" was one of the most popular subjects for tavern signs, royalty being generally represented with a red nose, a fat paunch and eyes that looked as if they had been open for business all night.

It pleased the patrons of the ale houses to know that their sovereign was fond of his tipple, so the king was generally represented by the sign painters in the act of draining a great pewter tankard or a drinking horn of generous dimensions.

Princess Elizabeth, after her release from the Tower, in 1558, stopped on her way from church at the sign of the "King's Head" in Fenchurch Street, an historian informs us.

The refreshments consisted of pork and peas, a very popular dish at the time and supposed to be the forerunner of Boston's historic delicacy. Hans Holbein chose this visit to the inn as the subject of one of his paintings, and, for some years, the landlady made many a shilling by exhibiting the plate off of which Her Majesty had eaten.

The poet Cowley was born in a grocery store

in Chancery Lane, owned by his father. It became afterwards the "King's Head," and in the shadow of its walls the Titus Oates party met and trumped up the story implicating the Duke of York in the murder of Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey.

A "King's Head" tavern, among the Oxfordshire Hills, exhibited a well executed portrait of Charles I. after Vandyke. Tradition says that the unfortunate monarch, while a prisoner at Caversham, rode out among the hills, and hearing that there was an inn near by much frequented by the gentry, paid it a visit and attempted to forget his sorrows in a game of bowls.

This incident was commemorated by the following poetic inscription on the sign board:

Stop, traveler, stop, in yonder peaceful glade
His favorite game the Royal martyr played.
Here, stripped of honors, children, rank,
Drank from the bowl and bowled for what he drank
Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown,
And changed his guinea ere he lost his crown.



THE EAGLE AND CHILD.

The famous sign of the "Eagle and Child," vulgarly known as the "Babe and Bantling," represents the crest of the Stanley family, and the following legend may account for its origin:

Sir Thomas Latham, an ancestor of the House of Stanley and Derby, had a legitimate child, a daughter Isabel, and an illegitimate son by Mary Oscatell. The knight ordered that this child should be placed at the foot of a tree where an eagle had built her nest. Out walking that evening with his wife, he led her past the spot where the infant lay and persuaded her to take it home and adopt it as her own.

The lad grew up, was called Sir Oscatell Latham and became the presumptive heir to the Latham estates. At the last, the old knight, feeling some compunctions of conscience, left all his property to his daughter, who married a Stanley. Sir Thomas before his death, perhaps out of ill feeling for his illegiti-

mate son, had his crest altered into an eagle preying upon a child.

The "Eagle and Child" tavern in Manchester was extolled by Taylor, the water-poet, in his verses:

"Lodged at the 'Eagle and Child'
Whereat my hostess (a good ancient woman)
Did entertain me with respect not common,
She caused my linen shirts and bands be washed
And on my way she caused me be refresht."

Few sign boards have undergone so many changes as those which bore the subject of "The Salutation," originally representing an angel saluting the Virgin Mary. In the days of Cromwell it was changed to the "Soldier and Citizen," and, for many years after his decadence, the snuff-colored citizen and the red-nosed be-whiskered gentleman in regimentals were a familiar sight swinging over tavern doors. As time passed by, the "Salutation" signs were again changed, this time to simply two hands clasped, with an inscription of welcome underneath. In this form a number of sign boards are still to be seen in various towns in the north.

In the last part of the eighteenth century the sign of the "Salutation and Cat" hung over a tavern in Tavistock Row. Famous was it as the favorite haunt of that royal roysterer, the Prince Regent. From its hospitable portals the "first gentleman of Europe" would sally forth at night accompanied by those illustrious scamps and boon companions, Lords Surrey and Sheridan. Disguised in smock frocks and wearing bob wigs, this noble trio amused themselves by assaulting the guards, frightening honest pedestrians out of their wits, kidnapping pretty wenches and breaking windows, generally ending the evening at the round house.

There was also a "Salutation" inn much frequented by authors during the last century, which stood in Newgate Street. Coleridge spent many an hour in the window over that queer old sign, and here he used to meet and hob-nob with Charles Lamb, when that young gentleman came to London on a visit from his university.

A stone sign over the entrance to Bull Head Court belonged to the old house of the "King's Porter and Dwarf" and bears the date of 1660. The dwarf, whose name was Jeffrey Hudson, was a son of a servant of the Duke of Buckingham, and on account of his small size he attracted the attention of the Queen, who engaged him in her service.

His position in court seems to have been on a par with the lap-dogs, for Will Evans, the King's porter, used to carry the little fellow around in his pocket to amuse the ladies and gentlemen of the palace.

On the occasion of a banquet given by Charles I. he was served upon the board in a cold pie. The adventures of the dwarf and his giant friend, the porter, were numerous and in-



THE KING'S PORTER AND THE DWARF.

teresting, and many were the ballads written about the strange pair. Sign boards representing the two friends were numerous at the time, particularly in the farming districts.

The "Bear and Ragged Staff," the crest of the Warwick family, was a popular subject, and an inn of the name stands to-day in Cumner. A historic interest is attached to the place, because it was here that Amy Robsart fell a victim to the machinations of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Sir Walter Scott introduces the heroine in the first chapter of *Kenilworth*. In some towns the "Bear and Ragged Staff" has become corrupted into the "Bear and Billet," and the sign is often peculiarly referred to as the "Angel and Flute." The sign of "The Angel" has been identified with many historic memories. It was the sign of a famous coffee-house, one of the first in England. "In 1850, Jacob, a Jew, opened a coffee-house at the 'Angel,' in the Parish of St. Peter, in Oxon; and there it was by some who delight in novelty drank."

At the "Angel" tavern, in Smithfield, Joe Miller, of comic fame, used to play during Bartholomew fair-time. A circular informs the public, in 1722, that:

"Miller is not with Pinkethman but by himself at the 'Angel,' Tavern, next door to the King's Bench who acts a new Droll called the Faithful Couple or the Royal Shepherdess with a very pleasant entertainment between Old Hob and his Wife and the comical humours of Mopsey and Collin with a variety of singing and dancing.

The only Comedian now that dare
Vie with the world and challenge the Fair."

There are still three or four signs of the "Goose and Gridiron" extant in England.



THE GOOSE AND GRIDIRON.

The queer combination of subjects is said to have originated in the following way, according to "The Tattler:" A publican who disliked music came into possession of a tavern that had been used as a music hall, and in derision of the sign, a "Swan and Harp," chose as his sign, "A Goose clawing a Gridiron with its foot."

Poetical and rhyming inscriptions on signs were plentiful; reference being made generally that no credit was allowed, as for instance:

"Gentlemen, walk in and sit at your ease,
Pay what you call for and call what you please;
As trusting of late has been to my sorrow
Pay me to-day and I'll trust ee to-morrow."



THE MORTAL MAN.

A rhyme is inscribed on the sign board of the "Mortal Man" tavern near Ambleside. The picture used to represent two men, one looking as if he had been living on chalk, and the other portly and rubicund. Below were the lines:

"Thou mortal man that liv'st by bread,
What is it makes thy nose so red?
Thou silly elf with nose so pale,
It is with drinking Tommy Burkell's ale."

At the sign of the "Lame Dog," near Dudley, there is a lame dog trying to get over a style and this poetic appeal to the passing public:

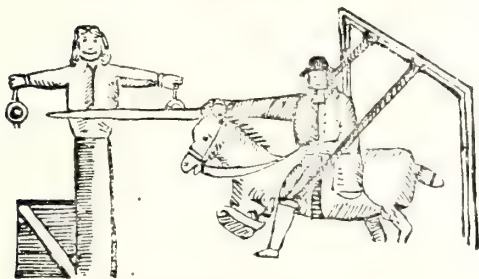
"Stop my friend and stay a while
To help the lame dog over the style."

At the sign of "The Bee Hive," in Middleton, County Cork, may still be seen these cheerful lines inscribed below the painting:

"Within this hive we're all alive
With whiskey sweet as honey;
If you are dry step in and try,
But don't forget your money."

A publican poet in Warwickshire opened a tavern near four others, called respectively: the "Bear," the "Angel," the "Ship" and the "Three Cups." The presence of so many competitors, however, did not daunt mine host, for he hoisted the sign of the White Horse over his door with the inscription below:

"My *White Horse* shall bite *The Bear*,
And make *The Angel* fly,
Shall turn *The Ship* her bottom up
And drink *The Three Cups* dry."



THE FLYING HORSE.

The sign of the "Flying Horse" swung in the days of Queen Anne over an ale house in Uoorfields. The title had no reference to Pegasus or the horses of mythology, but was the name of a very popular game of the times, something on the principle of the merry-go-round of to-day. The flying horse was made out of wood rudely carved, on which the equestrian seated himself and swung to and fro as in a swing, between two wooden pillars. In his hand he carried a short iron sword and the aim was to take a ring off a quintain, the reward for alertness being a pot of ale. Most ale houses of the time owned a flying horse for the amusement of their patrons.

For more than two centuries the sign of "The Mitre," in Mitre Court, Fleet Street, was the favorite resort for the most noted men in England. Dr. Johnson, Boswell tells us, loved to sit up late in that tavern, and Goldsmith and lesser literary lights came here of an evening to meet the snuffy old doctor, and exchange ideas with him over a pipe and a glass of amber ale. Here the Society of Antiquaries used to

meet before they moved into Somerset House, and Hogarth and Dr. Arnold King often had dinner together in the snug parlor back of the bar. Shakespeare is said to have written the following lines as he was drinking one day at the tavern.

"Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
Which was the 'Mitre's' drink and now is mine,
Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted
Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

One of the most curious signs of the seventeenth century was that of John Trundell, a ballad printer in the Burbican.

It was called "Nobody," the idea being taken from one of Ben Johnson's plays, where a character called Nobody is introduced, attired in a pair of breeches which come up to his neck and his arms thrust through his pockets.

Famous in history was the "Devil" sign in Temple Bar. Ben Johnson was so fond of that tavern that he removed his lodgings to a comb-maker's shop across the way, so that he might be near to it. Here he founded the Apollo Club of chosen spirits, and Swift, Addison, Dr. Garth and the literary lights of two centuries favored the inn with their presence.



THE NAKED MAN.

The "Naked Boy" and "The Naked Man" signs were intended to satirize the constant changes in the fashion of the times, the inscription generally reading:

"So fickle is our English nation,
I would be clothed if I knew the fashion."

The idea, however, seems to have been borrowed from the Italians, who in their caricature of an Englishman always painted him stark naked with a pair of shears in his hand.

Ernest De Lancy Pierson.

(To be Continued.)

A PLEA FOR THE PICTURE DEALER.

HE was a young man, but there was no diffidence attaching to his immaturity. He was chaperoning a young lady in the gallery of a dealer on Fifth Avenue. All around us, on the walls, were pictures of an excellent quality. There were few among them that deserved the stigma of absolute insignificance. There were many of a high order of merit. The collection, even to an eye jaded by years of pictorial satiety, was full of charm, and there were in it gems that even professional envy might have feasted upon without doing violence to its prejudices. But the young man evidently saw little merit in his surroundings.

He had an opinion, and he delivered it in a frankly impudent voice, for the benefit of us all.

"A regular dealer's collection" said he. "They turn out these pot-boilers by the cart-load across the water."

Perhaps it may not be amiss for me to mention that these pot-boilers included the most important example of Casanova that has ever come to this country: two Geromes of which the painter need have no shame: a Pasini such as is rare even in the great collections: a Kaemmerer for a connoisseur: a Vibert for an amateur: a Jacque to delight an artist's heart, and a Daubigny to teach him lessons of power: with quite a little catalogue of others equally meritorious in their grades. Is it any wonder, then, when the young man labelled them with one comprehensive sweep of his idle tongue as pot-boilers, that I smiled so audibly that I quite horrified my demure neighbors, and made even the young man forget himself long enough to look foolish and blush under his camel's hair pencil of a moustache?

But the illusions of youth are iron clad with impertinence. In a minute more he was criticising the technique of a Roybet, and blasting a Beraud with the dreadful stigma of "mere photography." "God bless us all!" said I to myself—I am always piously inclined when I am agitated—"This young gentleman must be an artist. He must paint pictures himself, and from the dizzy level of his own ideal look down in scorn upon the inferior productions of the mere masters of the day." And so indeed it proved.

My scornful young man is a painter of landscapes. You may buy them in any exhibition, at prices, graduated by their superficial areas, from \$25 to \$100. They are pretty little pictures. As you may judge from their prices, they have none of the quality of pot-

boilers. They have equally little of the quality of nature or art, to my fancy, but what better can you expect from the price? Besides, I may not be a judge. An idle life among the effete art of the old world and the vigorous art of the new, may possibly have blunted my taste—if I ever had any—and have warped my judgment. Stranger things have happened.

I know a music teacher who affirms that Strauss and Waldteufel cannot write waltzes for a hand organ. One day I found on the barrow of an itinerant vender a waltz by my music teacher, for sale for a cent. It would, it seems to me, be unreasonable to demand that a composer whose waltzes are peddled at curbstones for a cent with few takers, should experience any professional respect for rivals whose inferior productions set the world to dancing, and make fortunes for the publishers.

* * *

As there are no effects without causes, the estimation in which my young friend in the picture gallery held his surroundings has a manifest foundation. "It is," said he "a regular dealer's collection." It has always seemed to me that the picture dealer in this country was made the martyr to a most unreasonable prejudice. Among native artists he is held in about as much honor as a fox might be expected to find in a henroost. The press discriminates against him, and the public, even while it patronizes him, is ever inclined to view him with suspicion. That he exists and flourishes is proof positive of his utility, yet he is not only denied on most hands the meed of commendation all public usefulness should receive, but is positively abused for being what he is.

Why there should be any discrimination made against a man because he trades in pictures instead of, say, coals or jewelry, passes my, possibly, unanalytical comprehension. The wares he handles are as serviceable to the community. To say that they are as honest is to do them small honor, for there is certainly more selling of short weight coal and debased metal than of fraudulent or worthless pictures. Moreover, the sale of a false canvas may be, and doubtless often is, an accident, while there is no accident about the coal dealer's light ton, or the jeweler's coppered gold and alloyed silver, and the flawed stones he palms off for real gems. The shrewdest expert in pictures may be deceived by an adroit forgery. The tradesman who swindles his customers with dishonest

scales or doctored crucible, does so deliberately, and with open eyes to his own offense.

The picture dealer has been the art evangelist of this country. The influence of his galleries upon the public taste cannot be estimated by any restricted measurement. He has made money by this service, it is true, but surely the making of money in legitimate trade is no crime. We have among our artists many men of means, who no longer need to draw upon the resources of their brushes for an income. Do these gentlemen give away their pictures to an appreciative but needy public? On the contrary, unless the lists of prices in the exhibition catalogues are perjured, they advance their valuation in proportion as they rise superior to the necessity of selling at all. Yet, as a rule, these are the first and most vigorous denouncers of the dealer, for doing what they themselves justify by their acts.

There is a certain amount of jealousy in this, no doubt. The picture dealer finds it to his profit to handle foreign works in preference to native ones. The foreign standard is higher. A greater diversity of agreeable and attractive pictures can be procured abroad. The reputations of the painters assist in the sale of their works here, and in the establishment of their prices. Nevertheless, I have yet to find a dealer in pictures in this city, from the regents of the trade down to the newest speculators in it, who do not hail with gratification a new and worthy picture by an American artist, and gladly further it upon its way to a market. The trouble is that the American artist, with all our vain glory in our own art, does not, except in individual instances, produce works that can compete with the strong men of the foreign schools. Our art is in a material and unintellectual state, and as such must suffer by any rival which exhibits as good or better technique and more brains.

The dealer is a tradesman, first of all. It is his privilege to choose that which will pay him best to trade in. It is to his honor that he risked the building up of his trade among us, at a time when the whole public sentiment was dead to his mission, and when he had, before he began to feel the ground under his feet, to conquer popular ignorance, overcome popular indifference, and actually educate his patrons to a comprehension of one of the most vital interests to the intellectual development of a people. His title to a profit for his labor is as clear as that of the man who builds a railroad through a waste country and renders it fruitful, and his position is one of equal dignity. He gains a material return for his investment, it is true, but he benefits the whole community

by opening its eyes to that of which his trade is but a part.

Vanity is always short sighted. My friend Smeere denounces the dealers because they sell foreign pictures. It does not seem to strike Smeere that if he painted as good a picture as Meissonier, the dealers would find a market for him. It is not the dealer who makes the artist. The artist who can paint good pictures, can find a dealer to handle them to the mutual profit of painter and salesman. To argue, as Smeere does, that the dealer injures by ignoring him, is simply to argue himself so insignificant that his own merit cannot compel the dealer's consideration. There is not a dealer in New York, for instance, who would not readily exhibit the works of J. G. Brown and of George Inness—I name only two of a number of American artists of individual merit—if they could get them to exhibit. These artists, however, find private patronage enough to keep them busy most of their time. Their pictures rarely find their way into the dealers' galleries. When they do they sell. They sell, moreover, at a profit to the painter commonly greater than any foreign artist wins by his work. When time and circumstances shall have stamped them with the rarity of certain of the stock masters of the trade, they will command the same exaggerated value with the picture buying public.

I number among my acquaintances a young painter who made quite a local reputation half a dozen years ago. He had subsisted previously in positive penury. He painted an excellent picture, and was well patronized. Of a sudden he became possessed of the idea that he was not receiving the commercial recognition that was his due. Then, upon the experience of a few years, he set up a scale of prices to rival those of the half century of honour of some of the greatest painters of Europe. No intelligent person could have encouraged him in his idea that his art was equal to that of the giants upon whom he had built himself up. But he demanded the same consideration in the market as they, and thus settled his status after a fashion satisfactory to himself.

The public, however, declined to accept him at his own valuation. The buyers of pictures decided that as between his works and those of his betters they would pay the price to the latter. He turned to the dealers. They shrugged their shoulders, and told him frankly that they could not get his prices for him. And now he is one of those who find in the dealers the gravest oppressors of American art, because they would not undertake to get for his pictures

a great deal more than they were worth; more than, even from his friendliest and most generous patrons, he has been able to get for them himself. This injured genius would scarcely have dreamed of taking a false diamond to a jeweler and demanding that he should find a market for it as an old mine gem. Yet he actually demanded the same impossible service of the picture dealer, and will, no doubt, resent its non-performance to his dying day, as a personal injury.

Although the dealer may and does aid in the marketing of pictures by unknown men, it is the public, after all, which chooses. Collectors buy the works of famous artists as readers buy the books of famous authors, because the names of their creators are a guarantee of their quality. In these cases the dealer acts as salesman only. With new men he may offer their works and recommend them, but the buyer chooses according to his own taste. The dealer's recommendation has a certain value, since his customers are aware that he will not jeopardize his reputation by commending unworthy works. He cannot afford to. But outside of this, the dealer can do little. It is the artist who must speak for himself in his work, in order to have the world listen to him.

* * *

The press has materially assisted in the formation of the prejudices under which the picture dealer labors. In a general way, it is understood in journalism that the least possible attention shall be given to the collections of the dealers, on the ground that they are commercial speculations. The same papers stuff their columns with feeble puffery and absurd fictions about the theatre, and review the least significant of books in extenso. I have yet to learn that the ventures of the theatrical manager and the publisher are not commercial speculations. I have yet to learn that they do more towards elevating and advancing the world than the art in which the picture dealer trades. Perhaps, however, the favor shown them may not be entirely disassociated with the amount of money they spend in advertising. It is a characteristic of the American journalism, that criticism and the Mighty Dollar weigh evenly in the balance.

Not only does the press assume this negative attitude towards the dealer, but it participates actively in every effort to his damage. The discovery of a forged picture, or a counterfeit print, is a sensation to be exploited at length. The grossest exaggeration that ignorance and wilful perversion of fact can produce is indulged in, until one might, if one believed all that one read in print, conclude that every man who deals in works of art is a professional swindler.

Singularly enough, however, the dealer goes on selling *bona fide* pictures which enrich innumerable collections, and in the instances when he does make a mistake it may invariably be found to be one of judgement, not intention. The public, in spite of the vulgar tendency to suspiciousness, knows this. The public knows that such dealers as Mr. Avery, Mr. Schaus, the Knoedlers, Mr. Haseltine, Mr. Blakelee, and the rest are legitimate tradesmen, who would no more dare presume upon the confidence of their patrons by guaranteeing false wares, than they would dare forge each others' names to checks. That they are not sufficiently expert to avoid an occasional deception is a weakness all men are open to.

Expertise in pictures can never be reduced to an exact science. It is told of painters that they have not themselves recognized their own sketches after years of separation from them. How, then, can any man pretend to infallibility in the judgement of other men's works? There is no doubt a vast manufacture of fraudulent pictures in the world. Once a man's name is made and he is dead, the public devours his artistic remains without critical consideration. The men who manufacture these counterfeits, and who put them out with false pedigrees and simulated signatures, practice the same trade as the counterfeiter. Their goods, being worked off on the dealers, pass from hand to hand unsuspected, unless accident reveals the imposture. It is assuming no risk to state that the reputable picture dealer does not live who would not rather lose the profit on a hundred true pictures than endure the scandal of having sold one false one. Money can always be regained, but an injury to a man's reputation for probity or for knowledge leaves an invariable scar.

It may be asked what protection can the public have, then, against frauds in pictures, when the only people upon whose judgement the public can rely are not above the danger of deception. The same question might be put in regard to the nefarious work of the coiner, the counterfeiter and the check forger, and the same reply serve. Absolute protection there is none. Comparative safety is assured by the standing of the dealer and his experience. These, at any rate, render it positive that he will exercise the best possible precautions in his own defence, and in the effort to defend his own guarantee, naturally assist in the public protection as well. Self interest is the most potent of influences, and it is vitally to the dealer's interest to preserve his authority by the greatest accuracy of business detail that is in his power.

* * *

"But," cries Smeere, "Look at the money the

dealers make. They all grow rich while the artist remains poor. They are mere middle-men and they reap the whole harvest.

This brings the matter down to a purely commercial basis. The author of a book, in the same fashion, may denounce the publisher. But the painter of successful pictures, like the writer of successful novels, thrives in proportion to his popularity. The dealer and the publisher do not grow rich off his labor alone, but off their percentages upon the labor of many men like him. Moreover, they are put on an expenditure and a risk of capital unknown to him, and they simply realize the eternal truth that it pays better to have others work for you than to work yourself. In the one case, your gains begin and end with the activity of your own hands. In the other, every hand whose products you can control labors for your profit. One does not denounce the merchant or the manufacturer, whose wealth is heaped up by the service of others discreetly directed by himself. The

dealer in pictures but repeats, with even greater risks than those of the merchant and the manufacturer, the process that is considered legitimate in them.

I am ready to concede that it would be better for the artist to deal directly with his patron. But the combination of art and commerce has rarely been fortunate. The artists themselves are the most frequent protestants against the interruption of their work by visitors who look at pictures as something to be bought on business principles. The vulgar realism of bargain and sale is repugnant to the aesthetic sensibility, however agreeable the fact of a sale itself may be. Furthermore, the international interchange of art is only possible through the mediation of the trader. And above all, it is the dealer himself who, by making the general public familiar with art, gradually develops in the public the ability to judge for itself, and so in time effect a direct connection with the painter.

Alfred Trumble.

THE DOMINICK DIAMONDS.

A STORY OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Author of "The Confession of Claud," "A Gentleman of Leisure," "An Ambitious Woman," "Rutherford," "Social Silhouettes," etc.

III.

NOT many days after the death and burial of Alicia, a most extraordinary thing happened. Casper Van Schaick had been prostrated by the anguish of losing his daughter. In reality he never recovered from this shock, his brain gradually became more and more affected by its results until complete imbecility followed. He had idolized Alicia with much the same ardor as that which influenced Mrs. Ruthven toward Katharine. If the condition of his health had not been one of partial failure and collapse he might easily have rallied under the stress of this affliction; in reality he sank under it, with slowly clouding faculties. As a matter of course his sister, Mrs. Ruthven, appointed herself his principal nurse. But to the dismay of Katherine, her father abruptly conceived a most violent dislike of Mrs. Ruthven's very presence in his chamber. Katharine or the servants he would not shrink from in the least, but the instant Mrs. Ruthven appeared he manifested a most curious distress. "Go away from me," it is recorded of him that he would say, and with violence of intonation. "I—I don't know why, but I can't be happy while you

are here. I have no ill will against you; I simply want you to leave me."

To Katharine this antipathy had a world of sinister meaning. Since the funeral she had scarcely exchanged two words at a time with her aunt. She knew that Mrs. Ruthven observed her reticence, her coldness, but she found it impossible to modify either. Still she knew that such a change of relations toward her aunt must sooner or later bring about some sort of inquiry, demand or perhaps hurt reproof. Mrs. Ruthven had never repressed the positive adoration with which she had for years regarded Katharine. It was not easy now for the young girl to face her kinswoman's reproachful demeanor. Mrs. Ruthven's accustomed caresses were not given, but while abstaining from them this lady made it plain to her niece that she did so for reasons of wounded pride and affection.

"Possibly I have been wrong in my dreadful explanation of Alicia's dying words," Katharine would tell herself. "Explanation?" she would then repeat to her own thoughts. "Oh, surely I do Aunt Cordelia the bitterest injustice to call poor Alicia's incoherent sentences by such

a term! I *will* master this repulsion by which I feel myself swayed. Has not Aunt Cordelia been my devoted friend and guardian for years? Why should I not go to her and frankly state all that occurred during those few memorable minutes at Alicia's bedside? I *will* do so. It is my duty. I must not postpone the interview another day."

But she still did postpone it for two or three days longer. And at last, just as she had anticipated, the interview was sought by Mrs. Ruthven herself.

Her aunt followed her into her room one morning. "Katharine," she began abruptly, and with a look of what seemed the most pathetic trouble and perplexity, "I am of course very much distressed by your father's treatment of me. I cannot imagine how to account for it. Can you?"

"Only in one way, Aunt Cordelia," was Katharine's reply. "It is no doubt the whim, the fanciful aversion of a very sick and enfeebled mind."

Mrs. Ruthven started, and an expression of relief crossed her face. "Do you really think that?" she questioned.

"I cannot help thinking so, Aunt." And here Katharine fixed a direct gaze upon her companion, who somehow failed to return it, drooping her dark eye in an uneasy way. "What other cause would there be except that?"

"What other cause?" Mrs. Ruthven repeated. Her manner had swiftly grown fluttered, even excited. "None certainly! my dear; how coldly you say those words!" She took several quick steps, now, in her niece's direction. "Katharine!" she exclaimed, "what cause can there be for you to act toward me as you are doing?"

"I, Aunt Cordelia?" faltered Katharine,

"Yes, you! Do you suppose that I have noticed nothing? You avoid me, child—me, your life-long associate, bound to you for all these years by so many of the fondest ties." She drew still nearer to the girl as she thus spoke; she was now close at Katharine's side.

"Oh, my darling," she went on, "what does this curious behavior mean? Have you ceased to care for me as you once did? Do you want to break my heart after having made it so faithfully and lovingly your own?"

This appeal was too much for Katharine. The tears flashed into her eyes and then dropped from them as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Aunt, I will tell you everything! I have kept it from you too long already! Alicia *must* have wronged you by those words that she spoke to me just before she died!"

"What were they?"

This question seemed to leap from Mrs. Ruthven's lips, ringing hard, chill, imperative. All her emotion had vanished as if by magic.

Katharine stared at her half bewilderedly, for a moment. Then with an accuracy that showed how deeply every least detail of that death-scene had bitten itself into her memory, she began her straightforward, inexorably truthful recital.

"Is that all?" queried Mrs. Ruthven, with calm, austere tones, when her niece had finished.

"Yes," said Katharine, "that is all."

A most haughty and wrathful look now took possession of her aunt's visage.

"And you have permitted yourself to be influenced against me," she cried, "by such delirious language as this? In the name of heaven, Katharine, what am I to believe that you suspected?"

And she confronted the girl with a fierceness and scorn that transfigured her from her usual dignified self. Katharine was covered with contrition. She speedily told herself that she had done her aunt an infamous wrong, and then and there she besought pardon for having allowed Alicia's few gasped out words to prejudice her in the slightest degree. Mrs. Ruthven soon grew more placid, but from that hour she ceased either to show regret at Katharine's altered mode of conduct, or to make the least comment upon the entirely new relations that now existed between them. At first Katharine was both desirous of a complete reconciliation and hopeful of obtaining one. But after a little while such desire and hope quite died away. Something of the old suspicion against her aunt had returned, she could scarcely discover why. Was it because of Mrs. Ruthven's vigilant, uneasy, nervous way of perpetually seeming to watch and listen, as though she were a person always expecting evil tidings and prepared at any moment to have the door open and disclose a messenger bearing them? Or was it because her father's dislike had opened into a sort of insane hatred, which cast a kind of irresistible spell over Katharine herself? There would seem to be but little doubt that Van Schaick's repugnance toward his sister was a product of his disordered intellect alone—one of those inexplicable freaks which will fasten themselves upon a diseased intelligence, and which, as in the present case, will carry with them so pointedly supernatural an implication.

Meanwhile at this sombre little household Herman Dominick would every now and then pay a visit. He would ask for "the ladies," but Mrs. Ruthven rarely presented herself.

Katharine at first found such occasions as these inexpressibly trying. No subject except that of the dear Alicia was talked about, and there was an inexpressible pathos in the sight of these two young people, each with a burning attachment for the other, using, so to speak, the corpse of the poor dead girl behind which to conceal their actual feelings. Before long they both yearned to talk of other things. They heard, as it were, the beating of their own hearts above the sound of their own voices. And at last the crisis came, as inevitably it was fated to come. With his hand clasping Katharine's, with his eyes riveted on her crimsoning face, Herman said to her what he had repeatedly assured himself that he would never wrong Alicia's name by saying, since, if passion was passion, duty was also duty.

"Katharine," he broke forth with wildest impetuosity, "I love you so well that I cannot live without you! If Alicia had not died I would have been loyal to her, though constancy had cost me untold suffering. But now that she is gone I *must* yield to the natural longings of my soul, and ask that you will be my wife in her place. At first it seemed almost like a sin for me to think of speaking as I do now; but now it seems truly like a sin for me to refrain from speaking. The voice of Nature will not be silenced, Katharine. We were meant, you and I, for one another!"

There is no doubt that the engagement of Katharine and Herman was now sealed, but society at large knew for months and months nothing whatever concerning it. Mrs. Ruthven was informed of it, after the lapse of only a few days, by Katharine herself. For a short time all her reserve vanished. She hurried to her niece and fervently embraced her. "My darling!" she cried, "I am so glad, so glad! It was right; it was fitting!" And then she burst into a paroxysm of tears, while she strained Katharine to her breast and kissed her cheeks, her brows, her temples. But somehow the old estrangement asserted itself later between them. Katharine was not quite sure whether this happened chiefly because of herself or her aunt; but she realized that disturbing memories were still at work within her mind, and, in spite of the indignation that Mrs. Ruthven had shown, she could never cease to hear the echoes of her dying sister's voice during that transient interval when they two had been left alone together.

She loved Herman with an absorbing passion, and yet she never was really happy while his secret courtship continued. A dread was forever hanging over his spirits, but she attributed this, in a great measure, to the increasing

illness of her father. He had been subject, latterly, to fits of delirium, and, though quiescent for long periods, he would sometimes insist upon rising from his chair, and wander about the house with strange, half intelligible murmurs on his lips and a general air of the most woful dementia.

At length one day, just at the beginning of the first winter that succeeded Alicia's death, he quitted his chamber and passed out into the hall adjoining it. Emaciated, feeble, with glassy, melancholy eyes, and clad in a loose dressing-gown, whose folds ill concealed the shrunken proportions of his once robust frame, he paused at the half open door of Mrs. Ruthven's apartment. Katharine was following him, and, as he came to a stand-still at this particular chamber, she put her hand on his shoulder, saying:

"Not there, father. Come; you know you do not care to see Aunt Cordelia."

She could not have said anything more unfortunate. Van Schaick had not looked upon his sister for many days. He now made an irritated gesture and passed straight into the room, at once meeting Mrs. Ruthven face to face.

"Oh," he immediately cried, "so it's you, Cordelia!" He swept his haggard eyes here and there as if in search of something or someone.

"Yes, Casper, it is I," returned Mrs. Ruthven, who had been standing before her mirror, making some slight changes in her toilet. "Did you wish to see me?"

Her brother surveyed her from head to foot in a restless, imperious, demanding fashion. "Yes," he exclaimed, in the hoarse, changed voice with which now-a-days he nearly always spoke. "Where is my daughter, Alicia? What have you done with her? You know where she has gone and why she has gone! I don't doubt that you have done some horrible thing to her. Confess, now, that you are guilty!"

"Guilty!" said Mrs. Ruthven, recoiling, while she grew terribly pale. But at this moment the hired male nurse, who had also followed Van Schaick at a cautious distance, hurried into the room, summoned by a sign from Katharine. He was a man of much strength, and he had soon almost borne his patient bodily back to the latter's room. Van Schaick protested with cries and struggles, but all resistance was useless. As soon as she had ascertained that her father was fully under the control of his attendant, Katharine sought her aunt.

She found that Mrs. Ruthven, still colorless, and looking very agitated, had sunk into a

chair. "Katharine," she said, as her niece drew near, "you—you heard, did you not, what your father said to me?"

"Yes, Aunt," replied Katharine. "But remember that he——"

At this point Mrs. Ruthven interrupted her. What left the lady's lips never has been clearly known. She was evidently in a state of the most wretched mental turmoil, and beyond doubt she gave utterance to language which her listener recoiled from in horror. It was probably a confession of crime. One thing is certain: Mrs. Ruthven lay ill for several weeks afterward, and, on recovering, had undergone a radical transformation. Her dark hair had turned almost white; her brilliant black eyes shone from a face full of deep wrinkles and invested with an unchanging pallor; her steps were slow and hesitant; she was a woman who had not merely grown old and decrepit with startling suddenness, but one whom some weight of inward care seemed to oppress with dreary and ghastly persistence.

During her illness Casper Van Schaick died. His death was quiet and painless, resulting from a paralytic stroke, and mercifully sparing him the doom of protracted insanity by which he had been threatened.

Herman Dominick had borne himself to Katharine with the most exquisite sympathy throughout all her troubles. Her father had been dead over four months, and her aunt was an almost confirmed recluse, scarcely ever leaving the room in which she had heard what must have affected her like the accusation and detection of some divine anger itself, when Herman most persuasively said:

"Katharine, why should our marriage be postponed any further? Why not let the world know that we are engaged, and that we shall shortly be made one? You need my protection as a husband, I need your companionship as a wife. You are miserably alone now; I shall always be alone until I have made you once and for all time irrevocably mine!"

But Katharine drew away from him with a scared, mournful look.

"No, no, Herman," she responded; "the hour has come at last—the hour for telling you what I have delayed with cowardice from letting you know before. Oh, Herman," she hurried along, with breaking voice, "a hundred times during the past month or two I have been on the verge of saying it, and now it must be said, though it tears the very heart from my breast!"

"What must be said?" he asked.

"This: that I cannot ever marry you. . . There!" And the girl drew a long, tremulous

breath. "It is over; I have said it; and I mean it, too—ah, you can't think how sincerely!"

"Katharine!" he cried. There was a terror in his face as he pronounced her name. "It will kill me to lose you now! For what reason do you——?"

But she stopped him, there, with uplifted hand. "That is what I dreaded!" she murmured. "Of course you ask *why*. And I cannot answer. Herman, you must be content with *that* for an answer; I cannot give you my reasons."

"Then I don't ask them!" he exclaimed, with a dauntless laugh. Against her will he put his arms around her. "You *shall* be my wife," he said. "I know you love me. If you denied it now I should not believe you. If there is any hidden cause, any secret or mystery, you need not inform me of it; I shall be content to remain ignorant of it for the rest of my life. But I cannot consent to give you up now; I cannot and I will not!"

He prevailed with her. Their marriage was soon afterward fixed for a certain day in the beginning of June, and was to be held at Trinity Church.

Katharine rarely addressed a word to her aunt, now. But she told her of the approaching wedding. Mrs. Ruthven took all her meals in her own apartment, seldom stirring from it. Her friends would occasionally visit her, and go away lamenting that she should have become in so short a time so deplorable a wreck. It increased Katharine's sense of solitude to breakfast, dine and sup alone in that spacious old Nassau Street house; but perhaps she would rather have lived thus than have shared her aunt's companionship.

"Shall you go to my wedding?" she asked Mrs. Ruthven, after she had broken the news.

The dark eyes glowed like two stars in the face of Katharine's aunt, as she now turned them upon her niece.

"Why, yes," she stammered; "I—I should like to—to be there, if I am strong enough."

"Very well," said Katharine. . . . She left the room with a troubled face. Would she not have preferred that her aunt had refused to go?

On the evening before the wedding (which was to take place in Trinity Church), Dinah, the old negro-servant, put a package in Katharine's hands, saying that it had just been left for her. Katharine opened it and found—the Dominick diamonds.

Her cheeks grew scarlet and then became very pale. The Dominick diamonds! What a tumult of recollection they awakened! She remembered the legend which Herman had told concerning them, and a chill passed through her, of the sort which superstitious people say

that you feel when "someone steps on your grave." That night she tossed restlessly till dawn, dreaming strange, hateful dreams about the diamonds—dreams in which they repeatedly grew that fatal red of the legend, but in which they once turned to a shade of familiar blue and thence changed into many re-duplicated eyes of her sister Alicia, all gazing upon her with sombre reproach.

Most weddings were small in those days, the vast throngs which now overflow our metropolitan churches being a feature yet unborn of civilization. But Katharine had sent out as few invitations as circumstances would allow. The two recent deaths in her family offered ample excuse for such a decision. But although not large, the assemblage in Trinity, on this pleasant June morning, was one of very noteworthy and reputable showing. Some of the wedding guests had driven in from their country homes up along the Hudson or East River. When a Dominick married a Van Schaick it was a matter for all the solid Knickerbocker families to esteem a distinct event.

The wedding would to-day be considered a very old-fashioned one. Herman Dominick met his fatherless bride in the lower vestibule of the church, and while they walked up the long aisle of Trinity arm-in-arm together, the organ played a rich and mellow prelude to the coming ceremonial.

"See," whispered old Miss Van Dam to her bachelor brother, as grizzled and bent and bald as herself. "She's got on the Dominick Diamonds, Jonathan, as sure as you're born."

Others noticed this fact besides the Van Dams, but many were too impressed by the loveliness of the bride for any less personal species of observation. And Katharine, in her veil and orange flowers, looked exceedingly beautiful.

The bride and groom reached the altar, and stood there. A somewhat distant kinsman of Katharine's, but the nearest she had on her father's side, waited ready to give the bride away. There were three bridesmaids and three groomsmen, all either relatives or old-time friends of Katharine's. Herman Dominick's intimates (though he had made himself well enough liked since his return to this country) were necessarily all across the Atlantic.

The minister, amid the usual profound silence, began the service. It had been a morning of fresh breezes, with buoyant masses of cloud continually passing over the sun. As the first few words of the marriage ceremony were spoken, the stately and charming interior of the church was wrapped in a tender though not oppressive gloom. But as the minister pro-

ceeded, shafts of sunshine began to pierce the stained glass windows. And now, precisely as the solemn words of address to the bride were being pronounced, a broad ray of crimson light shot directly down upon the breast and arms of Katharine, staining the diamonds that she wore a vivid red.

The girl, with downcast eyes, suddenly perceived that the jewels she wore *had turned as red as rubies*. She had been too rapt, too absorbed, to notice the cause of this change, a perfectly natural and by no means miraculous one.

But to her, at this moment, it seemed miraculous in a most frightful and unearthly way. She staggered back from the altar, and a piercing cry left her lips.

"*They are red—red!*" her voice rang. And strangely, indeed, at this moment, while she turned in a half demented state toward the guests among the neighboring pews, only one face of those that she now fronted remained clear in her memory. This was the face of her aunt, who had half risen from an adjacent pew, and was staring at her with a look of blended anguish and entreaty that she never, in all the years which followed, quite forgot.

Literally insane during those few horror-stricken seconds, Katharine tore the Dominick diamonds from her neck and arms. If she spoke any connected sentences while this mad action was accomplished, they were too swift and too inarticulate for the ears of her astounded auditors. In another instant the diamonds had fallen flashing upon the floor of the church. Then Katharine took several staggering steps downward from the altar. It seemed, now, as if her intent was to speed precipitately from the church. But an overmastering faintness came upon her at this point. Someone caught her just as she was sinking, and the last impression left upon her crazed mind was that of seeing the whole company rise in tumult, and of hearing exclamations fraught with the most acute amazement. . .

Her unconsciousness lasted for hours. She was very ill on finally awakening from it, and then she found herself in her own chamber at home. Old Dinah was near her, but there seemed to the unhappy young bride a lapsing period of days before she was able to address her faithful black nurse, after having once become certain of Dinah's presence at the bedside.

Then, by gentle degrees, she was made aware that the shock of her behavior in the church had resulted in the most disastrous manner to her Aunt Cordelia. After the first excessive astonishment had subsided, it was discovered

that Mrs. Ruthven had fallen back in her pew, having supposably swooned. But a little while later it became evident that the swoon was a mortal one. She was carried from the church dead.

Through the old negress Katharine gradually learned other facts. Her astounding interruption of her own wedding ceremony had caused a great scandal, of course. But what she had done was at last attributed to a sudden seizure of insanity; no other tenable reason for it could be lighted on. Mrs. Ruthven's funeral had been attended by a very large concourse of people, and the greatest sympathy was expressed for the unfortunate lady.

"And . . Mr. Dominick?" at length asked Katharine, forcing her pale lips to shape the question that she had from the first been longing to ask.

He had sent two, three and four times every day to learn how "Miss Katharine" was, Dinah now told her.

"I—I can never see him again," said Katharine, burying her head in the pillows. "When I am a little stronger, Dinah, you and I will go away somewhere, perhaps to Europe . . . I don't know." She remained silent for a long time, and then suddenly asked, in a faint, unsteady whisper:

"Dinah, did anyone speak of those diamonds that I wore? I—I mean, of my having been so horrified that they turned red during the ceremony there in church?"

Yes; Mr. Dominick himself had held more than one conversation with her, Dinah avowed, and once he had spoken of the diamonds, and said that possibly they had something to do with Miss Katharine's odd attack. The crimson light from one of the chancel windows had struck down on them and dyed them red.

"Ah!" exclaimed Katharine. A momentary glad light passed over her face. But in a little while she grew sad again. "Dinah," she presently re-commenced, "no matter how much better I become during the next few days, recollect that you are always to tell Mr. Dominick one thing; I cannot see him, and, for all you know, I will never see him again."

Dinah may or may not have delivered this message. It is probable that she acted with the most thorough disobedience of it, and that Herman Dominick was enabled one morning, to slip into Katharine's presence through the old negress's benevolent disloyalty. Katharine had

descended into the lower rooms of the house, clad like an invalid, but looking very pretty and winsome in the soft draperies of her *déshabille*, when Herman suddenly surprised her.

One look at him wrung her heart with a forceful pang. He was so changed! He, too, had evidently suffered so much!

She made an attempt, nevertheless, to fly from his presence. But he most insistently detained her, and there followed between the lovers an interview which probably opened Herman's eyes to facts that he had not before dreamed of.

The historian uses this word "probably" with deliberation, since from those annals which he has been able to consult, no decisive convicting testimony has ever been secured. If Katharine then and there told Herman of a horrible crime committed by her dead aunt, Cordelia Ruthven, such revelation on her part can never be satisfactorily proven. All that we know for unqualified certainty is the persistent devotion of Herman Dominick, which no confession, no unveiling of past fateful occurrences, had been able alienatingly to effect.

As soon as Katharine's restored health would permit, she was very privately married to Herman. Almost immediately the wedded pair went abroad, and they lived there for the rest of their lives. Both the Van Schaick and Dominick mansions were afterward sold through American lawyers, and were converted into stores as the tide of residential patronage deserted that quarter.

The story of the Dominick Diamonds, handed from one generation to another, was distorted, as all such stories are, into more than a single grotesque and curious version. But the present chronicler, anxious to deal only with those basal truths which remain unshaken after all whimsical and fantastic obscurities have been cleared away from them, is finally enabled to offer his readers the present tale in a shape at once as disinterested and as trustworthy as the limited conditions of his researches would permit. Though here and there he may have drawn a little upon his imagination, he has in the main been very guarded against doing so; and considered in its entirety, the narrative which he now submits may be said to contain as few flaws of falsehood as there were flaws of a structural sort in the Dominick diamonds themselves.

Edgar Fawcett.

END.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY, A. D. 1622.

"AND now," said the Governor, gazing
abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clear-
ings and covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises because of
this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be
thanked for his sun and rain.

And, therefore, I, William Bradford (by the
grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Gov-
ernor of Plymouth, say,
Through virtue of vested power—ye shall
gather with one accord,
And hold, in the month of November, thanks-
giving unto the Lord.

He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the
quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept
him from wrack and wrong;
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be bid-
den, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh
the harvest grow.

So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there is
hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for
spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your
delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving and make it a
feast of joy!

We fail of the fruits and dainties—we fail of
the old home cheer;
Ah, these are the lightest losses, mayhap, that
befall us here;

But see, in our open clearings, how golden the
melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us
the pumpkin pie!"

So bravely the preparations went for the au-
tumn feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild
game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-
brew served for wine,
And the plum and the grape of the forest for
orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed; the snow
had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry
rang merrily over all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who
hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently
thanked the Lord.

In his seat sate Governor Bradford; men, ma-
trons, and maiden fair;
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet
and sword were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each
in its turn the sway,
For the grave of sweet Rose Standish o'er-
shadowed Thanksgiving-Day.

And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sate down
with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of gardens and
woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest—with a
blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves His
white children best!"

*Margaret I. Preston.**

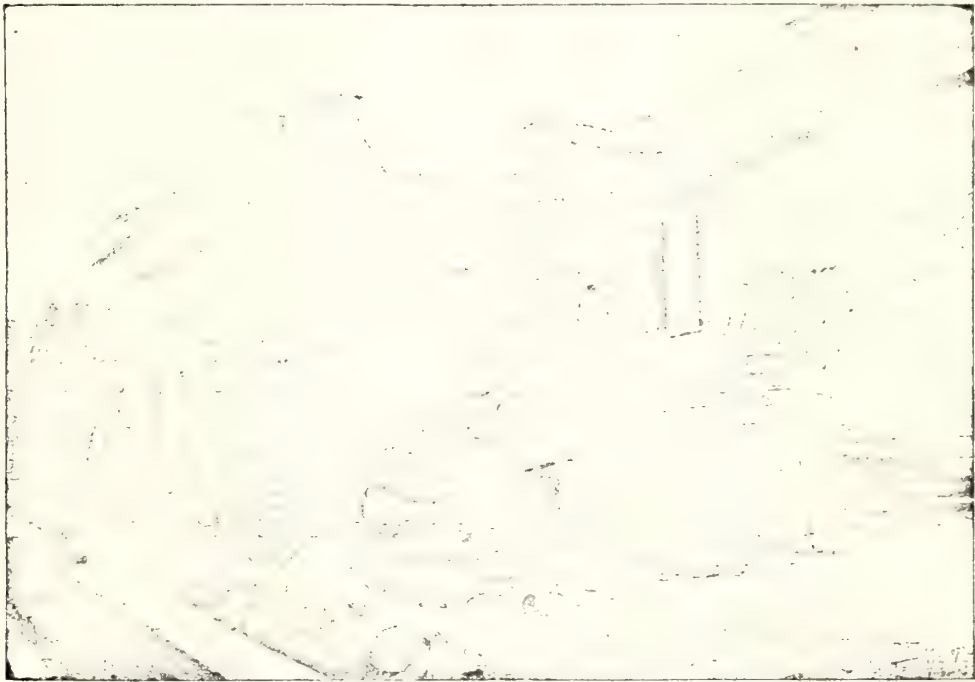
*This typical poem, nowhere better in its place than in this magazine—so tenderly devoted to the souvenirs of the dear old Colonial times—is chosen from among many others of equal worth and charm, recently collected and published under the title of "Colonial Ballads, Sonnets and other Verses," by their author, a woman of great taste and singular felicity of expression [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

THE FIRST EXHIBITION
OF THE
"NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF ART."

A MOVEMENT approved of by many of our artists and connoisseurs is just now on foot, to utilize, for a worthy purpose, the unoccupied upper hall of the Eden-Musée building, in West Twenty-Third Street, this city. The attempt, as yet, is but modest in its proportions and unassuming in its programme,

membership according to stated and somewhat iron-bound rules; but even these privileged ones enjoy yearly, for a very short time only, the satisfaction of submitting to the public gaze the results of their distinguished labors.

There remains but one other means for the artist to have his pictures and his examples of



No. 32. P. GROLLERON [of Paris.] The Soldier's Meal.
From the Paris Salon, 1887.
[Property of Theodore Hellman, Esq., of New York.]

but, as it may contain nothing less than the germs of a revolution in our mode of exhibiting and selling works of art, THE CURIO thinks it of sufficient interest to submit to its readers its full and impartial views upon the matter.

And, first of all, it may be remarked that no such location has been offered, before this, to the American artists of note or promise, for the constant exhibition of their works. A few halls are placed, it is true, periodically, at the disposal of select groups, recruiting their

statuary offered to the verdict of the critic and the buyers at large. He can place his canvas or his marble or bronze statue under the care of a prominent dealer, who undertakes, for a somewhat heavy commission, to call the attention of his wealthy patrons to these new specimens of home-bred talent. As a rule, all dealers of repute object to crowding the limited space they dispose of with anything but such works as bear renowned signatures, mostly,—we might say exclusively,—from foreign ar-

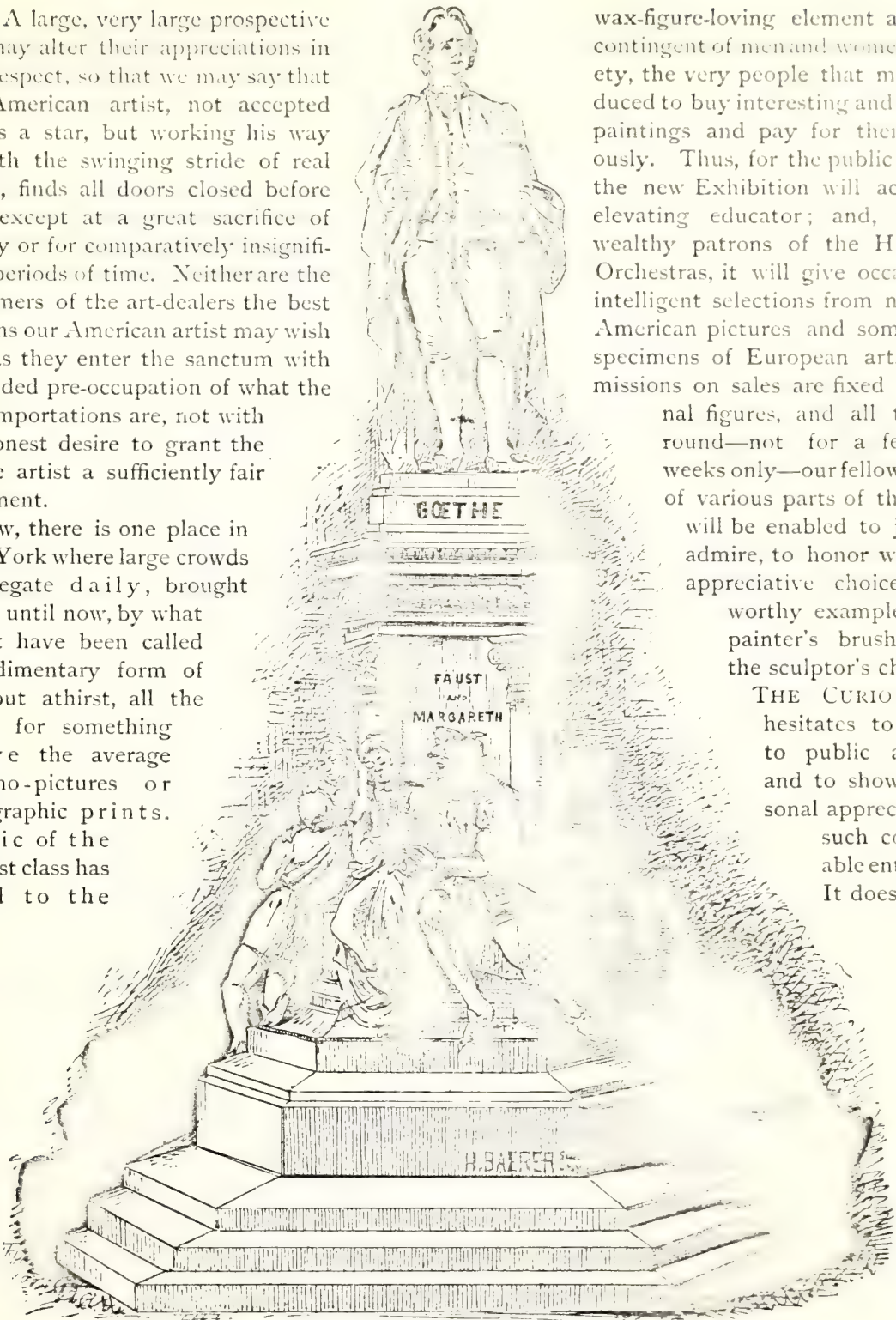
tists. A large, very large prospective fee, may alter their appreciations in that respect, so that we may say that the American artist, not accepted yet as a star, but working his way up with the swinging stride of real talent, finds all doors closed before him, except at a great sacrifice of money or for comparatively insignificant periods of time. Neither are the customers of the art-dealers the best patrons our American artist may wish for; as they enter the sanctum with a decided pre-occupation of what the new importations are, not with an honest desire to grant the native artist a sufficiently fair treatment.

Now, there is one place in New York where large crowds congregate daily, brought there, until now, by what might have been called a rudimentary form of art, but athirst, all the same, for something above the average chromo-pictures or lithographic prints. Music of the highest class has added to the

wax-figure-loving element a notable contingent of men and women of society, the very people that may be induced to buy interesting and valuable paintings and pay for them generously. Thus, for the public at large, the new Exhibition will act as an elevating educator; and, to the wealthy patrons of the Hungarian Orchestras, it will give occasion for intelligent selections from numerous American pictures and some choice specimens of European art. Commissions on sales are fixed at nominal figures, and all the year

round—not for a few short weeks only—our fellow-citizens of various parts of the States will be enabled to judge, to admire, to honor with their appreciative choice many worthy examples of the painter's brush and of the sculptor's chisel.

THE CURIO never hesitates to present to public attention and to show its personal appreciation of such commendable enterprises. It does so with-



No. 4. HENRY BAERER [of New York.] Model of a Goethe Monument,
With groups representing the leading works of the great poet.
(Pen and ink sketch)

out direct or indirect idea of lucre, just as it wishes God speed to all who help propagating the gospel of artistic teachings, be they academicians, art-dealers, critics, collectors high and low. If the "New York Society for

fied disapproval. But, as things stand now, with such men as Messrs. Thomas B. Clark, Henry T. Chapman and R. H. Halstead, acting as an Advisory Art-Committee, with Mr. J. Keppler as President of the corporation, and



No. 14. A. P. DAWANT [of Paris.] Departure of Emigrants from Havre.

From the Paris Salon, 1887.

[Property of Count Kessler.]

One of the huge Atlantic steamers, which carry annually hundreds of thousands of people, tired of the Old World and anxious to try their fortunes in the New, is about to depart. A motley crowd is gathered on the wharf awaiting the signal to go on board. The central group attracts at once our attention: three hardy men of different nationalities. A good tempered looking man with a green coat and cap, straight, fair hair and beard, is the unmistakable type of the German gamekeeper; the gaunt, bony figure to his right with the sallow face, high cheek-bones and piercing dark eyes and fur cap, is of that mixed Slave race which inhabits chiefly the borderland of Saxony and Bohemia; the third of the group seems to have seen something of the New World already. The most touching characters in the crowd are the widower and his little daughter to the left from the spectator; they look inexpressibly sad and forlorn. The family in the right corner comes probably from the cold Northern districts of Scandinavia. The last group we have space to notice is the handsome-looking old woman sharing a frugal meal with her daughter sitting at her feet. The whole picture possesses, on close examination, a quiet, earnest power, that is really impressive.

the Promotion of Art" should deviate from its stated programme instead of looking forward for constant improvement, THE CURIO would be among the first to protest and record its quali-

with the wide-awake managers of the Eden Musée Company behind the scenes, there seems no risk for a failure nor for an unfulfillment of the promises made. Slowly and cau-



No. 16. JOS. DECKER [of New York.] An Amateur Cook.
(Pen and ink sketch.)

tiously ought the institution to unfold its possibilities; a current of sympathy will soon establish itself between the exhibitors and the general public, and favorable results will undoubtedly spring out from such a happy combination of business ability, art-tact and honest purpose.

We may add that this permanent exhibition will be constantly enriched by loans from distinguished connoisseurs, besides being transformed quarterly by large additions to the original exhibits. In fact, not a week will elapse without some novel feature

being introduced in the already interesting collection.

The readers of THE CURIO will find here reviewed for their benefit the principal pictures on show, at the time of our going to print—a few of which have been especially photographed, others sketched by kind permission of the "New York Society for the Promotion of Art," and for sole publication in this magazine.

* * *

The second regular catalogue of the "New York Society for the Promotion of Art" has just been issued, and we understand that an *Illustrated Catalogue*, with ten or fifteen photo-gravures and pen-and-ink sketches is also to be published shortly. We find that over sixteen well conceived and decently executed American paintings have found their way in this early exhibition, and that, besides, the French, German and Italian schools are well represented in this first attempt—very far, of course, from realizing the final ambitions of the promoters. The ten pictures illustrating our columns, have been admitted by reputable critics to be worthy of a much more pretentious undertaking, and such names as Charles Giron, P. Grolleron, A. P. Dawant, T. de Thulstrup, Kraszewsky and Jos. Decker need no commendation from our part. Most of these artists have



No. 34. ARTHUR HOERER [of New York.] Landscape.
(Pen and ink sketch)



NO. 29. CHARLES GIRON [of Paris.] Portrait of a Parisian Lady.
(Pen and ink sketch.)

Mr. Charles Giron's conception of female beauty is strikingly illustrated in this example, not so much by the face, only sketched by our artist, but by the pose, the elegance of the attitude and the daintiness of the general make-up.

had the honors of the Paris Salon, and are known, all over Europe, as painters of distinct value.

We ought to notice also a "Shepherd" by Troyon; a "Landscape with Cattle," by Vanderlyn and Verboeckoven, who have so often thrown their talents into partnership; an authentic Ribera; an "Ariadne," by the delicate and poetic hand of Ary Scheffer; two landscapes by Schoyerer, undoubtedly one of the leading painters of the Munich school; an

"Erato," by the late Hippolyte Flandrin, the classical academician and decorator of Saint-Germain-des-Près; two realistic portraits of President Cleveland and his good-looking wife by the great caricaturist Keppler, and some very good examples of the old Dutch and Flemish schools. The "Maquette" of the Goethe monument to be erected in Central Park to the (to many) *greatest* poet of this century, is the first example of the sculptor's work introduced in the well-fitted and hospitable gallery of the "New York Society for the Promotion of Art," to which organization we here present our best wishes of success and steady development in a right and useful direction.

Far be it from our minds, however, to endorse *in toto* the present embryonic effort of the new corporation. Much could be said to detract from the value—in the eyes of the unsophisticated public—of several of the works presented. The peculiar fancy entitled "Chromatic Fantasia" draws quite a crowd of admirers, although it is nothing better than a *tour-de-force* of very inferior conception and still weaker execution. Among the more pretentious canvasses we find a figure of "Austria," by a Vienna painter, which possesses a dullness of color only surpassed by the stiffness of the outline. We have seen many such "Austria"



NO. 44. KRASZEWSKI [of Munich.] Carpet Dealer.
(Pen and ink sketch.)

in the *Bierkneipe* of the lovely city on the Danube, and we must admit that, through the smoky horizon of such *Gemeinnützliche Wirtschaften*, we rather enjoyed the rubicund goddess who plays protectress to this motley realm. But in an Art Exhibition she is out of place to a de-

built, ill-clad and ill-placed in the shallow horizon. It is a jumble without a meaning. It would be bad enough as a primitive picture of the anti-oil-color period.

Among a very much better set of works, a Parisian picture by Marcius Simon, "The



No. 45. T. DE THULSTRUPP [of New York] Battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.—*Fragment.*
(Pen and ink sketch)

gree, when interpreted in such an unsatisfactory manner. The incoherence of the "Ash Wednesday Ceremony of Driving the Devil from the Convent" by a certain Mr. J. Steen, of anonymous origin, manages, however, to throw in the dark the other disastrous efforts—happily so few in number in this young exhibition. We have here a scene of the middle ages, of which many of us have read in books but would be fain to recognize in these distorted figures, ill-

Ambitious Model," fails to meet our approbation, although constructed in strict "impressioniste" principles.

"The artist," says the catalogue, "is painting a Japanese model, who, without being noticed, has picked up the artist's sketch book and is quietly in turn sketching him," The conception is clever, the realization lacks a knowledge of design—a much despised art nowadays—and is faulty in perspective and coloring. It draws

the eye, however, and is not without some promise.

We regret to finish these few remarks with such notes of decided criticism, but it seems to us that nothing is apt to show more positively the clear-headed interest we feel for the attempt of the "New York Society for the Promotion of Art," and our desire to see it widen its field, increase its stock of high-class works of art and facilitate the constant intercourse of our painters, and sculptors with the great living and buying public.

Little has been attempted, in proper form and manner, to encourage American Art. Yet it has been treated—it is true—by our Congressmen and Senators as a regular manufacturing business and protected marvellously, if grotesquely, against the invasion of outside "pro-

ducts." Everything that could be done to prevent the development of incipient talent has been legally realized. This incentive of incentives: the study of master-pieces, has become the privilege of the wealthy, not of the genius-

gifted. Artisans not artists can be raised outside of such elevating influences; mediocrity exults, away from comparisons, but real talent is dwarfed in its infancy and decays with alarming certainty. Such regulations—as long as they stand—

can only be deprived of their emasculating influences by private and generous efforts, such as gifts to our museums, importation of notable works, at all risks, and, besides, a word of friendly advice, backed by money and deed, to encourage young American Art to march to the conquest of the world.

E. de V. Vermont.



No. 8. A. BOSCHI [of Florence.] "Do you call that a clean shave?"
(Pen and ink sketch.)



No. 28. GUSTAV GAUL [of Vienna.] Portrait of Wagner.
Painted from life.
(Pen and ink sketch.)

OUR "NOTE AND QUERY" DEPARTMENT.

A King of Arms for America.

The following reprint of a document in the possession of Mr. E. A. Ebbelwhite, directly bearing upon the heraldic history of the United States of America, will doubtless be of much interest to our readers.

It is a holograph draft petition of Sir Edward Walker, Garter King of Arms, to King Charles the Second, praying for an appointment as King of Arms for America. Sir Edward Walker, who was born January 24, 1611-12, was appointed Rouge Dragon in 1637, Chester Herald in 1638, Norroy in 1676-7 :

"Whereas, the Office of Gr Principall King of Armes is confined to his Attendance and Care of the Armes, funeralls, etc., of the Nobility and Companions of the Most Noble Order of the Gr THE ADVANTAGE WHEREOF CANNOT IN THESE TIMES SUPPORT THE DIGNITY OF HIS PLACE (these words are erased in the original) together with power to graunt Armes which *power* (erased) the Provinciaall Kings of Armes have likewise and by that meanes and their Care of the Gentry and the Authority they have to visit in their provinces whereby they *may* (erased) have the opportunity to draw the greatest benefit thereof to themselves, the Advantages Gr hath by his place cannot for the future support the dignity thereof. Whereupon hee humbly proposeth that his Matie would bee graciously pleased to (erased) by le's patents under the great seale to Constitute him and his Successrs in the s'd Office . . Principall and only King of Armes of all his Maties plantac'ons in America and therein from time to time by himselfe and deputies to record the Names Armes Matches Issues Deascents of all Gent. inhabiting in any of the sayd Plantac'ons wth power likewise to him and his successors to graunt Armes unto any person or persons of worth & meritt in habiting any of the sayd Colonies and Plantac'ons *as* (erased) their industry or other lawfull meanes are and may be Capable thereof (erased) thereof together with direction therein unto all Go^{rs} and other Off^{rs} to bee aydeing and assisting to him and his Deputies for the better and more orderly Execution of the powers hereby graunted unto him with such farther clauses *as may be necessary for the better Execution hereof.*

"Heereby these Conveniencys will probably follow:

"first it will preserve the memory of the first Planters and adde a respect unto their descendants.

"secondly it will *make distinctions among persons and make* (erased) induce such who receive such honerary marks to pay greater reverence unto Monarchy from which their qualificac'ons are derived,

"Thirdly it will encourage *such to* (erased) industry and virtue *who* (erased)

"Lastly it will settle them *to affect* (erased) in their affections to Kingly Govt and be a foundac'on (as the plantac'ons ineease in Wealth and power) to receive greater marks of honour and Distinction from the King and his Successors.

Endorsed—"KING OF ARMES FOR AMERICA."

M-a-r-s-e-i-l-l-e-s-.

To the Editor of THE CURIO:

Dear Sir:—The communication of Mr. M-a-r-s-e-i-l-l-e-s in your "Notes and Queries" of October, is very amusing—I was going to substitute another word, but refrain.

The question that he "wants to put on record" is indeed a modest one! He only wants to know if "there is anywhere living on the face of the habitable globe, another male human being bearing the name of the subscriber, which is precisely as the city in the south of France, viz.: M-a-r-s-e-i-l-l-e-s" But why not put his "query on wider ground" while he is about it, as there might be a question as to the limits of the "habitable globe" and include also the *unhabitable* globe, in case the agent or explorer of THE CURIO, after having searched every nook and corner of the *habitable* globe, without finding any trace of the "male human being" by the name of M-a-r-s-e-i-l-l-e-s, should without further new instructions continue his investigations where directories and jury lists, telegraphs and telephones, pianos and insane asylums are unknown?

It might, however, be prudent to give the rash explorer a few hints before his departure.

In the first place, and to begin way back, as, for example, at the time of the Crusades, there existed two noble French houses which among their title bore that of *de Vintimille, Comtes Souverains of MARSEILLES* (extinct) and the *de Fos* (a younger branch of the *Comtes Souverains of Arles*) *Vicomtes Souverains of MARSEILLE*, descendants of which are now living in the Département of Maine-et-Loire (France) but shorn of all title, as appears from the last edition (1886) of the "Etat présent de la Noblesse française."

True, we find the name of *Marseille* (in a very few instances spelt with a final *s*) mentioned without titles, but the bearers of it were undoubtedly younger sons of either the Comtes or the Vicomtes de Marseille—generally of the latter.

How does Mr. M-a-r-s-e-i-l-l-e-s claim descentance from either of those ancient houses?

If not, we must look in another direction for a solution.

It was customary in feudal times, for the *villains* to give their children the name of their lord to show their respect and loyalty. Sometimes, also, the lord himself gave the child of a privileged or favorite retainer his own name, at the baptismal font, perhaps for good cause.

Thus we find at the present day, plebeians bearing the aristocratic sounding names of Rohan, Coucy, Courcy, Valois, Blois, Montmorency, etc., etc., thanks to that ancient custom, very similar indeed to that obtained in the South, before the war, when negroes were known by their masters' names, which they continue to bear to this day.

Another hypothesis is permissible:

During the progress of formation of family names in France, during the XIII. and XIV. centuries, persons adopted for themselves the name of the city, town or village where they were born, or received, as a nickname (which frequently descended to their posterity) the appellation of the place whence they came, such as Paris, Lyon, Besançon, etc.

Shall we still seek for another reason, and mention the custom of naming foundlings from the street or town where they were found?

But enough has been said already to enlighten our impatient explorer and to enable him, like another Stanley, to discover not a Livingston, but a "male human being" of the name of M-a-r-s-e-i-l-l-e-s."

Now, to satisfy that other (very natural) yearning-of the same gentleman, who asks: "Is there a coat-of-arms of the Marseilles family? If so, what is it, and where may it be had or seen?" We are happy to reply that *there is* a coat-of-arms of the Marseille family, that of the Vicomtes Souverains of Marseille, which is also that of the de Fos, viz: gules, a lion rampant or, crowned of the last. "Where may it be had or seen?" Why, nothing easier; get a heraldic artist to copy it for you, and then it can be seen as long as the drawing or painting will last.

The Vicomtes de Marseille called themselves "Dei gratia vice-comites Massiliensis."

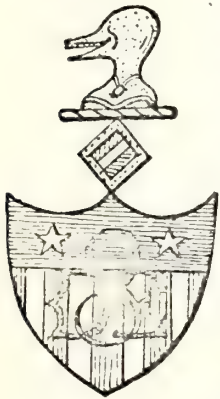
If, therefore, Mr. M-a-r-s-e-i-l-l-e-s chooses to adopt for himself that proud cognizance (with or without the title) even to have it painted on the panels of his carriage—if he has one—or engraved on his plate—if he possesses any—who can prevent him to do so? Yours truly, ANGILBERT.

Home Heraldry.

To the Editor of THE CURIO:

Dear Sir:—A few days ago, as I was passing the "Berkeley," on the Ninth Street side, my attention was attracted by a carriage, displaying on its panels a neatly painted coat-of-arms. Instinctively, I stopped to examine it. I have seen many strange devices emblazoned on coaches; but this one rather staggered me; and the impulse seized upon me to preserve the novel design for posterity. Before proceeding to action, how-

ever, I glanced cautiously at the coachman, majestically perched on his seat. He was staring at vacancy, not taking the slightest notice of my movements. Emboldened by this supreme indifference, I hastily made a sketch of the *rara avis*, which I here now reproduce for the benefit of the readers of THE CURIO:



"Paly gules and argent; on a chief azure, two mullets of the second. Over all, a monogram D. S. E (or D. E. S.). Crest: a lozenge of three (tiercé); gules, argent and azure, within a bordure or, surmounted by a helmet (showing its

teeth and grinning), on a wreath of neutral tints.

This must surely be the heraldry of the future—a new departure. If not, what is it? ANGILBERT.

The Montgomery Family.

To the Editor of THE CURIO:

Sir:—Having been asked by readers of this magazine who the young person may be with a popinjay on her fist in the Montgomerie-Seton portrait group engraved for your first number; allow me to say that it is Lady Isabella Seton, Countess of Perth. She married secondly, Francis Stewart (eldest son of the Earl of Rothwell) "the prototype of Francis Rothwell the dashing cavalier in Scott's 'Old Mortality.'"

MONSIGNOR SETON, D. D.

JERSEY CITY, October 20th, 1887.

The Rev. William White Montgomery, heir presumptive to the male representation of the Montgomery family has ceased for many years to have charge of the Episcopal Parish of

Grace Church, Lyons, N. Y. He is now rector of St. Thomas Church, Mamaroneck, N. Y., and was, before that, Rector of Christ Church, Corning, N. Y.

Family Memorials.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Salisbury, of New Haven, Conn., are printing "privately" a series of genealogical and biographical monographs on the families of McCurdy, Lord, Parmelee-Mitchell, Digby-Lynde, Willoughby, Griswold, Pitkin-Wolecott, Ogden-Johnson and Diodati, including notices of the Marvins, De Wolfes, Lees, Drakes and other families. It is not a mere collection of names and dates, but a book of family history as well as a genealogical record, full of new facts obtained in this country and abroad.

Subscriptions are invited for copies at cost. The edition will consist of 300 copies; the cost of 250 of these, bound in bevelled boards, gilt tops, with the pedigrees separately bound, will be \$18 each; that of fifty copies on larger paper, bound with the pedigrees, uncut, will be \$20 each.

A few copies of the chart-pedigrees, separately bound, without the text, are offered at \$8 for the set.

The editor of THE CURIO takes pleasure in calling the attention of his readers to the above announcement. The work will be a companion volume to the superb work which Prof. Salisbury compiled and had printed in 1885. Apply to the authors themselves for subscriptions, etc.

The Rohan Family.

To the Editor of THE CURIO:

Dear Sir:—Apropos of Monsignor Seton's interesting "*Heraldic Chit-chat*," allow me to add the best known versions of the famed de Rohan motto:

"*Prince ne daigne; roi ne puis, Rohan Suis*,"

"*Prince ne veut; roi ne puis, Rohan Suis*."

"*Duc ne daigne; roi ne puis, Rohan Suis*."

Since their naturalization in Austria, by the Emperor Francis I. (Nov. 27, 1808), the de Rohans have dropped the pretentious motto of their ancestors. It was originally "*A plus*," a rather enigmatic "devise."

Some of the branches of that noble house had adopted another motto: the ROHAN-CHABOT; "*Concussus resurgo*," and "*Potius Mori quam fœdari*"—this latter being also that of the Rohan-Guéméné and Rohan-Guéméné-Rochefort (or as they are sometimes designated, Rohan-Rochefort et Montauban).

A succinct list of the principle titles of illustrious house of de Rohan may not be uninteresting:

Counts of Porhoët and of Rennes (1008); Viscounts of Rohan (1128); Barons of Lanvaux (1485); Princes of Léon (1572); Dukes of Montbazou (1588); Dukes of Rohan (1603); Princes of Montbazou and Soubise (1667); Dukes of Bouillon (1816). Yours, etc., FRANK D'AULTE.

Shakespeare's Sweethearts.

Were there two spinsters named Ann, both after "William Shaxpere" in November, 1582? The entry of the marriage licence (November 27, 1582), lately found by Mr. Wadley in the Worcester Register, is of "William Shaxpere" to "Ann Whateley," whereas the long-known bond about Shakespeare's marriage, dated November 23, 1582, is of "William Shaxpere" to "Ann Hathaway." Is it possible that the young William in his wildoat days had got into a scrape with two women named Ann, each of whom procured the issue of an ecclesiastical document about herself?—*Academy*.

THE CURIO

THROUGH THE WORLD OF BOOKS, ART AND BRICK-A-BRAC.

AUTHORS.

There is no doubt that the English public—I mean the reading and thinking public—is contracting a growing debt of gratitude towards the excellent translator and the courageous



HONORÉ DE BALZAC

Boston publishers of the works of Honoré de Balzac, Messrs. Roberts Bros., and their unassuming *collaboratrice*, having so far realized all that could be expected from such a happy combination of talent and business tact. Not only have the eight volumes, issued in so short a time, fulfilled the most sanguine expectations of the lovers of Balzac,

but it is now generally admitted that the fidelity and the elegance of the translation, as well as its attractive typographical form, give the lie to the often invoked Italian proverb—*Traduttore, traditore*. And the move was a happy one indeed, for never did the name of Balzac resound more widely than it has recently done through the spacious halls of celebrity. It is but a short time since a monument was erected at Tours, another at Paris, to the memory of the great thinker, to the lofty master of fiction and psychological studies. Recently, also, has been published the "Repertory of the Human Comedy," by Messrs. Cerfbeer and Christophe, a colossal compilation of names and incidents comprised in the life-task of the novelist. A second edition of Viscount Lovenjoul's "History of Balzac's Works" has been called for, but a few months ago—another offering to that chapel of perpetual adoration, where burns day and night the incense of admiration and enlightened enthusiasm. Three years ago our own Edgar Saltus published, at Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s, a study of Balzac, with a complete bibliography of his works. Let us add to those leading examples of *Balzacian* devotion the famous Gautier preface to the French octavo edition of the complete works of the renowned Tourangeau, and our readers will possess an almost complete list of the leading monographs on this captivating subject.

The origin of Balzac may count among the few recent discoveries concerning the illustrious novelist. He was always described as a typical child of that garden of France—classical, castle-adorned, vine-clad Touraine—where the science of good living and harmonious speech counts among the traditions of the humblest. He certainly saw light for the first time on the banks of the Loire, but his father, a Southerner by birth, brought to bear upon our hero's physical and intellectual development the fiery and untamed imagination of his native Tarn, and thus can that "Midi," which claims to be the vanguard and the stronghold of French artistic and literary pro-

gress—the fatherland of Daudet and Gambetta, of Zola and Thiers—call Balzac one of its own favored children.

How hard were the struggles of the budding man of letters, and how long the fight for a bare subsistence, the correspondence of Balzac with his beloved sister, Laurette, and with that mysterious mistress, "Louise," can plentifully testify. "Fiunt oratores," wrote Horace. Alas! "Fiunt scriptores," could we also say, for if Balzac died in 1850, in the strong, middle age of man's virility, to the hard privations of his early working days may be ascribed the original and cruel cause of an exhausting and mortal disease. For not only did the writer waste his mental and physical forces, piling up story upon story, play upon play, philosophical essays upon historical sketches, but he gave also his time and the rare substance of his brain to the pursuit of ever-retreating fortune. He tried printing on a new plan, editing on the most fanciful system, pineapple-growing on a gigantic scale, even to the ultra-philistine trading in groceries and food products, and day after day, month after month, year after year more entangled in debt and lawsuits, more ardent in his work of reconstruction, he set his soul's will grinding the eternal stone of want and ambition. In 1850 he had at last freed himself; he had married the lady of his long and patient love; publishers and readers began courting the long-disdained master; a whole generation of promising *litterati*, Flaubert at its head, leaned over, trying to discover the great genius's secrets; the Academy itself left its doors ajar for the giant to come in; it seemed as if there were indeed a reward for a whole life consumed in communion with intense thought and in the elaboration of magnificent realities. And suddenly, on the 2d day of August, 1850, in the midst of that strange period of political vicissitudes, called the Second Republic, Honoré de Balzac, married in March of the same year to his beloved Countess Hanska, expired in Paris, and received, two days later, the barren honors of an official burial. Baroche and Victor Hugo, Dumas the father, and Sainte Beuve were the pall-bearers, and on the open tomb, "l'enfant sublime," the poet of the "Odes and Ballads," of "Ruy Blas" and "Le Roi's Amuse," the great Hugo, said:

"Balzac had a hand-to-hand fight with modern society; out of every one of its members he wrenched something; out of some an illusion, out of others a hope; out of still others a passionate cry. He digged into and probed mankind, its soul, its heart, its loins, its brains, the very abyss every one of us is a prey to. And by right of his free and vigorous nature, by a privilege inherent to the intelligence of our time, which, nearer to revolution, better realizes the ultimate faith of humanity and more clearly understands Providence, Balzac came out smiling and serene from those formidable studies that struck Molière with melancholy and Rousseau with man-hatred."

And now posterity has spoken. "It has begun for Balzac," said Théophile Gautier. Every day he looms up greater and greater. In the crowd of ephemeral reputations, Balzac living seemed dragged down to the common level. Like the new Paris Opera House, his *grandeur* was dwarfed by too close and unworthy neighbors: he could be seen only in fragments. It took Time, the impartial hand of the Great Sovereign, to place

the man and the writer where he belonged—at the head of fiction-evokers, or, better still, at the head of the psychological teachers—those pastors of the human race. If Shakespeare holds the world in bondage under the magic touch of the playwright's wand, Balzac, next to him, and more in unison with the imperious desiderata of our ultra-nervous generation, has in his power to sway our imagination at the command of his fecund and ever-divers genius. But he is food for the thinker, not for the fool; and we may feel proud indeed to know that so many nowadays, in this new-born continent of ours, read him lovingly, not only in his beautiful mother-tongue, but in the first somewhat complete translation ever attempted into the Queen's English.

One word more—addressed to women—for without woman's full, unreserved adhesion, how could the novelist's fame hope to subsist? Creature of impulse, of exquisite sensation and of vivid penetration, woman—the true, the real woman, alas! so seldom met with—will find nowhere better than in Balzac's works a soul that will be brother to her soul, a heart that will beat against her heart. Chaste, solitary and thoughtful, the painter of Eugénie Grandet and Madame de Mortsauf knows all the delicacies of the most delicate, just as he deciphers all the tricks, all the low devices of the Marneffes and the Restauds. Sainte Beuve, the master of modern criticism, speaks of that power obtained by Balzac over the mind of the French women, especially over those women of the small provincial cities, who bow down, all their life long, under the heavy load of an excruciatingly bare and matter-of-fact existence. For those unfortunate beings whom a "marriage de convenance" has locked for life behind the bars of a poorly-gilded cage, the "Comédie Humaine" has been the song of deliverance. The bodies still bend under the master's rule; the minds have taken their happy flight towards that world of supreme beauty, the doors of which open to the elect at the call of those genius-crowned consolars of mankind—the Raphaels, the Beethovens, the Balzacs.

E. de V. Vermont.

NEW BOOKS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MINISTER TO FRANCE, by E. B. Washburne.—They often say that truth—so sadly maltreated in so-called historical works—is to be found, in all its beautiful nakedness and purity in the *Memoirs* of eye witnesses and in the auto-biographies of the leading characters in the scenes enacted. In his "Napoleon and His Detractors," Prince Jerome Napoleon—the heir to the Bonapartist aspirations—protests emphatically against any such statement, finding only slander and misleading details in the many "memoirs" treating of his illustrious uncle's career. Shall we find the same verdict against the "Recollections" of that worthy minister to France, whose death is now deplored by the Republican party? I hardly think that any serious accusations of insincerity could be brought and sustained against Mr. Washburne's literary effort. But, at the same time, it is patent to any one familiar with the real nature of the French nation and with the manner in which it was affected by the sad events of 1870-71, that the old Congressman from Illinois has judged the grave disasters he was a witness to with a narrowness of judgment and an amount of Western prejudice which render his conclusions the subject of much doubt and little confidence. His descriptive powers are far from graphic, and even his choice of illustrations points to an utter lack of the picturesque in thought and delineation.

Not a fact, not an opinion, not an anecdote, that is not a re-hash of well known and over-published details. The style is dull, the conclusions unsustained by even a shadow of logical reasoning. The whole could have been done at home, and in much better form and substance, by some clever writer, surrounded by the innumerable works on the subject and submitting them to the scrutiny and power of divination of a true literary mind. For one who has taken part in the "année terrible" the book of Mr. Washburne is sad to a degree; were it only because it shows the dryness of heart, the total absence of sentiment of a Northern American in presence of the cruel fate under which struggled and succumbed the once glorious ally and helper of the young American Republic. (*Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

COLONIAL BALLADS, SONNETS AND OTHER VERSES, by Margaret J. Preston.—We confess to a weakness for the lyrical productions of Margaret Preston, although, in many respects, we are the devoted followers of realism in art, that is, of a close observance of the laws of natural development in all psychological researches. But we have here a book that shows spontaneity, a just feeling of color, a happy choice of expressions and sentiments, and a little of that mysterious something that carries the reader away, "ce quelque chose qui n'a de nous dans aucune langue," as the great Bossuet might have said. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Company.*)

REPERTOIRE DE LA COMÉDIE HUMAINE DE H. DE BALZAC, by Anatole Cerfbeer and Jules Christophe, with a preface by Paul Bourget.—We are much pleased to hear from Mr. August Brentano—the importer of that extraordinary work—that it meets here with an unexpected success, due no doubt to the Roberts Brothers, translations. It is really, as the celebrated author of the preface says: "The actual registration of all the personages, important or minute, which occupy the stage of the *Comédie Humaine*." With its help, you can trace, all through the gigantic life-work of the great novelist, the actions of every one of the types he brought to life; a true encyclopædia of facts and names, handled as real, actual facts and names would be, and helping to accentuate the strange feeling of absolute illusion created in the mind of the reader by Balzac's unique talent. The best praise of the work is to say that Balzac himself would have believed in it as we would trust nowadays a "Trow's Business Directory." (*Brentano.*)

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR, by Bret Harte.—No, Don Quixote is not dead; the Caballero de la Mancha, the reader of Knight-errant tales, the liberator of unpersecuted maidens, the avenger of uninflicted wrongs, has not ceased to roam round the world, his soul athirst with noble deeds and unselfish acts of devotion. Only his garb is changed, and we find no Sancho Panza, trudging behind the gaunt and ardent knight, throwing a word of common sense through his dreams of ideal justice. He is there all the same, in the rough and unpoetical cloths of the Yankee adventurer, speaking the language of the West and doing his noblest deeds in strict silence and mystery, far indeed from Spanish bombast or bravado. Don Leonidas Bolivar Perkins is his name, and his lady love is a hidden-away Spanish-American province supposed by this enthusiast of spread-eagle freedom to be still in the fetters of middle-age ignorance and despotism. And so he comes and plays his part in a serio-comic revolution, and fails, and is shot, and is buried and cried upon, having died with "all his illusions on." One more name upon the list of martyrs to the "great folly." We hear that book of our Californian taxed of plagiar-

ism, imitation at least, and weakness in thought and diction. We fail to fall in with such acerb criticism, as the book entertained us hugely by right of its undoubted originality of conception, and by virtue of the weird humor scattered through the pages with all the vigor and generosity this great poet has accustomed us to. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

MARZIO'S CRUCIFIX, by F. Marion Crawford.—It is a sign of the times when such *dilettanti* as Mr. Crawford think fit to introduce in their phalanx of high-born and high-minded heroes the disciples of communistic or anarchist delusions. The surprise is even greater to find that the writer's talent so ennoble these meaner evocations of his fancy that they come out in full relief, bearing the ideal vestments of a poet's creations. We must add, however, that the centre of action—ever lovely Italy—powerfully helped the novelist to keep around his heroes an atmosphere such as he has accustomed us to in "Mr. Isaacs" and "Doctor Claudius." If it is more conventional than realistic, and if the story in itself has but little in common with the truthful representation of modern life, we are nevertheless in presence of a strong book, pithy in style and energetic in purpose, if it be on the whole, nothing more (or less) than a modern fairy tale. (*Macmillan & Company.*)

JEAN MONTEITH, by M. G. McClelland.—The great craze of the second-rate novelists of the day is to attach themselves to some reigning physiological theory and to build with its help some weak and unpalatable piece of fiction. Nervous diseases, their origin, complications, laws of heredity, etc., etc., are certainly interesting in their way, and can claim, even among non-professionals, many enthusiastic students. But we prefer reading, concerning such modern disorders, "exposés" of facts due to the pen of our great scientists, rather than the dull and incorrect descriptions of would-be "littérateurs," mixing some tepid love-story with the most unpleasant medical revelations. If we are to feed upon scientific novels, give us Jules Verne for our lighter fancy, or Zola for our earnest study, but no caricature of either the one or the other. (*Henry Holt.*)

SORRIQUETS AND NICKNAMES, by Albert R. Frey.—Works of that kind have been often attempted in various languages, and have generally met with what the French call "succès de curiosité," that is, with a passing approbation and a short-lived sale. But Mr. Frey's work, in its clear, systematic and extensive classification, deserves a better fate, and will, we hope, be found soon in the libraries of all students of the minor sides of the world's history, as well as among the motley crowd of books that find their way upon the table of the business man. (*Ticknor & Co.*)

KNICKERBOCKER NUGGETS, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Four more dainty volumes of that series, in their pretty half-bindings, printed with good type on excellent paper, have been placed upon our desk, and seem just the kind of a Christmas present for a studious boy or a book-loving girl. But why "Gulliver's Travels," or "Baron Munchausen," or the "Vicar of Wakefield" should be included in the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" is more than we can understand. Heaven be thanked, neither Swift nor Goldsmith had anything of the Dutch about them. But the "bouquet" is the work of exquisite Lord Chesterfield found in the same lot of books, and placed thus under the invocation of the plain-mannered, unimaginative, trade-absorbed *burghers* of the old Netherlands. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons.*)

REPRESENTATIVE ETCHINGS, by Artists of To-day in America.—Ten plates have been collected under the above title and published with letter press by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, by the newly constituted firm of Frederick A. Stokes. We hope earnestly that etching in America—which has undeniably made great progress of late years—can find more worthy representative examples than those presented, with great luxury of paper and type, in the volume we are reviewing now. Of these ten etchings, in reality three are very poor, not to say absolutely bad, the rest are hardly above a very modest average of goodness, if we except, however, "Honeysuckle"—a study of a woman's head with bonnet and veil—by Mr. Frederick W. Frier. However, some of the subjects are pleasing to the general public, and, as they are etchings, they will sell. As line-engravings the same subjects would not fetch any decent price. Such are the vagaries of the *vulgaris pecus*. (*Frederick A. Stokes.*)

GOOD THINGS FROM LIFE; fourth series. A SHAKESPEARE ALMANAC, FOR 1888; have been received from Frederick A. Stokes, and may figure among the most-pleasing Christmas souvenirs. The Almanac particularly is of tasteful and quaint design and execution.

INTERIOR DECORATIONS, by Arnold W. Branner and Thomas Tryon.—Interior decoration is "all the craze, you know," nowadays, and even the most modest household buys knick-knacks to beautify the home, and sacrifices, to some extent, at Art's shrine. A few go farther and build, from the foundations up, a dwelling that can compare favorably with the old structures we admire so much in European countries. Now, taste is a very necessary guide in all such building, transformation, arrangements; and taste is not acquired in a day, nor without close attention, travels, comparative studies, etc. From time to time some work comes forth, pretending to wake up public taste and to give it proper food to feed upon. We regret to say that even pretentious and expensive works often fail in that praiseworthy task. It happens, perchance, that some much smaller book, prepared for the million, fills more accurately the generally felt want for clear elucidation and fair illustrations. Such is, in our opinion, Messrs. Branner and Tryon's work; it is cheap, compact and satisfactory. It shows good training and a practical understanding of the needs it wishes to supply. (*W. T. Comstock.*)

Eminent Publishing Houses.

F. A. BROCKHAUS, IN LEIPZIG. The name of Brockhaus is well known to every one who takes the slightest interest in German literature, and booksellers in every part of the earth are aware that the firm "F. A. Brockhaus" holds the highest rank in German book-trade, for the house publishes on a large scale and does an extensive business with foreign countries, to which it exports not only its own important publications, but books of every land which it collects from its numerous agents only to dispatch to other foreign parts. But it is perhaps not so well known that the house is absolutely unique. It is this unique position which gives it a special claim to lead the series of descriptions of eminent firms which we propose to publish from time to time in this Periodical.

Friedrich Arnold Brockhaus, from whom the firm derives its name, was born at Dortmund on the 4th May, 1772. From 1795 to 1805 he conducted, in partnership with a relative, a business in English manufactured goods, first in Dortmund, and

afterwards in Argheim and Amsterdam. This business he gave up in 1807, and, following his own inclinations, opened a German book house in Amsterdam under the title "Rohloff & Co." The first enterprise of the firm was *Die Stern* (The Star), which was begun in 1803, but soon suppressed on account of its radical tendencies. Its place was supplied by the *Amsterdamch Aوند Journal*.

The real basis, however, of the prosperity of the house was the purchase in 1805, of the *Conversations-Lexikon*, to the completion and extension of which Brockhaus devoted his energies during the whole of his life. In 1810 the publishing business was removed to Altenburg, and in 1817 to Leipzig. In 1818 Brockhaus established a printing office, and in 1821 he purchased the greater portion of the present site of the business.

In 1823 Brockhaus died, and the business passed into the hands of his two sons, Friedrich (1800—1865) and Heinrich (1804—1874), who continued the work in the spirit and with the energy of their father.

In 1827 an agency business was established, and in 1831 the publishing business of J. F. Gleditsch, which included the famous *Encyklopädie der Wissenschaften und Künste* of Ersch and Gruber, was acquired by purchase.

Attention equally careful was devoted to the development of the printing office. In 1826 the first high-speed press was set up. Others were rapidly added, and in 1834 the first steam engine to drive the presses was erected. In 1835 a stereotype foundry was erected, and in the next year the type-foundry of Wallbaum in Weimar was purchased and, two years later, removed to Leipzig.

Notwithstanding frequent enlargements, the old premises of the firm were no longer equal to the growing requirements, and in 1842 a new building was erected. Here were united all the technical branches of the business: lithographic designing and printing; steel and copper engraving and printing; the geographic-artistic and the wood-engraving establishments, and the work-shops for the machinery. In 1862 another building was erected for the type-foundry and its subsidiary branches, and in 1863-1864 a warehouse.

Simultaneously with these developments, changes had occurred among the members of the firm. Friedrich Brockhaus withdrew from the business in 1850. Heinrich Brockhaus then became sole proprietor and was joined in the same year by his eldest son, Dr. Eduard Brockhaus, and in 1862 by his second son, Rudolph Brockhaus. On the death of Heinrich Brockhaus in 1874, his two sons took over the business, and in 1881, admitted Albert Brockhaus, the son of Eduard Brockhaus, as partner.

From this slight sketch of the history of the firm we may now pass to a brief account of its present extent and activity.

The premises of the firm in Leipzig comprise an oblong tract of ground, 11,370 sq. meters (about 13,700 sq. yds.) in extent, and reaching from the Quer Strasse to the Salomon Strasse. Fronting the Quer Strasse is the general counting-house and publishing department. Behind this building and parallel to it is the printing office. The two sides of the quadrangle thus formed are devoted, on the right to the retail and second-hand departments, on the left to the agency business and the lithographic and engraving departments. Behind the printing office, and closing in a second quadrangle, is the warehouse, flanked on the right by the type-foundry. A third quadrangle is formed by the handsome residence of the part-

ners. Each quadrangle is decorated with a neat garden in the centre, and but for the occasional apparition of a compositor or a pressman in working costume, one would sooner imagine oneself in a college of some university than in the centre of such mechanical and commercial activity.

Dividing the branches roughly into those of Distribution and Production, we come first to the Publishing Department. The catalogue, which omits all works not now in print, is a stately volume of 187 pages and gives the best proof of the activity of the firm. In addition to the *Conversations-Lexikon* and *Ersch & Gruber's Encyclopaedia*, the following may be mentioned among the principal publications of the house: *Systematischer Bilder-Atlas zum Conversations-Lexikon*; *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*; *Historisches Taschenbuch*; *Neuer Pitaval*; *Neuer Plutarch*; *Unsere Zeit*; *Kleines Conversations-Lexikon*; *Illustrations of Goethe, Lessing, Schiller, and Shakespeare*; *Bibliothek der deutschen Nationalliteratur*; *Deutsche Classiker*; *des Mittelalters*; *Deutsche Dichter des 16. und 17. Jahrhunderts*; *Internationale Wissenschaftliche Bibliothek*; *Collections of Italian, Spanish, Portuguese Classics* and the best writers, of other countries, in their original languages; *Heinsius' Bücher-Lexikon*; *Works of Gregorovius*, *Nordenskiöld*, *Raumer*, *Rohlf's*, *Schliemann*, *Schopenhauer*, *Schwieinfurth*, *Stanley*, *Stein*, *Vambéry*, *Varnhagen*, *v. Ense*, and many more famous authors of the past and present.

The Agency business fills the orders of numerous firms at home and abroad, among them a number of English and American houses.

The Retail and second-hand Department forms an important branch of the firm. It entertains relations with all parts of the world, supplying their literary productions to Germany and other European countries, and exporting to booksellers and libraries of foreign countries German as well as other publications.

As regards Production, the printing office is occupied not only with the production of the firm's own publications, but with work for other publishers. Among these the first place is taken by the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, published by J. J. Weber, and justly held to be the finest of all German illustrated periodicals.

The type-foundry is fitted with all the latest improvements, and like the printing office, executes orders from other firms as well as furnishing its own house with fresh supplies of the newest forms of type. The stereotyping and electrotyping departments are an indispensable adjunct to these two branches.

The Geographic-artistic and the Wood engraving Departments have their complete and separate staffs of artists and engravers, and execute work not only in the older methods of lithographic, steel and copper plate printing, but also in the newer methods of zincography and photo-printing.

In the Bookbinding Department the books are not merely folded into the paper covers with which we are familiar in German books, but bound in all styles of cloth and leather binding. The large sale of the firm's bound works and the increasing taste for elegant bindings in Germany keep the department in uninterrupted activity.

In addition to the Leipzig house there are also branch houses under the same name in Berlin and Vienna. Naturally these houses work to a large extent independently, but they remain in intimate connection with the head-quarters in Leipzig, and the general management is controlled from thence, so that they

have to be reckoned as another of the branches which demand the incessant care of the principals.

Imperfect as this sketch is, it will have been enough to show the unique position of a firm which, short of manufacturing the paper, can do everything for a book from casting the type for it to selling it. It need hardly be said that such an extensive and complicated undertaking could only have been planned and carried out by men of exceptional energy and ability. It is especially noticeable that they took an active part in the literary productions of their house. The first Brockhaus, for example, was for a long time the actual editor of the *Conversations-Lexikon*, and his son Heinrich edited for 11 years the *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung* and even when the editing was entrusted to other hands, the chiefs continued to exercise a keen supervision. Few men have left behind them a grander monument to their powers than the first founders of the house of Brockhaus, and we may venture to say that none know better how to deal with such a noble inheritance than the present heads, under whose skillful guidance the house continues to prosper and increase. *G. Hedeler.*

ART AND ARTISTS.

—An era of Munkacsyism is evidently upon us. To the "Calvary," on Twenty-third Street, is now added an exhibition of Wolff's "Christus und die Ehebrecherin," at Carner's Gallery on Fifth Avenue, and that of Piloty's "Wise and Foolish Virgins" at the Yandell Gallery in Nineteenth Street. Like the Munkacsys, the rival works are interesting in technique, and with a public as susceptible to areas in art as ours, their work of evangelization should be felt.

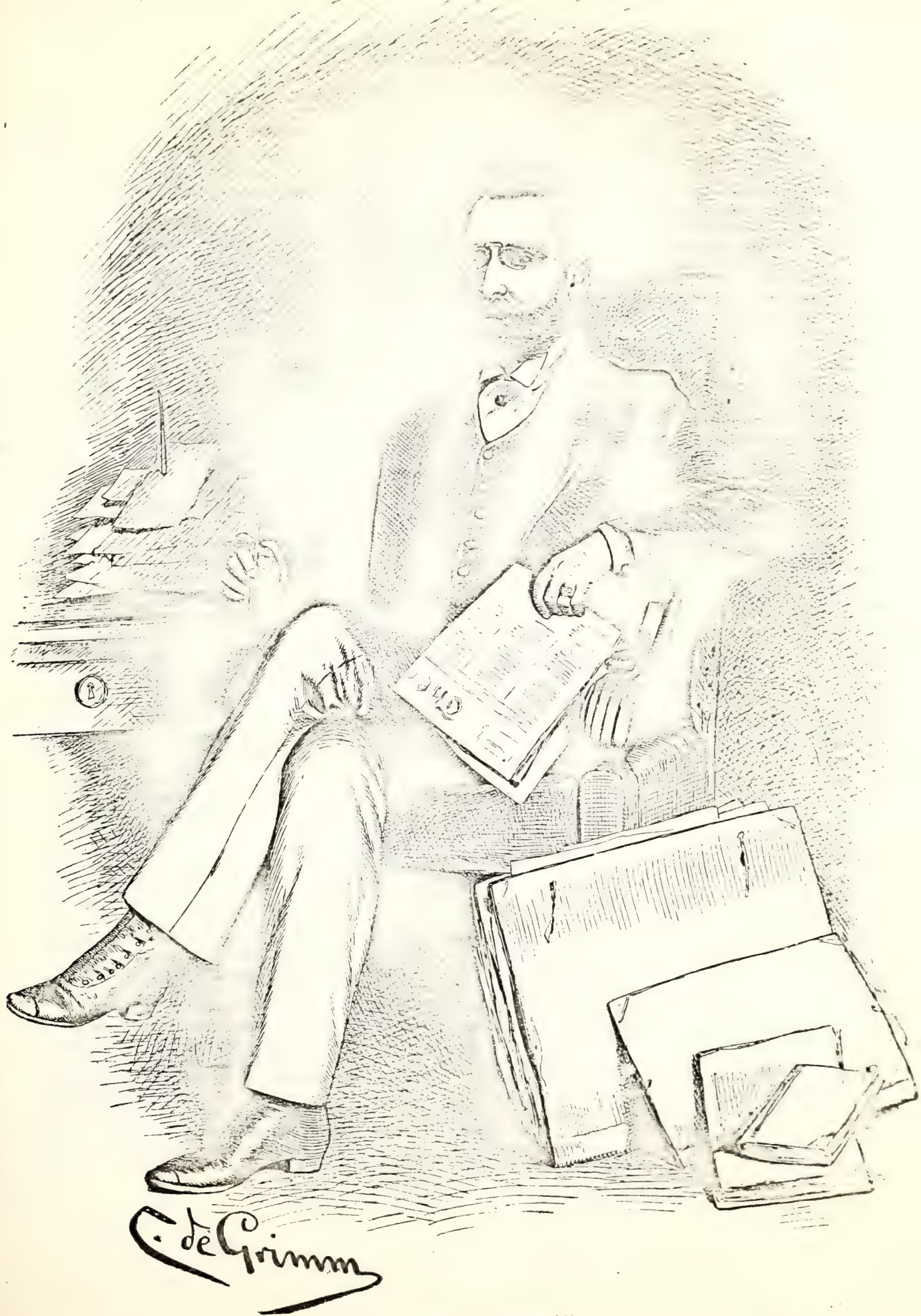
—Art, like charity, would seem to be called on nowadays to mantle a variety of sins. During the current year, as most citizens are aware, the laws have been very rigorously applied against the class of resorts known in the choice vernacular of the police courts as "dives." They have been deprived of their licenses and forced to close up until some of the most notorious have grown dusty behind closed doors, and if the town is not exactly purified of them it is certainly cleaner than it was. I note now that quite a number of these establishments begin to evidence signs of life. There is a general air of bustle behind their grimed windows, and the old signs on their *façades* have given place to new ones bearing the announcement of art collections to be shown under the auspices of this, that and the other society, that one never heard of before, and is not likely to hear much of in time to come. It will be interesting to note how far the excuse of art can be made valid for the evasion of the excise laws. As it has been already quite extensively applied in the bar-rooms of the town, its extension is not to be wondered at. From the Hoffman House to Harry Hill's is, after all, a natural as well as facile descent.

—An exhibition of the series of pictures painted by Hans Mackart and called "The Fine Senses," is current in this city. The canvasses are in the well-known style of the odd little master whose eccentric life found so unhappy an end. They are decorative in composition and color, and have about as much to do with their titles as Mackart's pictures generally have to do with their subjects. Another important work from the same brush that is now in this city is the "Diana at the Chase," which was imported some years ago, I believe by Mr. Bancker, and which, I have an idea, is to be put up for sale soon. Very little is known about Mackart's pictures in

America; some of his smaller sketches and studies have come to us, but his larger work, usually executed under exalted patronage, remains in Europe, and chiefly in Austria. He will be remembered like Munkacsy, as one of the great show painters of our generation, rather than as one of the great painters.

—The Metropolitan Museum has put its own collection of pictures on view for the winter. This number includes the generous donation of the late Miss Catherine Wolfe, and some twenty or thirty interesting, valuable and important gifts from Mr. Seney, Mr. Schaus, Judge Hilton, Jay Gould, C. Vanderbilt and others, which combine to swell the Museum catalogue to imposing proportions. Now that the good example of art donations of real value has been set, the directors should go to work to revise the old collection. There is an acre or so of painted rubbish on its hands that should be gotten rid of, or at least put out of public sight. When the Museum began its existence, it accepted everything that came along, and the owners of a great deal of valueless material relieved their walls by unloading on the institution and gained at the same time a handsome reputation for public spirit. I question if there can be found anywhere in the country such a mass of absurd worthlessness as is hung at the Metropolitan Museum and buried in its basement. Even the collection of the Historical Society, which is a model assortment of worse, bad and good, is far inferior to it in numbers. The good is lost in the inferior material in both instances, and only a determined winnowing out will put either collection on a footing to command respect. At the Historical Society, as at the Metropolitan Museum, the injudicious collections of uncritical members have been received as gifts, on the principle that anything that costs nothing must be worth acceptance, which is the worst possible principle on which to form a gallery of art. The pictures at the Historical Society have had no special care shown them either, and bad has become very much worse in many cases, from neglect.

—The State of Indiana is now looking about Europe for a sculptor to make it a Soldiers' Monument or something of the kind. The sculptors of America are naturally exasperated at this, but when one examines into the matter, one can scarcely blame the State of Indiana for the action it has taken. Our experience of national monuments from native chisels has been far from encouraging. The weird and dreadful conceptions that the American sculptor has produced in the cause of patriotism certainly do not advertise his rivalry with the better order of European artists. They run the gamut from preposterous extravagance to cemetery sculpture conventionalism, and for one Farragut or Lincoln that Mr. St. Gaudens gives, we are treated to a score of monsters that almost make the insensate bronze blush and cause the solid stone to shudder. There is in one bronze foundry in this city a hideous casting that has served to desecrate the memory of our gallant dead in a dozen cemeteries and public places. If it had the extenuation of art one might forgive its commercial multiplication, but it is, in fact, worth only the metal it is cast in. Rather than continue this reign of statuesque terror, let us have our national monuments from Tartary, if necessary. When our sculptors develop the ability to create such compositions as the subjects demand, our monument committees will not go abroad with their commissions. As ready and effectual a method as I know to bring this desirable end to pass, is to secure some good sculpture to serve as a standard and inspire emulation. To give a commission for an important public work to an incompetent man,



"world famed"

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merely because he is an American, is to apply the principles of Know-Nothingism in their most idiotic and objectionable shape.

—The production of American etchings for the market assumes the proportions of a veritable flood. There is much to be said in favor of this, when it applies to such plates as that by Mr. Lathrop after Breton's "Finisterre," published by Mr. Klackner, and the collection of ten artist etchings got together by Mr. Share. But the commercial instincts of the publisher are continually at work degrading the art to the level of trade. It is an outrage on one's appreciation of the fitness of things to find Mr. Share, the foremost reproductive etcher in the country, and Mr. Freer, an artist of real merit, wasting their valuable forces in reproductions of such works as those of Miss Browncombe. The feeble execution of such originals handicaps every effort of the most skilful reproducer, but their wretched sentimentalism renders them salable, and so commends them to the publisher's favor. It appears to be a practice with the publishers, at any rate, to secure the cheapest pictures that offer, and to rely upon the etcher to make acceptable plates of them. There is an admirable collection of etchings by Mr. Lathrop, illustrating Longfellow's poem "Daybreak." They are full of sentiment and fine artistic feeling, all of which they owe to the etcher alone. The originals were mere daubs in water colors, unworthy of consideration; yet the person who made them is given credit on the pictures the etcher made for him as the artist, while the real artist figures only as the copyist. A certain class of publishers, also, would appear to make a specialty of securing the least artistic and valuable plates that money can purchase, relying on the fact that they are etchings and on the frames they enclose them with to trap the ignorant. The result of this unscrupulous greed will, naturally, be a collapse in this branch of the etching trade. Then the incompetent will vanish from the field, and the best men take their proper places, while the business of the publishers will, perforce, adjust itself upon a legitimate basis.

—The fall exhibitions at the National Academy of Design and the American Art Galleries open almost simultaneously. At each we shall have the same old programme warmed over. The Academy will present the usual array of summer studies and pictures, in the usual checkerboard jumble of the commendable and contemptible, and with the usual result in favor of the landscape part of the display. At the rival gallery we shall be confronted with much the same material, strongly leavened with those dreary and academical repetitions of familiar facts that the American student sends us from abroad with the regularity of a machine. To the art lover and the critic these efforts have an interest, since they denote the development of new talents. For the public, however, interested in pictures rather than painters, they can possess little attraction. The technical facts they embody are of professional interest only. Individuality of thought or expression are so rare in them as, practically, not to exist at all. They accentuate, moreover, the often repeated accusation that American art is still in its imitative stage. The cases are rare in which they do not show good technique and a firm foundation of drawing from the model. But it is always the model and paint; never a flash of vitality, or a sparkle of that spirit which raises even a study of still life above insignificance under the hand of a master.

[A. T.]

HERE AND THERE.

—LUCK AND HORSE SHOES.—Horse-shoes are surrounded, as it were, with a halo of superstition, and in all times an awe seems to have been felt of them. Where, however, to begin with an account of them and where to end, is a matter somewhat difficult to decide, the subject being so rich in folk-lore. It is considered, even in the present day, particularly lucky to find a horse-shoe that has been lost; and a horse-shoe nailed over a door is said to be effectual in keeping out the Evil One and his earthly satellites—witches and warlocks. This superstition possesses a firm hold on many rural districts, and may be seen in the horse-shoes that are nailed over stable and other doors. It has been suggested, and apparently with some reason, that in ancient Pagan times the horse-shoe may have been a recognized symbol in serpent-worship, and hence may have arisen its common use against all manner of evil. The resemblance is obvious, more especially to the species of harmless snake which is rounded at both ends, so that head and tail are both apparently alike. It stands to reason that in a snake-worshipping community such a creature would be held in reverence. Even in Scotland, various snake-like bracelets and ornaments have been found, which seem to favor this theory, and at a very early period both snakes and horse-shoes seem to have been engraved as symbols on sacred stones. They are constantly nailed upon houses, stables, and ships, as a charm against witchcraft, in Scotland, England and Wales, and especially in Cornwall, where not only on vans and omnibuses, but sometimes even on the grim gates of old gaols, we may find this curious trace of ancient superstition. The charm of the horse-shoe lies in its being forked and presenting two points. Thus Herrick, in his "Hesperides," says:

"Hang up hooks and shears to scare
Hence the hag that rides the mare,
Till they be all over wet
With the mire and with the sweat;
Thus observed, the manes shall be
Of your horses all kept free."

Even the two fore-fingers kept apart are thought to avert the Evil Eye, or prevent the machinations of the lord and master of the nether world. (*All the Year Round*.)

—A bibliography concerning Russia has recently been published by Mr. F. von Szczepanski, under the title "Russica, III. Jahrgang." In view of the increasing interest taken in the Russian Empire, such a work, which contains the English, French and German literature about Russia, should find a rapidly-increasing number of subscribers. We would echo Mr. Szczepanski's request to be kept informed of all new publications relating to Russia. His address is St. Petersburg, Kasanskaja, No. 8-10 Qu. 87. At the same time we would suggest to him to include all the more important Russian works published on this subject in Russia itself, and to add a translation of the titles. We take this opportunity of calling our readers' attention to an interesting article in Nos. 19-22 of the "Leipziger Korrespondenzblatt" (C. Rühle) which, under the title "Entwicklung der russischen Residenzpresse" reveals a striking episode of Russian literary history.

—Nine volumes of the H. B. Caricatures, comprising upwards of 500 pictures with the first volume of the octavo keys, were sold lately at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's rooms in London, realizing £4. 17s. 6d. This may be deemed a very moderate price. The H. B. pictures have been scarce for a considerable period; a complete copy containing all the 917 pictures issued is a great rarity.

THE PERIODICALS OF THE MONTH.

The following articles, treating of subjects kindred to those topics THE CURIO is devoted to, were published since our last issue under the headings given hereafter:

Anne, (Queen) Days of.....	<i>Leisure Hour.</i>	Chicago, (Ill.) Great Library for.....	<i>Book Lore.</i>
Anthropology, Prehistoric Men in Spain.....	<i>Revue Scient.</i>	China, Decoration of.....	<i>China Decorator.</i>
Anthropology, Une Famille Ectrodactyle.....	<i>La Nature.</i>	China, Derby Crown Porcelain Works.....	<i>Leisure Hour.</i>
Archaeology, Coins of Peloponnesus.....	<i>Classical Rev.</i>	China, For Christmas Presents.....	<i>China D. Decor.</i>
Archaeology, in Central America.....	<i>Stauss Cross.</i>	China, Underglaze Ware.....	<i>China D. Decor.</i>
Archaeology, Palaeo-Italic.....	<i>Nation.</i>	Classics, Classified Catalogue of.....	<i>Classical Rev.</i>
Archaeology, Roman Inscriptions.....	<i>Academy.</i>	Columbia College, First Century of.....	<i>N. Y. Gen. Rec.</i>
Archaeology, Stone Age in Tunis.....	<i>Science.</i>	Daudet, Alphonse.....	<i>Hour Glass.</i>
Archaeology, Walls of Chester.....	<i>Academy.</i>	Diamonds, French Crown (Illustr.).....	<i>L. Art.</i>
Architecture of last Fifty Years.....	<i>Am. Archit.</i>	Drama and Clergy of the XVIII. Century.....	<i>Church Work.</i>
Architecture, Recent English.....	<i>Connoisseur.</i>	Drama, Washington (Geo.) on.....	<i>Critic.</i>
Aristocracy and Humanity.....	<i>Forum.</i>	England, Nobility of.....	<i>Ueber Land u. Merr.</i>
Art, Birmingham Gallery.....	<i>Mag. of Art.</i>	Garters-King-at-Arms.....	<i>Antiquary.</i>
Art, Current.....	<i>Mag. of Art.</i>	Heraldry, Historical and Practical.....	<i>Girl's Own Paper.</i>
Art, English Pre-Raphaelite.....	<i>Gaz. d. Beaux Arts.</i>	Hereditry.....	<i>Phren. Jour.</i>
Art, Fifty Years of English.....	<i>Church Q. Rev.</i>	Heredity of Mental Traits.....	<i>(Sept. 9.) Science.</i>
Art, French Pictures.....	<i>Independent.</i>	Isis, Antiquity of Name.....	<i>Academy.</i>
Art, French Pictures and American Collectors.....	<i>Independent.</i>	Japan, Homes and Temples.....	<i>Oriental.</i>
Art, French Pictures in America.....	<i>(Aug.) Studio.</i>	Jewels, Notes on Search for Gems.....	<i>Jeweler's Weekly.</i>
Art, German View of Paris Salon.....	<i>Connoisseur.</i>	Jewels, Search for Gems.....	<i>Science.</i>
Art, History of French.....	<i>(Sept.) Gaz. d. Beaux Arts.</i>	Literature, American Novels.....	<i>Irish Monthly.</i>
Art, Marcke, Emile van.....	<i>Art Amateur.</i>	Littleton Family of Virginia.....	<i>N. E. Hist. Reg.</i>
Art, Medallists of the Renaissance.....	<i>(Sept.) Gaz. d. Beaux Arts.</i>	Manuscripts, Ancient Collection of.....	<i>Gaz. d. Beaux Arts.</i>
Art, Millet Exhibition in Paris.....	<i>Atlantic.</i>	Medallists of the Renaissance.....	<i>Gaz. d. Beaux Arts.</i>
Art, Miniatures at South Kensington.....	<i>Portfolio.</i>	Middle Ages, The.....	<i>2 Chateauguan.</i>
Art, Painting Photographs.....	<i>Art Amateur.</i>	Monument, Washington National.....	<i>American.</i>
Art, Paris School of fine Arts.....	<i>Scribner's.</i>	Naval Ship decoration.....	<i>Beck's Journal.</i>
Art, Pictures by Reynolds.....	<i>(Aug.) Studio.</i>	New York, Origin of.....	<i>Mag. Am. Hist.</i>
Art, Picture Galleries.....	<i>(Sept.) Portfolio.</i>	Poetry and Fine Arts.....	<i>National Rev.</i>
Art, Portraits in France, xvi. Century.....	<i>Gaz. d. Beaux Arts.</i>	Poetry, Our English Hymns.....	<i>Sunday At Home.</i>
Art, Portraits of Caesar Borgia.....	<i>Gaz. d. Beaux Arts.</i>	Poetry, Sonnet about Sonnets.....	<i>Irish Monthly.</i>
Art, Poussin, Nicolas.....	<i>Mag. of Art.</i>	Ranke, (L. von) Frederic Wm. IV.....	<i>Rev. d Deux M.</i>
Art, Salon of 1887.....	<i>L'Art.</i>	Repoussé Work.....	<i>Amateur Work.</i>
Art, Sargent John S.....	<i>Harper's.</i>	Richter, Jean Paul.....	<i>Leisure Hours.</i>
Art, Scottish Painters.....	<i>Portfolio.</i>	Savery Families of America.....	<i>N. E. Hist. Reg.</i>
Art, Tapestry Painting.....	<i>Amateur Work.</i>	Shakespeare, Value of Quarto Editions.....	<i>Shakespeareana.</i>
Art, Tapestry Painting.....	<i>Art Amateur.</i>	Solomon as Patron of Art.....	<i>Mag. of Art.</i>
Books, Bibliography of the Devil.....	<i>Book Lore.</i>	Stowe Missal.....	<i>Academy.</i>
Books, Buying, Art of.....	<i>D. Gamul-Bookmart.</i>	Tiffany's Store.....	<i>Jeweler's Weekly.</i>
Books, Conversation on.....	<i>Monthly Packet.</i>	Tolstoi, Count, Confession of.....	<i>Dial.</i>
Books, Dedications of.....	<i>Book Lore.</i>	Aaron Burr's Wooing.....	<i>Harper's.</i>
Books, Illustrations.....	<i>Connoisseur.</i>	Alfred, The Hero King.....	<i>Blackwood's.</i>
Books, Repeal the Tariff on.....	<i>Nation.</i>	Ballad of the Romantic Poet.....	<i>Century.</i>
Books, Restoring Defective.....	<i>Book Lore.</i>	Dante, Sonnet from.....	<i>Cath. World.</i>

THE "CURIO" CAMERA.

NO. 3.—"WORLD-FAMED."

The Honorable Joseph Pulitzer, Ex-Congressman, ex-manipulator of St. Louis politics, owner of that paper which throbs and increases under the thumb of the reader.

Greeley said to the young man: "Go West, my friend, and grow with the country." He said to himself: "I'll go East and grow with the World." Did it, too. Called Bartholdi's mammoth conception to his help and raised the World's Statute on Park Row Island. Has invaded every avenue of New York activity. Is seen and felt in Wall Street, in the Court-house, in the Legislature, even at the Opera, where he patronizes Conkling and tolerates Wagner. Has the level-head of a Villemessant without the quick pen of a Girardin. Believes in the future of one sheet, one politics, one man . . . *Rule Britannia!* They say, over the water. Shall we say one day: *Rule Pulitzer?*

The Sibyl.



AARON BURR.

THE CURIO
for December, 1887.

From an original and unpublished drawing from nature, by SAINT-MESMIN,
in the possession of J. W. BOUTON, Esquire, of New York.

FURNITURE MAKERS AND DECORATORS OF THE XVII. AND XVIII. CENTURY.

THE BOULLES AND THE MARTINS.

AS the taste for beautiful house decoration and furniture grows in this country, so does the desire of the possessors and would-be purchasers to know more about the origin of these lovely creations of the artist-artisans of times gone by. Not only that such details complete, as it were, the pleasures of possession, but because there is in such retrospective studies, a refined charm to which no cultured mind can ever remain indifferent.

Who among us, indeed, can resist the exquisite sensation of calling back to memory the scenes of the middle ages, of the Renaissance, of the great Louis XIV. century, of the *rococo* period, of the first Empire, and to place the well-known actors in this continuous drama amidst their customary surroundings, at their fireside, around the dining-table, in the lofty halls of proud ancestors or in the modest and busy workshop? It suffices, perchance, to touch or simply look at some relic of these

"olden times" to resurrect, in an instant, a complete picture, alive with animation, clothed with the proper coloring, and with the actions of the human characters clear-cut and real.

This oaken chest, heavy in form and roughly sculptured in imitation of some holy shrine, contained perhaps the sumptuous wardrobe of a majestic dame or the sacred vestments of a Prince of the Church. This *credenza*, inlaid with ivory or mother of pearl, may have stood in the supper-chamber of some patrician of Venice and seen the dawn of day send its first smile through the heavily-curtained windows before its master had dismissed the companions of his revelry. This high *bahut*, with doors of precious marble, sculptured to the praise of a hero or a demi-god, doubtless adorned the study of one of the world's rulers, and threw its

shadow on his council-table. This cabinet of tortoise-shell and copper, fragile as a bit of Sèvres ware, was admired by the mistresses of



EBONY CHEST OF DRAWERS, by A. C. BOULLE, inlaid in copper and tin upon a tortoise-shell ground. The mouldings are in gilt copper, the tablet in veined marble and the drawers open sidewise. The central composition shows Louis XIV., figured as Hercules, a crown upon his head, a helmet at his feet; his dexter rests upon the symbolical club, the sinister upon the hilt of his sword.

[From the National Louvre Galleries.]

kings; and, on this stiff, Greek-fashioned sofa, an Empress heard from the lips of her lord and master the dire words of separation.

Mere ornaments they are not, but mixed so intimately with the daily lives of the men and women of extinct generations that they have preserved, better than parchments or ponderous memoirs, the *souvenir* of their early possessors, even to their favorite perfume. And if we go further down in the social scale, and wander, in thought, into the studio of the artist, the shop of the workman, the *boutique* of the tradesman, many of these instruments of labor, now superseded by more elaborate devices, reconstitute for us the busy lives of these toilers of the past.

Our time, in its hurried race after wealth and the immediate satisfaction of an overgrown vanity, finds pleasure in looking back for a moment and in carefully collecting these tokens of days never to come again. "Fashion," you may say, "and nothing more!" . . .

Not so indeed, but a last, perhaps involuntary vestige of admiration, of veneration for our strong-minded, strong-armed ancestors. And such a feeling deserves more than passing words of approval; it wants to be cultivated, to be tenderly nursed as a flower of half forgotten, but unique daintiness that can fill the whole house, the body and the soul, with its sweet, its all powerful fragrance.

* *

So, you see, old furniture can be poetized and cherished. We know how dear to us are the quaint, perhaps ungraceful relics from the paternal home. Many a rickety chair, a half broken table, a cumbersome chest of drawers have we kept for years, protecting them with a jealous care against any mishaps, in this vagabond life of ours which has taken the place of

the staid habits of our forefathers. Suppose now that interest multiplied a hundredfold; imagine the human race to be but a vast family, the members of which have unconsciously drawn apart, and think with what delight we would then try to retrace the history of every authentic piece of antique furniture falling in our way. Not only should we want to know where it came from, but, if the work showed some remarkable points, we should inquire into the designer, the workman's history, and read with avidity how they were the favorites of mighty potentates and the welcome guests of ever-remembered beauties. Well, then, let us suppose for a few moments that we are thus

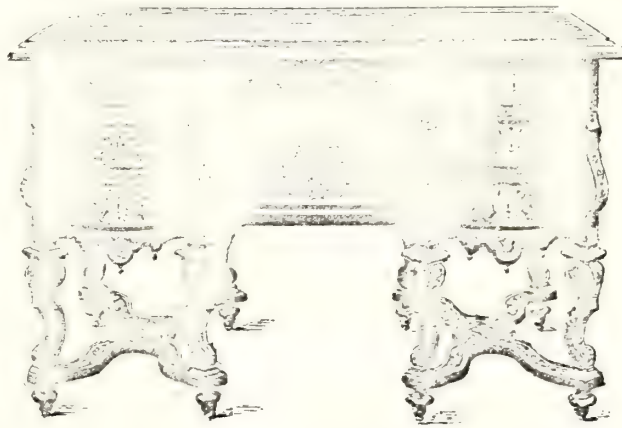
interested; that the sketches herein inserted have invited us to retrospective inquiries, and since we have had prepared for our readers a few specimens from the life work of the great furniture-maker of Louis XIV. and of the no less renowned varnisher of Louis XV., allow us to give about these true artists, creators of styles as well as accom-

plished workmen, some biographical details of more than commonplace value.

Were it only because we so often hear the names of Boulle and Martin, so unwarrantably misused and appealed to, not only in society "jargon," but even in the columns of our dignified and impeccable contemporaries.

* *

In the old building of the Louvre, half fortress, half palace, facing then, as it does now, the curious church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, but closely surrounded, at the time, by a labyrinth of dirty and narrow streets, there existed, for centuries, the workshops of the king's own artisans, *primi inter pares*, the "élite" of their craft, master-workmen to the full extent of the word. There, sometimes,

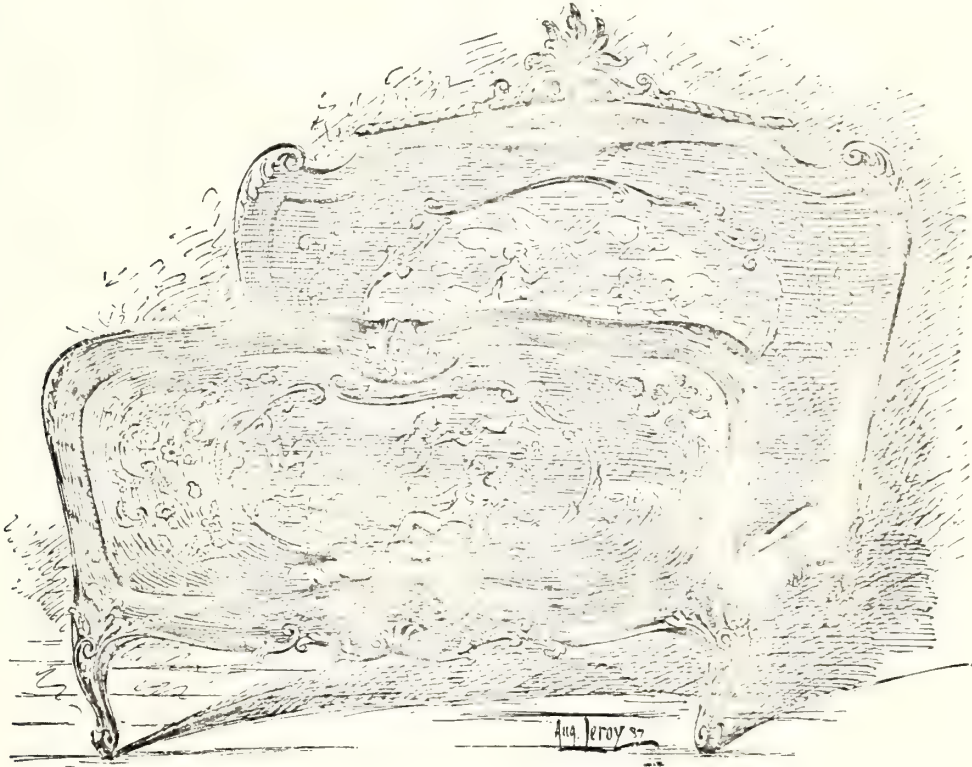


DESK, by A. C. BOULLE, inlaid with copper on a tortoise-shell ground. An authentic and exact copy is the property of Mr. Sypher, of New York.
[Original in the Palace of Fontainebleau.]

successive generations of gifted toilers followed in the track of a prominent ancestor and added to the reputation of his name. So did the Bouilles, than whom there never existed more famous furniture designers and builders.

The founder of that dynasty of artists, André Charles Boulle, was born under the royal roof in 1642, and his childhood and early youth were spent in constant contact with the pleiad

served his attachment to the old and narrow creed more as a family relic than as a life-guide. Hardly thirty years old, André Charles had already acquired a reputation of his own as a chiseler, a gilder, an inlayer in precious woods and metals, a furniture-maker. Father Orlandi, in his "Abecederio pittorico," tells how the young workman received from the Royal Household letters-patent as architect,



LARGE LOUIS XV. BED, with especially cast brass-work, belonging to a unique set of furniture (three pieces.) Copied from one of the rarest specimens of *Vernis MARTIN*, and the property of Mr. Sypher, of New York.

[Pen and ink sketch.]

of genius-gifted men who built around Louis XIV. the fairy-like marvels of Versailles, Marly, etc., etc. He was a Huguenot by birth, but it does not appear that himself or his descendants ever felt the torments of persecution. How so much poetry of thought and realization could grow in a mind drilled through the tenets of austere Calvinism—that essence of puritanism—is more than we can account for. Doubtless, Jean Boulle, the father of André Charles,—also an "ébéniste" of repute, patronized by royal favor,—had pre-

enraver and sculptor to the king, showing us, in three words, through what extraordinary training even the so-called lower grades of artists prepared themselves for their self-assigned task. As a proof of his high proficiency in many branches of the *grand art* we find André Charles Boulle soon elected a member of that illustrious corporation, of such difficult access, the Academy of St. Luc.

Later, when it became the fancy of Louis XIV. to erect, in the sandy plains of Versailles, that palace which represents so well, in our

time, the sarcophagus of pompous royalty, he opened a large workshop in the castle itself, for André Charles Boulle's sole use, and entrusted to his taste and care the creation of the most marvelous examples of the wood-worker's art. Later still, when the Dauphin, the grandfather of Louis XV. came in age to "start housekeeping" on his own account, the king took a special pride in allowing Boulle to let his rich fantasy run wild in a series of magnificent furniture specimens. The Dauphin's apartments were soon famed, the world over, and the foreign ambassadors were shown its marvels by the "Grand Roi" himself.

Stamped thus officially with his master's approval, André Charles Boulle received orders from all parts of Europe and could have acquired, in a comparatively short time, a considerable fortune. They speak of 50,000 livres paid him by the financier Samuel Bernard, for an inlaid desk, and some law-suits concerning other orders, as well as the royal accounts still preserved amongst government

papers, have established the high value set, even in his lifetime, upon the least piece of work issuing from his hands. In spite of all that fame and success, André Charles Boulle seems to have always suffered from want of "ready cash." His artistic soul never resisted the temptation of increasing his enormous collection of engravings, original drawings from the masters, bric-à-brac of all kinds and origin. He was even threatened with imprisonment for debt, and the king had to declare his Louvre lodgings, a legal place of retreat for Boulle's body and belongings. But the Royal will could not protect him against fire, and, on the 30th of August, 1720, the rooms, workshops, etc., of

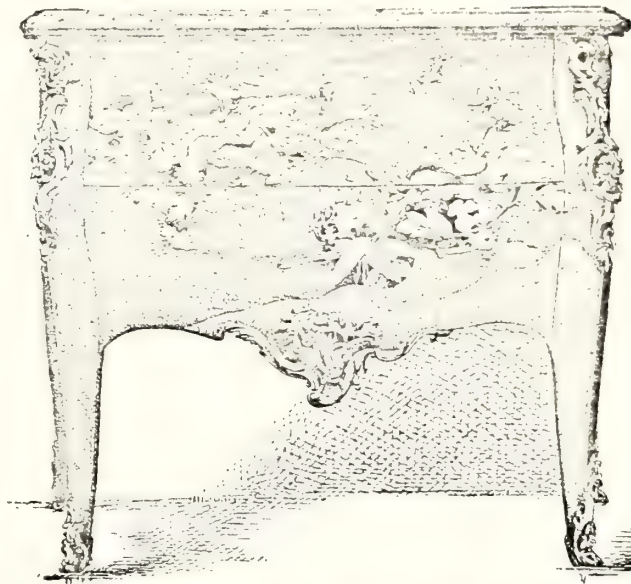
Boulle were burnt down, engulfing in the blaze nearly 400,000 livres of the rarest artistic treasures. The blow was hard for the aged artist whose talents showed already undisputed signs of senility. He struggled hard, however, and went again to work with unabated energy. The Dukes of Savoy, Lorraine and Bavière, sent him royal orders, the first Bourbon King of Spain, Philip V. called him to Buen Retiro to construct some of its admirable furniture gems. But fashion itself seemed, after a few years more, to turn its fickle attention away from the octogenarian artist, and, in 1732, André Charles Boulle passed over to his four sons the sceptre of his unique royalty, and laid himself down to rest.

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Some other time we may follow the career of the younger Bouilles and show the degeneration of the exquisite taste and the perfect workmanship of André Charles at the hands of his sons. But, in this short essay, we have to speak yet of another family of glorious artisans, the Martins, var-

nishers to the royal House of France and painters of no mean accomplishments. So we begin straight on with Robert Martin, the supposed discoverer of that special French lacquer, which succeeded, for a time, in supplanting, in the estimation of the connoisseurs, the precious varnishes imported from China and Japan.

Robert Martin, born in Paris in 1706, of very humble parentage, renewed, with his three brothers, the persistent researches for a perfect home-made varnish, undertaken, with partial success, by Le Roy, Langlois, Louis Le Hongre. The chemical discovery thus attributed to the brothers Martin was long supposed lost again, and it is only recently, with the



LOW CHEST OF DRAWERS, decorated in *Vernis Martin*, with chiselled brass work.
[From the Palace of Fontainebleau.]

revival of a universal interest for the lovely ornamentation of the XVIII. century, that successful efforts have been made to realize similar effects with what is thought to be the exact reproduction of the *Vernis Martin*.

It has often been asserted that the Martin lacquer is far inferior in durability to the Chinese and Japanese varnishes. Certain it is that the early works of the kind undertaken by the famed brothers have not resisted favorably the attacks of time. Some of these masterpieces hardly endured until the time of the Revolution. But, later, the discovery being perfected through their untiring efforts, the Martins produced a varnish of great solidity as well as beauty, and whole cabinets and boudoirs, not to speak of panels and smaller objects, preserve to this day, in all their brilliancy, the memory of these accomplished artists.

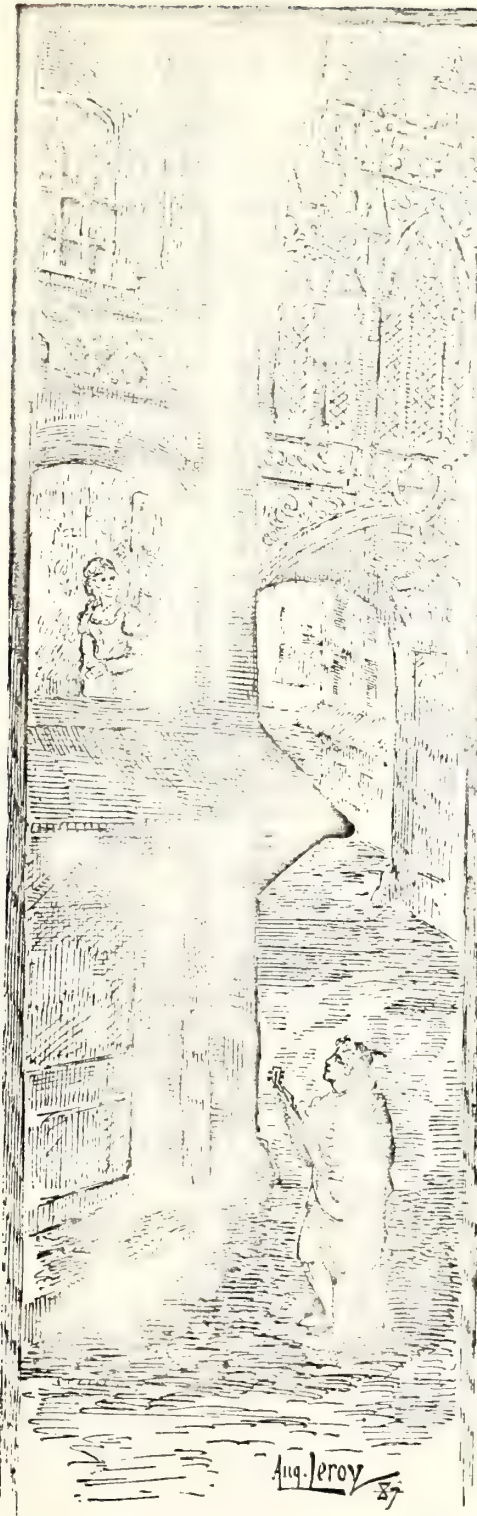
In their time, however, the principal use to which the new varnish was put consisted in the decoration of coaches, of Sedan-chairs, of furniture *de grand luxe*. The cost of producing the *Vernis Martin* was, and still is, enormous, and the brass work, the woods employed, the paintings themselves added much to the original cost. The Marquise de Pompadour paid 58,208 francs for the *Vernis Martin* work in her Château of Bellevue, a sum that would represent now forty or fifty thousand dollars. It took sometimes years to paint just one ceiling, as at the Château of Madame du Châtelet, the *special* friend of Voltaire. Another friend of the Ferney philosopher, later his bitterest enemy, Frederick the Great of Prussia, sent for one of the Martins to decorate a whole cabinet in his new palace of Sans Souci. Here the ornaments are found in relief; flowers, birds, fruits, painted in what the heraldists call *proper* colors, upon a yellow ground. This is, in the opinion of all amateurs, the best and most perfectly preserved specimen of the *Vernis Martin*. The writer of this article went over from Berlin, during the European Congress of 1878, to contemplate that masterpiece of the varnisher's ingenuity. He can only urge all tourists wending their way through the dreary and pro-

saic capital of the Hohenzollerns, to give an afternoon to the same pious pilgrimage.

And now, to end with some practical advice to be put to good use by purchasers of Boulle furniture and *Vernis Martin* decorated pieces, we may call the attention of the readers to these two facts: *First*, that original examples of the work of both dynasties of artisan-artists do not come for sale in the usual run of business. All pieces from their hands have been catalogued, as it were, and their present abode is well known. At great sales, at the San Donato, the Hamilton, the Blandford, a few such specimens may go off under the hammer of the auctioneer. Prices in such cases are enormous, but the demand—the rush we should say—is still infinitely greater than the offer, and millionaires only can compete for the possession of such treasures.

But, should we say in the *second* place, imitations, copies, still remain, obtainable at something like moderate figures—not low figures by any means, let us remark—for the furniture-makers and decorators who dare to present copies, really honest, worthy copies of these *chef-d'œuvres* are very few indeed, and can commend their own valuations. The *Genre Boulle* is legion; the *copies* of Boulle are scarce, and become, year after year, more warmly coveted as undoubted works of art. Of the *Vernis Martin* we know but of two imitators, and they also could sell ten times more specimens than they actually produce. The main point in the matter is to obtain from an intelligent dealer, from a man who has handled the original articles and pried into the mysteries of inlaid work and lacquering as a fine art, an opinion as to the comparative and intrinsic value of a copy. Then and then only, instead of a *Genre Boulle* as the Rue St. Antoine manufactures by the thousand for the delectation of the retired *cocotte* or the enriched butcher, you may hope to possess and to enjoy the faithful reproduction of some of the exquisite furniture marvels that Louis XIV. admired in his lofty manner, of one of those painted cabinets where poor Marie Antoinette preserved her jewel boxes and her loveliest bric-à-brac.

The Rambler.



The Haunted Guitar.

It rings no more in roundelays,
And blithe ballades of other days
Its voice is hushed that once could lure
The love of maid and troubadour :
The slender hands that soft did stray
Across its strings are dust to-day,
And dust the heart that throbbed to hear
The chanson of the cavalier!

Of old, in fair Provence, where song
Is sweet, and life and love are long,
The mystic music in these strings
Once thrilled with heart imaginings.
A woman, from her casement wide,
Soft clad and slender, starry-eyed,
Leaned out, with parted lips, to hear,
The love song of the cavalier.

A sob ! that stifled the sweet song.
A cry ! the river sped along,
Fleet-footed, bearing on its way
A mantle, crimson-dyed, a gray
And upturned face whose lips would frame
The soft words of a woman's name.
While o'er the water's echoed long
A fragment of that broken song.

This the story, this recalls
The old guitar upon my walls,
And in the dusk I sometimes hear
The fingers of the cavalier
Stirring among the strings and keys
Strange horror haunted harmonies;
And through the gloom there glides along
The ghost of that unfinished song !

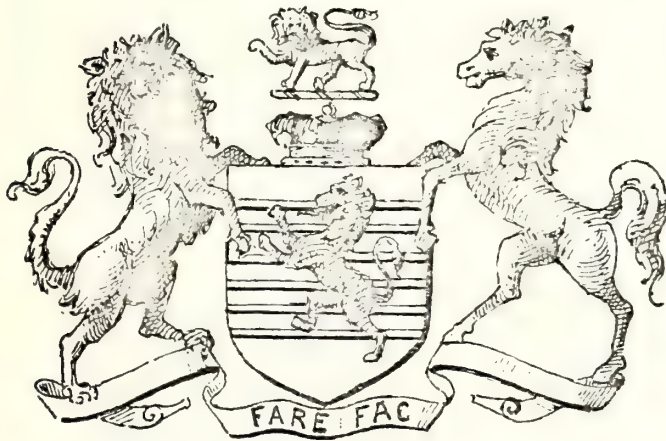
Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN PEDIGREES.

Fairfax of Cameron.

FAIRFAX OF CAMERON, BARON (JOHN CONTEE FAIRFAX, M. D.), in the peerage of Scotland, b. at Vacluse, Fairfax County, Virginia, 13 Sept. 1830; s. his brother as 11th baron, 4 April, 1869; m. 8 Oct., 1857, Mary, dau. of Col. E. Kirby, United States Army, and has issue: I. Caroline Snowden, b. 20 Aug., 1858; II. Josephine, b. 1865; III. Charlie, b. 1869; IV. Albert Kirby, b. 23 June, 1870; V. Mary Cecilia, b. 1871; VI. Charles Edmund, b. 20 Aug., 1876; VII. Frances Mervin, b. 1878.

The Heir apparent to the Scotch Peerage and Barony of Cameron, is the Honorable Albert Kirby Fairfax (see above), eldest son of the present peer.



ARMS: Or, three bars gemelles gules, surmounted of a lion rampant sable. CREST: A lion passant guardant sable. SUPPORTERS: Dexter, a lion guardant sable; Sinister, a bay horse.

LINEAGE.

I. RICHARD FAIRFAX, of Walton, living temp. Henry VI., m. Eustachia, dau. and heir of John Carthorpe, and had, with other issue, William of Walton, whose direct descendant (the fifth in succession), Sir Thomas Fairfax of Walton, was created in 1629, Viscount Fairfax, of Emeley, county Tipperary (see *BURKE'S Extinct Peerages*), 2. Brian, and 3.

II. SIR GUY FAIRFAX of Steeton, who, having served the office of attorney-general,

was appointed one of the justices of the court of King's Bench, 29 Sept., 1478. This learned person m. Isabel, dau. of Sir William Ryther, of Ryther, and was s. at Steeton Castle, county York, which he had erected, by his eldest son,

III. SIR WILLIAM FAIRFAX, one of the justices of the Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VIII. His knightship m. Elizabeth, eldest dau. of Sir Robert Manners, Knt., ancestor of the Duke of Rutland, and was s. at his decease by his only son,

IV. SIR WILLIAM FAIRFAX of Steeton, who was high-sheriff of the county of York, in the 16th and 31st of Henry VIII. He m. Isabel, dau. and heir of John Thwaits, Esq., of Denton Castle, Yorkshire, by whom he acquired that seat, and was s. by his eldest surviving son,

V. SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX of Denton, who served the office of sheriff for the county York in 1571. Crawford mentions that this gentleman was with the Connetable of Bourbon at the sacking of Rome, and that his father (IV.) being highly offended therewith, settled Steeton on his youngest son, Gabriel. Sir Thomas m. Dorothy, dau. of George Gale, Esq., of Asham Grange, and had, besides two daus., Thomas, his successor; Edward of Newhall, a poet; Sir Charles, col. in the army, killed at the siege of Ostend. Sir Thomas was s. by his eldest son,

VI. SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX, Knt. of Denton Castle, who was created a peer of Scotland, 18 Oct., 1627, as BARON FAIRFAX OF CAMERON. His lordship m. in 1582, Ellen, dau. of Robert Ashe, Esq., and was s. at his decease by his eldest son,

VII. LORD FERDINANDO FAIRFAX, 2nd baron. This nobleman at the beginning of the Civil War, was the parliamentary general for York, and became eminently distinguished. After defeating the Earl of Newcastle in 1642, Lord Byron, in 1643, and Col. Bellasis (whom he took prisoner in April, 1644, at Selby, he had the chief command at the battle of Marston Moor, in July of the same year, and there, routing the royal army under Prince Rupert, he took possession of the City of York as governor. His lordship m. 1st, Lady Mary Sheffield, dau. of Edmund, 1st Earl of Mulgrave; and 2ndly, Rhoda, dau. and co-heir of Thomas Chapman, Esq., of London; by the former of whom he had three sons and six

daus., and was s. at his decease in 1647, by his eldest son and companion in arms.

VIII. LORD THOMAS FAIRFAX, 3rd baron; who had distinguished himself as a republican military leader, as Sir Thomas Fairfax. He was a participator in the victory obtained by his father at Selby, and commanded the right wing of the parliamentarians at Marston Moor. In the 34th year of his age he was appointed general-in-chief of the Parliament's armies, and soon after routed the king at Naseby, retook Leicester, beat Col. Goring, took Bridgewater, Dartmouth, Bristol, defeated Lord Hopton, forced the Prince of Wales to retire into France, and then, reducing the army of the West, drove the King from Oxford, in May, 1646, in which year he was made governor of the Tower of London. After succeeding to the barony, he reduced Colchester; but he took no part in the subsequent proceedings of the Independents, and was entirely free from any participations in the death of the King. In 1650, he resigned the command of the army to Cromwell; and nine years afterwards, his lordship, coalescing with Monk, assisted zealously in restoring the monarchy, and was one of the commissioners deputed upon that occasion, to the King. Soon after this event, Lord Fairfax represented the county of York, in parliament; but passed the latter end of his life in rural retirement. His lordship m. Anne, dau. and co-heir of Sir Horatio Vere, Lord Vere of Tilbury, by whom he had an only child, Mary, who m. George Villiers, 2nd Duke of Buckingham. He d. in 1671, when the barony devolved upon his cousin.

IX. LORD HENRY FAIRFAX, 4th baron; grandson of the 1st Lord, through his 2nd son, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Fairfax, of Oglethorpe, county York, by Mary, dau. of Sir Henry Cholmeley. This nobleman m. Frances, dau. and heir of Sir Robert Barwick of Tolston, Yorkshire, by whom he left two sons,

1. Thomas, his successor; 2. Henry of Tolston, county York; m. Anne, dau. and co-heir of Richard Harrison, Esq., and had, with other issue, William, who settled in New England, whence he removed to Virginia, and became manager of his cousin's (Lord Fairfax) estates there. He m. 1st in 1724, Sarah, dau. of Major Thomas Walker, chief justice of the Bahama Islands, by whom he had issue: 1. William-George of Belvoir, Fairfax county, Virginia, d. s. p. 1787; 2. Thomas R. N., killed in action with the French (s. p.) 1746; 3. Anne, m. 1st, to Lawrence, brother of Gen. Washington, and 2ndly to

George Lee, of Virginia; 4. Sarah, m. to John Carlisle, of Alexandria, Virginia. Mr. William Fairfax, m. 2ndly, Deborah Clarke, of Salem, Massachusetts, by whom he had issue; 5. Bryan, a clergyman, s. as 8th baron; 6. William, killed at Quebec under Gen. Wolfe, 1759 (unm.); 7. Hannah, m. to Warner Washington, cousin to Gen. Washington.

His lordship (IX.) d. in 1685, and was s. by his elder son.

X. LORD THOMAS FAIRFAX, 5th baron; colonel in the Guards, and M. P. for the county of York, which seat he was obliged to relinquish at the union, upon ceasing to be a commoner in England. His lordship m. Catherine, dau. and heir of Thomas, Lord Colepepper, by whom he had,

1. Thomas, his successor; 2. Henry Colepepper, d. unm. in 1734; 3. Robert, who s. as 7th lord; 4. Margaret, m. to the Rev. David Wilkins, D. D., prebendary of Canterbury; 5. Frances, m. to Denny Martin, Esq.

The baron (X.) was s. in 1710, by his eldest son.

XI. LORD THOMAS FAIRFAX, 6th baron. This nobleman inherited from his mother a considerable fortune, consisting of several manors in Kent, estates in the Isle of Wight, and a tract of land in Virginia, called the Northern Neck, comprised within the boundaries of the rivers Potomack and Rappahannock, containing by estimation, 5,700,000 acres. From his father he inherited Denton Hall and other property in Yorkshire, but he was obliged by his mother and grandmother to dispose of those in order to redeem the Colepepper manors. His lordship had a commission in the Horse Guards, but visiting his American estates about the year 1739, was so captivated with the soil, climate and beauties of Virginia, that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life there; and he soon after erected two mansions, Belvoir and Greenway Court, where he continued ever afterwards to reside in a state of baronial hospitality. His dress was plain and simple, his manners modest and unaffected, and his style of living magnificent. Such was his generosity, that he gave up his English estates to his brother Robert, and the surplus of his American income was distributed among his poor neighbors. His principal amusement was hunting; and after the chase he was wont to invite the whole field to partake of his hospitality. He had been educated in revolutionary principles, and had imbibed high notions of republican liberty. He

was lieutenant and *custos rotolorum* of Frederick County, and presided at the provincial courts of Winchester (U. S.), where, during the session, he kept an open table. His lordship d. unm., at Greenway Court, in 1782, when the title devolved upon his only surviving brother,

XII. LORD ROBERT FAIRFAX, 7th baron. This nobleman m. twice, but d. without issue in 1793, when his Kentish property devolved upon his nephew, the Rev. Denny Martin, and the barony devolved on his kinsman,

XIII. LORD THE REV. BRYAN FAIRFAX, who then became 8th Lord Fairfax. His lordship went to England, and had his right to the title confirmed by the House of Lords, 4 May, 1800. He m. Elizabeth, youngest dau. of Col. Jefferson Cary, of Hampton, Virginia, by whom he had issue: 1. Thomas, 9th baron; 2. Ferdinando, b. 1763, m. his cousin, Elizabeth Blair, dau. of Col. Wilson Miles Cary, of Virginia, and d. 1820, leaving issue.

His lordship died in 1802, and was s. by his eldest son,

XIV. LORD THOMAS FAIRFAX, 9th lord, b. 1762, who resided in Vaucluse, Fairfax

County, in Virginia, U. S., and d. there, 21 April, 1846. He m. three times, but had issue only by his third wife, Margaret, only dau. of William Herbert, an Irish gentleman of the noble family of that name, viz.: 1. Albert, m. 1828, Caroline, dau. of Richard Snowden, Esq., of Oakland, Maryland, and d. vita patris, 1835, leaving two sons, viz.: 1. Charles Snowden, 10th Lord Fairfax; 2. John Contee, present peer.

Thomas, 9th lord, (XIV.), was s. by his grandson,

XV. LORD CHARLES SNOWDEN FAIRFAX, 10th baron, who was b. at Vaucluse, 8 March, 1829; and m. 10th of Jan., 1855, Ada, 2nd dau. of Joseph S. Benham, a distinguished lawyer of Cincinnati, Ohio, son of the gallant Major Robert Benham. He held the office of clerk of the Supreme Court of California, one of high position and responsibility in the United States, and was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State of Alcahdi. He d. at Baltimore, 4 April, 1869, and was s. by his brother, Lord John Contee, 11th and present Baron Fairfax.

AMERICAN COATS-OF-ARMS.

ARMORIAL GÉNÉRAL, précédé d'un Dictionnaire des termes du Blason par J. B. RIETSTAP, Deuxième Edition refondue et augmentée—GOUDA. G. B. Van Goor-Zonen (1884-1887). 2 vol. in 8vo., with a supplement.

THIS is one of the most important of the recent heraldic publications. It is certainly the most complete of the general armorials. In fact, it is unique of its kind; no one before Rietstap having undertaken the irksome and difficult task of gathering in one work, the coats-of-arms belonging to families of various nationalities. The first edition published in 1861 (in one volume), contained but about 46,000 notices; the present one, over 150,000. So did the work grow to important proportions. It is a well-known fact, that of the works on heraldry, contained in the Astor Library, Rietstap's is the one most frequently called for. Unfortunately, the first edition is the only one on hand, but we hope that before long the second edition will also be found on its shelves.

The Dictionary of Heraldry, at the beginning of the first volume, is carefully prepared and as full and complete as can be expected within the limit of twenty-eight pages.

The figures, also, deserve commendation for their accuracy and neatness; and compare favorably with the plates of more pretentious special works.

The meaning of the abbreviations used by Rietstap could easily be guessed at, even without the table of explanations; very superior in that respect to "Savage's Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers in New England," the full understanding of which is rendered most difficult and puzzling by absurd abbreviations, most of which remain unexplained, whilst others are even at variance with the table purporting to give their meaning.

Besides the descriptions of coats-of-arms, including crest, supporters or tenants, lambrequins, mottoes and "cris de guerre," (1) many

[1] "There seems to have formerly existed two classes of Mottoes—the *Cri-de-guerre*" or War-cry, used by the Knight's retainers in the Field, and the *Motto* proper (as the word is now understood), which accompanied his *personal Arms*. Any one entitled to armorial distinction was permitted to adopt the latter, but the *Cri-de-guerre* (or *Cri*) was forbidden to those below the degree of Knight-Banneret. We sometimes find, in ancient records, Nobles described as *Nobles d'Armes*, and others as *Nobles-de-cris*. To such an extent did these war-cries foster the spirit of partisanship, that, on the termination of the wars between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, it was deemed expedient to pass an act of parliament, by which it was declared penal for a Noble or Villein to use any cry except *The King*, or *St. George for England*.

In all ages and in all countries, warriors on rushing to a charge have employed peculiar shouts or *Slogans* analogous to

other particulars are given, such as the country, province or town whence the family draws its origin, or where it or its branches have settled; the date, when obtainable, of the ennobling; of the conferring of titles; of the concession of arms; of the confirmation or acknowledgment of nobility or titles; of the substitution of name and arms, or either; the variation of the family names; the changes of name; the changes of armorial bearings; a few short biographical notices (especially concerning celebrated persons); also, if the family be extinct, in most instances, the date of its extinction. Whether the "noblesse" is that of the Holy Roman Empire, the Napoleonic Empire, from papal grants, etc.

However full and comprehensive this compilation at first appears to be, it is by no means exhaustive; nor, indeed, can that be expected. Mr. Rietstap admits that "no one is more deeply convinced than the author himself, that, even under this perfected form, the 'Armorial Général' cannot be free from omissions, for the number of coats-of-arms legally extant is really incalculable, without speaking of those known only by seals, but of which the tinctures are lost. Nevertheless, he "ventures to flatter himself that he has been fortunate enough to collect in a single work more information concerning coats-of-arms, than was ever contained in any other armorial."

The author only describes the armorial bearings of the British nobles and baronets, whether these titled families be living or extinct. As for those of the untitled gentry, he refers to the well-known "General Armory of England, Scotland and Ireland," by Sir Bernard Burke.

In this second edition, the arms of cities,

the war-whoop of the American Indians. In Europe, the *Montjoye St. André* (or *Nostre-Dame de Bourgogne*) of the DUKES OF BURGUNDY; the *Au Lion*, of the COUNTS OF FLANDERS, the *Dieu aide au premier Chrétien*, of the MONTMORENCIES; and the *Boo* of the Irish Chieftains, are of great antiquity. *A Home* was the Slogan of the EARLS OF DUNBAR," etc., etc. (CUSAN'S "Handbook of Heraldry").

The *Cri-de-guerre* (or *Cri-d'armes*) was placed exclusively above the armorial bearings of the head of the family; the younger sons had no right to it.

The French heraldists distinguish several classes of *cris*. Generally the Princes and Knights used their own name. (The HOUSE OF CHÂTEAUBRIAND: *Châteaubriand!*) Some the name of the House from which they descended (the LORDS OF SURREAL and AURYT: *Dammartin!*) Others, that of cities that belonged to them, or the banner of which they carried in battle (the COUNT DE VENDÔME: *Chartres!*) There were also *Cris of Invocation* (the DUKE OF BOURBON: *Nostre-Dame Bourbon!*) of *Resolution* (the Crusaders: *Dieu lo volt!*) of *Exhortation* (COUNTS OF CHAMPAGNE: *Passavant li meillor!*) of *Defiance*, (the LORDS OF CHAUVIGNY: *Chevaliers pleuvent!*) of *Terror and Courage* (the HOUSE OF BAR: *Au feu! au feu!*) and of CHARLES OF FRANCE, DUKE OF NORMANDY: *Au vaillant duel!*) of *Rally* (the Kings of France: *Montjoye St. Denis!*), etc., etc.

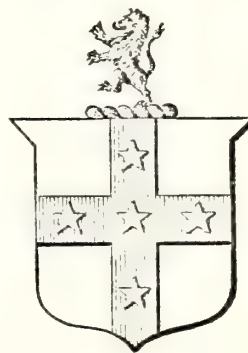
provinces, kingdoms, etc., have been left out, for, as the author says: "Not only were they out of place in a work treating exclusively of family coats-of-arms; but further, the frequent modifications to which the Arms of Sovereignty are subjected, cannot fail in many cases, to deprive such descriptions, soon out of date, of all value for the searcher."

It is to be regretted that the author has not given us the sources from which he has gathered his materials, as a bibliographical list of the sources consulted, would have very materially enhanced the value of the work. The author foreseeing that he would be taken to task for that omission, says: "If it was impossible in the first edition, to point out the innumerable sources from which we had collected our information, all the more may we be excused from doing so now, when this edition has grown to such colossal proportions."

Let us close this notice with an illustrated list of most of the families, in the United States, whose armorial bearings are described in Rietstap's *Armorial Général*.

ABBREVIATIONS: B. BURKE'S *General Armory*. | G. M. GWILT-MAPLESON'S *Handbook of Heraldry*. | D. *Minor Differences*.

ABERCROMBIE (N. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.



ADAMS (Mass.) B. Argent, on a cross gules, five mullets or. CREST: A lion rampant or.

ALLISON (U. S.) Azure, a chief ermine, an eagle argent ducally collared or, over all.

ALST, VAN (Flanders, N. Y.) See AMERICA HERALDICA. D.

APPLETON (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

APTHORP (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

ASSHETON (Philad.) B. Quarterly: 1st & 4th; argent, a mullet on a canton sable; 2nd & 3d, argent, a mascle sable, within a bordure engrailed of the last. CREST: A mower with his scythe as in action; his face and hands ppr.; his habit and cap counter-changed, argent and sable; the handle of the scythe or, the blade argent.

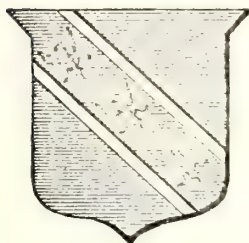
AUSTIN (U. S.) Argent, a chevron gules, between three long arrows pointing downwards, sable. CREST: An arrow of the shield.

BACOT (N. Y.) G. M. Argent, on a chevron gules between three ravens sable, three mullets or.

BALCHE (U. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

BARTRAM (U. S.) B. Gules, on an inescutcheon or, between an orle of eight crosses pattées, a mullet sable. CREST: Out of an antique crown or, a ram's head argent.

BEEKMAN-FINLAY (N. Y.) G. M. Argent, a chevron between three cinquefoils gules. CREST: A swine passant argent (for *Finlay*).



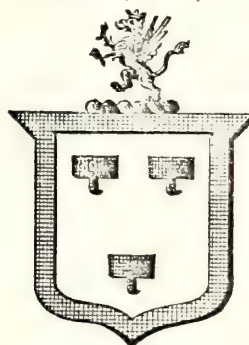
BELKNAP (N. Y.) B. Azure, three eagles in bend, between two cotices argent.

BELL (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA. D.

BELLINGHAM (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

BETTON (U. S.) B. Quarterly: 1st and 4th Argent, two pales, sable, each charged with three cross-crosslets fitchée or; 2nd and 3d, sable semée of tears or; three spears, headed argent embued gules, over all. CREST: a demi-lion rampant ducally crowned.

BETTS (N. Y.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.



BIDDLE (U. S.) Argent, three salter's caldrons sable within a bordure of the last. CREST: A griffin segreant sable, ducally crowned or.

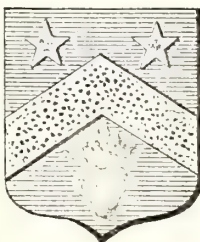
BLACKWELL (N. Y.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

BOARLAND (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

BOUDINOT (U. S.) Azure, a chevron between two mullets in chief and a burning heart in base, or.

BREWSTER (N. Y.) G. M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

BRINKERHOFF (Holl. U. S.) Argent a mountain of three hillocks azure. CREST: Two wings addorsed per pale, azure and argent.



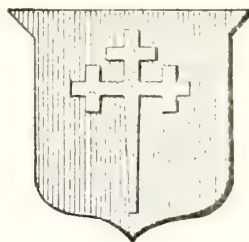
BROWNE (Boston). Gules, a chevron between three bear's paws argent, in bend; on a chief argent, an eagle displayed sable.

BUCKNOR (N. Y.) G. M. Gules; on a chevron or, between three eagles' heads and necks, argent, three annulets of the field.

BULL (N. Y.) B. Azure, a bull's head cabossed argent, within a bordure of the last.

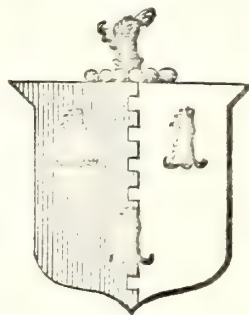
BUNCH (N. Y.) G. M. Argent, on a fess, be-

tween three lozenges gules, three fleurs-de-lis or.



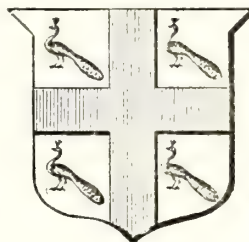
CADWALADER (U. S.) Azure, a cross-crosslet fitchée, or.

CALDWELL (Boston). Per pale embattled gules



and argent, three bear's paws erased sable. CREST: A hand in armor, grasping a lion's paw.

CARRINGTON (N. Y.) G-M. B. Argent, a cross



gules between four peacocks azure.

CARROLL, of Carrollton (N. Y.) G. M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

CHANDLER (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

CHETWODE (Boston), B.

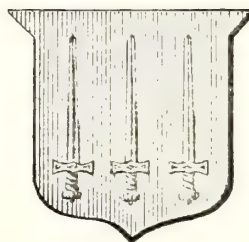
Quarterly argent and gules, four crosses pattée counterchanged.

CHEW (U. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

CHICKLEY (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

CHRISTIE (N. Y.) G. M.

B. Argent, a chevron gules between three wells sable.



CLARKE (Boston). B. Gules, three swords argent erect in pale, garnished or.

CODDINGTON (N. Y.) G. M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

COFFIN (Canada, U. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA. D.

COGGESHALL (Boston). originally of Co. Essex, Engl.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

COMFORT (N. Y.) G. M. B. Argent, a chevron gules, between three torteaux.

COOK (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

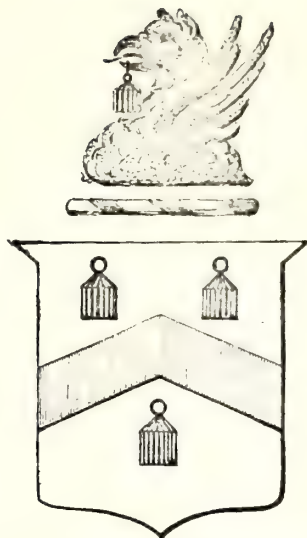
Frank d Aulte.

[To be continued.]

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BAWDWEN of.....
Marr^d. at Kildwick
14 Feb: 1603.

died unmarried 4th Mch.
St. Crux Church, York
He was bapt^d. at Kildwick



ARMS: *Argent, a chevron between three plummetts gules. CREST: A griffin's head couped between two wings inverted or, in the beak a plummet gules.*

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of Beestogain in	High-Cross in Co: Midd:
Ebor: appointed	Knt. & Bart.

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Anne	d a student of	BATEMAN	JENNINGS.	LEWIS of
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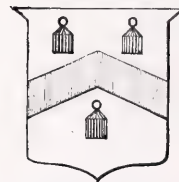
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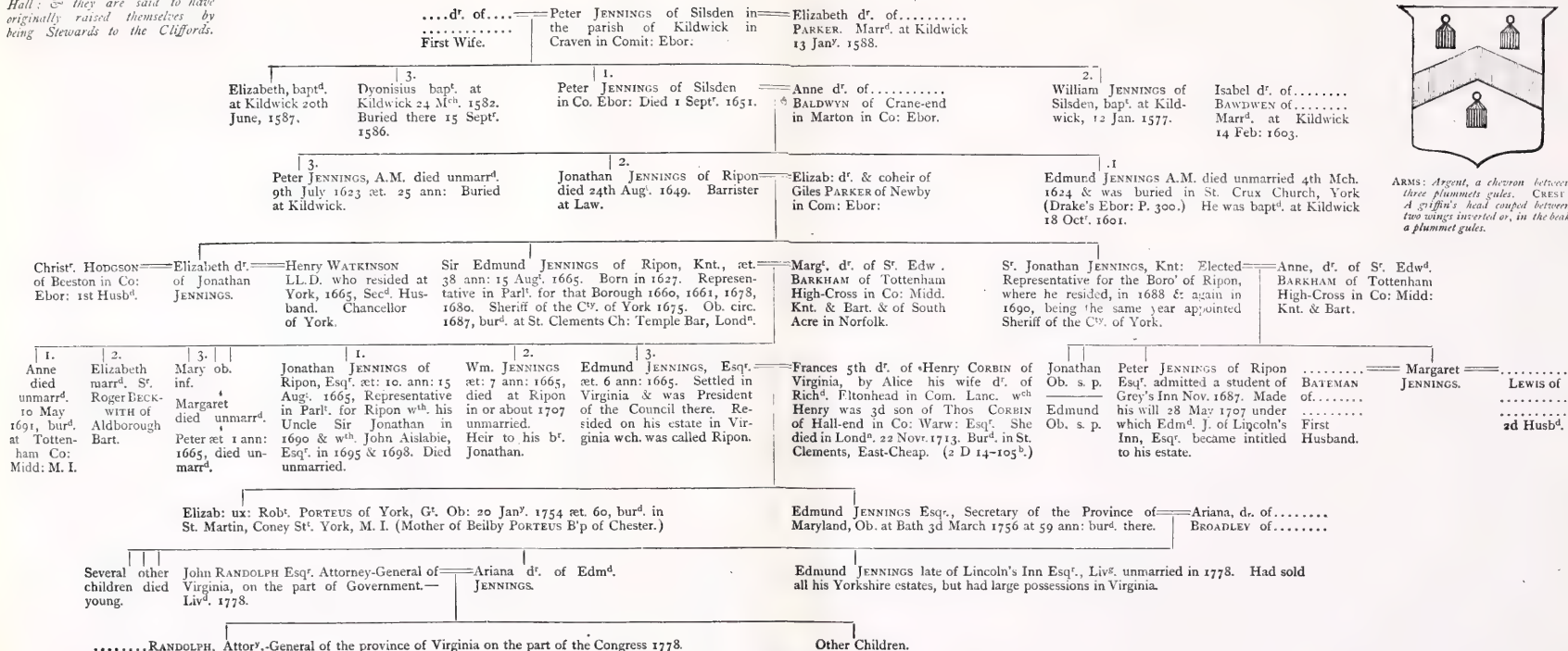
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ARMS: Argent, a chevron between three plummet gules. CREST: A griffin's head couped between two wings inverted or, in the base a plummet gules.

Jennings, of Virginia, United States of America.

The House of the JENNINGS'S at Silsden was called Jennings's Hall: & they are said to have originally raised themselves by being Stewards to the Cliffords.



BOOKBINDING AS A FINE ART.

SECOND ARTICLE.

CHARLES BLANC, in his concise and practical étude on "Binding," in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for 1880, insists on the necessity for all true amateurs of binding to resist any temptation of over-ornamenting, and he refers to the old masters of the craft as moderate and reserved in all their displays of artistic ingenuity. The Italian school of binding, at the head of the profession, in Maioli and even Grolier's time, soon began to wander away from these essential principles and to accumulate ornament upon ornament, crowding the leather with multifarious devices, instead of preserving the pure style and the correct lines of their initiators in this dainty art.

It went even so far, on the other side of the Alps, that Cardinal Mazarin, when the troubled state of France induced him to settle in Rome, had to call from Paris a group of bookbinders to clothe his books in the garb he liked. From 1640 to 1647, under the supervision of His Eminence's librarian, Naudé, seven binders from France were entrusted with the task of beautifying the books of Louis XIV.'s ex-guardian, of Anne d'Autriche's prime minister and favorite.

And here we strike one of those dynasties of bookbinders, the names of which have passed to posterity. Macé Ruette, who first began to line the interior of books with marbled morocco and marbled paper, was succeeded in his reputation as a highly artistic workman by his son, Antoine Ruette, bookseller and bookbinder to Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. In their time, the taste for rich bindings became more and

more fashionable, the poor authors, so inadequately paid in their efforts towards fame and public approval, had recourse to these masters of the binder's tools to prepare the hundreds of presentation copies which had to be distributed, neatly clothed in calf and even morocco, to their lordly patrons and to carping critics.

Duseuil, a contemporary of Ruette and a successor to Le Gascon in public esteem, was a priest, an "abbé," and practiced his art more as a recreation than as a trade. The famous library of Comte Loménie de Brienne, sold in London in 1724, contained numerous specimens of Duseuil's style and was sold at high figures.

Boyer, or Boyet, succeeded Antoine Ruette as bookbinder to the king. The specimens of his work offer no special originality of conception or execution, but, being few in numbers, call for enormous prices whenever presented in public sales.

His successor in the royal favor, Dubois, did bind a great many volumes for the Regent and for his prime minister, Cardinal Dubois. We know his prices to have been very high, for the time, as they reached twelve and fourteen "sols" for a half binding in calf, the price being raised to

one "livre" ten "sols," for a gilded binding, and to ten "livres" for a full morocco binding.

We reach now the two more recent dynasties of binders: the Padeloups and the Deromes. Members of both families were successively binders to the Kings Louis XIV., XV., XVI.; to the Queens Marie Leczinska and Marie Antoinette; to the Dauphin (of Louis XV.), to the brothers of Louis XVI., the Counts of



M. TULLII CICERONIS Opera cum optimis exemplaribus accurate collata. Lugduni Batavorum, ex officina Elzeviriana, 1642. 10 vols. small 12°, green morocco, with fillets, *doublé* in red morocco, etc., etc. Binding by Du Seuil, with the arms of the Comte d'Hoyrn, the great collector.

Provence and of Artois; later, after the Revolution, Kings under the names of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

The first Padeloup of any note in the trade was already reputed as a bookbinder in 1650, but the most renowned work signed by a Padeloup—it was Nicolas—is the “Daphnis et Chloé” of the Duc d’Orléans, the Regent, a master-piece finished in 1718. The son of Nicolas, Antoine Michel Padeloup, was bookbinder to the King after Dubois (1733), and his mark is found upon the books of Marie Leczinska and upon those of her son, the Dauphin. The Padeloups inaugurated for general use—for rich bindings—mosaics, made out of inlaid pieces of variegated leather, a work of great patience and skill, perhaps more difficult of execution than tasteful in the results obtained.

Until the end of the XVII. century, mosaic bindings were produced by *incrustation*, that is, by cutting out in the original cover, such spaces as it was thought desirable to fill up with pieces of diversely colored leather. The XVIII. century binders, the Padeloups, first and best, adopted the process of *application*, and simply pasted over the original cover the colored bits of leather necessary to complete the contemplated design.

It is customary, although unjust, to attribute to the Padeloups all the best specimens of bindings produced during the XVIII. century. The Deromes, another dynasty of worthy work-

men and intelligent artists—especially Jacques Antoine Derome, warden of his corporation and binder to the king—seem to have been highly proficient in the art of mosaics—the craze of the time—so much so, indeed, that many of the so-called Padeloup bindings certainly came from their work-shops. Besides—as Cundall tells us—“the Deromes, though they did not

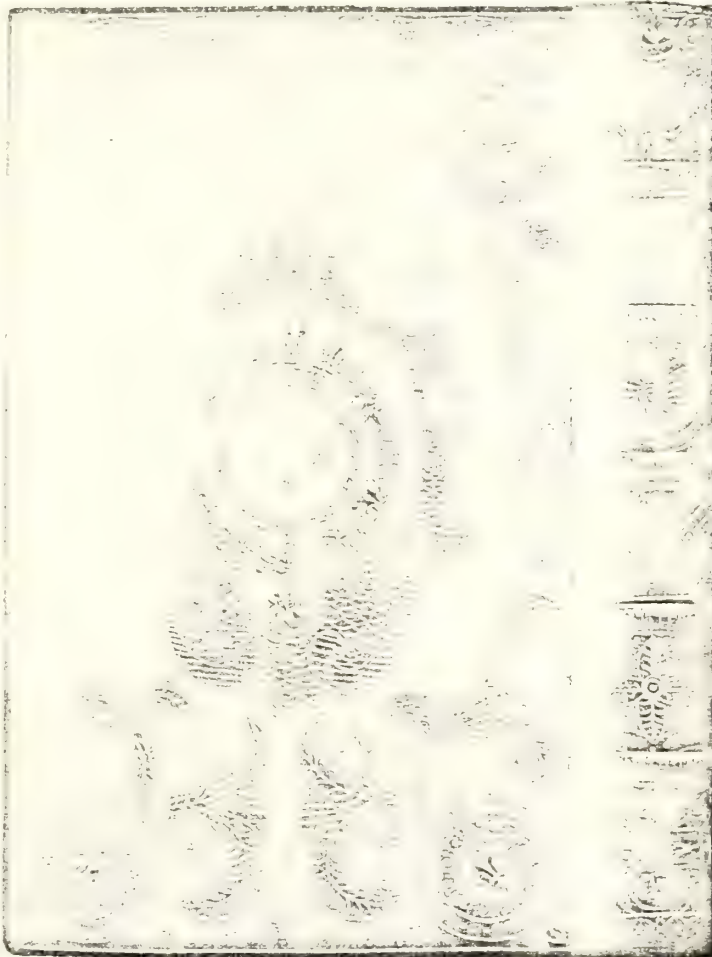
invent, brought to perfection those beautiful lace-like patterns (*dentelles*) which had been introduced in the XVII. century, but which were executed in a far greater variety of combinations in the XVIII.

Pierre Paul Dubuisson obtained in 1758 the title of binder to the king. “His designs,” says Cundall, “were often borrowed from contemporary porcelains and tapestry.”

Finally, Bozérien, a very inferior successor to the Deromes, but who seems, however, to have enjoyed the patronage of the Pompadour, in the late years of her supremacy, closes the XVIII. century era, and opens the XIX. century with but a very inferior reputation as an original artist. As Mr. P Jannet sarcastically

writes, “His books have but one merit, a great one, however: the books from his hands have sufficiently wide margins to allow of their being bound again.”

Bozérien passed through the Revolutionary period, when even bookbinding was ostracized as smelling of aristocracy and “ancien régime,” and when Bradel, the inventor of binding in boards, made his fortune by his ingenious and



LONGUS, LES AMOURS PASTORALES DE DAPHNIS & CHLOÉ [translated from the Greek of Longus by G. Amyot] s. e. (Paris, Quillon) 1718; small in 8vo. front. and fig. engraved by Audran. Red mor. with applications of blue and citron col. mor. etc., etc.

Precious copy with the arms of Philippe d'Orléans, Regent of France, Binding by Padeloup.

not altogether inelegant manner of keeping books together in a cheap and half-solid garb.

After the binders we may be allowed to say a few words of the amateurs, of these "gentil-hommes" of exquisite taste and unlimited wealth, without whom the art-binders would have found no encouragement outside of the paltry subsidies from the Crown treasury. Taking only a few names that tower proudly above the others, we will speak after Maioli,

court of Louis XV. (1716). He was considered as a prodigy of learning as well as an artist in taste and capacities. Dubois and Padeloup had the honor to bind his books and his arms stamped on any volume, showing a clear pedigree from that famed source, give it an important and deserved value.

But the greatest collector of the XVIII. century was the Duc de la Vallière whose immense fortune was spent lavishly to satisfy his



SPACCIO DE LA BESTIA TRIONFANTE, ETC. *Parigi, 1584.* From the collection of Mr. Eugène Dutuit. Binding by Padeloup or Derome.

after Grolier, after de Thou, of the Baron de Longepierre, an author of little repute, whose tragedy "Medea" obtained, however, some success towards the end of the XVII. century. In his gratitude he marked all his books with the emblem of the "Golden Fleece," and, to this day, his books fetch high prices and are received with due respect. They paid lately 4,000 francs, at Fontaine's, for a "Télémaque" from the Longepierre Library.

Far ahead of Longepierre, however, in the estimation of bibliophiles and bibliopoles, is the Comte d'Hoym, ambassador of Poland to the

unquenchable thirst for rare books, unique illustrations and matchless bindings. The duke often bought whole libraries to secure a few fancied volumes, and when, in 1784, the first portion of his collection was sold, the 5,668 volumes thus disposed of under the auctioneer's hammer, brought in 464,677 "livres," certainly \$300,000 of our money. The second portion, including 27,000 volumes, was bought in bulk by the Marquis de Paulmy, the clever connoisseur who used to rail so neatly at the mania of his brother bibliophiles, saying of their books, seldom, if ever opened: "Multi vocati, pauci

lecti." Later, the Comte d'Artois bought the whole collection and made it the nucleus of the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, in later years in the custody of that prince of "litterati," Charles Nodier.

Shall we mention Girardot de Préfond, twice a bankrupt through his extravagant love of books, selling his second library to the Comte de Macarthy for 50,000 livres; the same books to be sold later by the count's heirs for £16,000? Shall we mention Gagnat, and Madame de Verrue, and Madame de Pompadour herself whose three proud towers adorned many a morocco bound jewel, and Madame Du Barry even, the illiterate favorite, not to be denied the pleasure of aping the "fine fleur" of the doomed aristocracy, in their collecting of first editions of en-



ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE, 5th Edition, the last issued under Montaigne's own supervision. A Paris, chez Abel L'Angelier, 1588. Tr. 40. Copy with the arms of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour. Binding by Bozérian.

gravings in their early states, of bindings signed by masters of the craft? But the space allotted to me is limited. This is but a passing review, a kind of introduction to later studies, more special and less superficial. So we shall reserve for further talks the "Women bibliophiles" and the "Eccentricities of the collectors," two inexhaustible themes, fertile in anecdote and gossip, and which may be described one day, in their proper manner and proportions, to the readers of THE CURIO.

Our next article will be given up entirely to "English binding," both ancient and modern, and we expect to close with a rapid survey of contemporary binders in France and America.

The Grolierite.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

ON A TRAY OF OLD COINS.

Ah, here they lie, in this dim cabinet,
 The treasure-trove of many lucky finds :
 A Roman Aureus, whose gold bondage binds,
 In lasting chains, the radiant splendor set
 On lip and brow that Antony's kisses wet ;
 A coin of Syracuse, swept by swift winds
 Beyond the Gates of Hercules, ere minds
 Persephone's bright beauty would forget ;
 A bronze Sestercii, showing Nero's face ;
 An old Greek Drachm with Venus and her doves ;
 And this small Oboli, Aspasia's hand
 Gave to a suitor as a sign of grace.
 And so the rare procession slowly moves,
 Down to a Shekel from the Hebrew's land.

Thomas S. Collier.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES ON JAPANESE CERAMICS.

BY HEROMICH SHUGIO, OF JAPAN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

KUTANI WARE, decorated in gold and red, is comparatively modern, the first examples of this style having been produced in 1814 A. D. (the 11th year of Bunka) by Hachiroyemon, a porter who worked at the new factory in Yamashiromura, a neighboring village of Kutani, where Yoshidaya Denyemon removed his factory from the village of Kutani, in the year 1814.

For this season, the new style here described came to be known as "Hachiroye Kinran" and for a time attracted a great deal of attention among our connoisseurs, but it is not valued among us as much as the older specimens of Kutani, though, both in America and Europe, Kutani ware is popularly supposed to be decorated in gold and red, and the older and better examples of that ware are hardly known and appreciated.

Yeiraku Zengoro (the second), the famous potter of Kioto, visited the Kutani factory in 1858, where he was invited by two fellow artists of Yamashiromura who desired him to settle down in the village to pursue his art there, but, owing to some circumstance, he stayed only a short time and returned to his native city of Kioto.

A few pieces made by him in Kutani are greatly prized by our collectors, as they are very rare as well as interesting, being different from his other works.

Besides those already referred to in this paper, I must mention a few distinguished potters of the Kutani factory, viz:

Sosentei Ichigo, Shozo and Tomozo, whose productions are much admired for their artistic as well as technical excellence.

There are two kinds of paste used in Kutani; porcelain clay and Faience. The porcelain paste of Kutani is generally coarser than that of Imari, and the glaze is rather opaque and heavy in appearance.

The Faience is much softer, although coarser than that of Satsuma or even Kioto, and the glaze is usually not as fine as either of them and much whiter in color.

* *

The *Satsuma ware* is perhaps better known in both America and Europe than any other Japanese Faience, but it appears to me that a great deal more can be said and written about

this most fascinating ware, for there are comparatively few students of Ceramics who really know much about the Satsuma ware. The Satsuma, according to the most popular idea, is a finely crackled, rich, creamy Faience, decorated elaborately in gold and rich colors. That is only one of many styles to be found in the Satsuma ware and it has been produced only since about 1775.

There are several kinds of Satsuma ware, and it may be of some interest to describe them here as briefly as possible. The earlier examples of the Satsuma are those of the XV. century and are of very coarse clay and of indifferent glaze; they do not possess any artistic merit, though they are much valued by some of our collectors.

But the Satsuma ware produced before Keicho period (1596-1614) is entirely different from that which was manufactured after that period, as all the fine specimens of the Satsuma ware were then produced at the Kiln established, in Chosa, by Shimadsu Yoshihiro, Daimio of Satsuma. He had brought over several Korean potters from Corea on his return from the famous expedition to that peninsula in 1598, and he had placed them in Chosa to work. Examples produced at that factory are also different from the ordinarily known Satsuma ware, both in paste and in glaze, the paste being a grayish, red-colored, hard Faience, and the glaze much heavier and thicker.

The specimens known among our connoisseurs as Ziakatsu are covered with two or three coatings of different glazes, which produced a very peculiar appearance.

These were produced mostly by Korean potters at Chosa during the Keicho and Genroku period (Geroku: 1615-1623).

Among the Ziakatsu, those made by the potter Saburobei are especially prized by our collectors for the beauty of the glaze as well as for artistic style of his ware.

Besides these, there are other varieties made at the factory, about that period, most of which are copied from Korean models; of those the "Mishimade," "Hakeme," as well as "Sungoroku," are particularly good.

The factory was transferred from Chosa, during the Kanyei period (1624-1643) to Tateno, and then to Tanoura, before it was finally

settled at Naye-Shirogawa, where Bokkoyo, one of the Corean potters, discovered a fine white clay from which the world-famous Satsuma ware has been made. That event can be said to mark the real dawn of Satsuma. Here was produced for the first time that charming egg-shell crackled ware which delights our connoisseurs as well as those of America and Europe.

The Satsuma, decorated after the Nishikide style, was produced during the Kansei period (1789-1800) under instructions from Shimadzu Narinobu, the ruling Daimio of Satsuma, and this decorated ware attained at once a great reputation among our connoisseurs as the



Old Satsuma Wine Bottle.

[From the collection of the National Museum of Japan.]

superior work to all other decorated *faience* produced in Japan,

The decoration of the Satsuma ware is distinguished especially by its delicate outline peculiarly of a rich dull-red, of a green and of a blue enamel, with thick gold tracings.

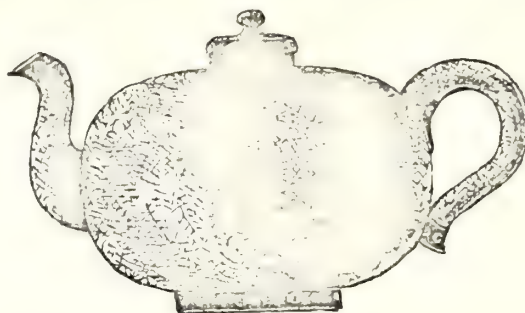
The best specimens of the decorated pieces are mostly to be found among those made between 1789 and 1830, and the term old, applied to the decorated Satsuma, must be understood to mean all the wares made about one hundred years ago.

The Satsuma paste of finely crackled *faience* is much harder than that of Owata or Ota and a great deal finer in its texture.

The glaze is softer and the crackle is smaller than that of the Owata or other similar *faience*s.

Later productions of Satsuma are inferior to

the older ones in every respect, as the decoration is often overdone; but there are some fine examples of modern Satsuma produced by Kakimoto, who sacrificed his fortune in trying



Old Decorated Satsuma Tea-Pot.

[From the collection of the National Museum of Japan.]

to restore the lost reputation of the Satsuma ware.

* *

Ninsei Ware.—Of all the Japanese ceramic artists, the name of Nonomura Seibei, a native of Ninnaji of Kioto shall be always honored by the lovers of the Ceramic Art.

It is to him that we owe our enameled *faience* of the most artistic nature. It was he who made the first attempt to decorate *faience* with colored enamels over the glaze, having obtained the secret of enamel painting from Arita, where it was kept as the secret of secrets. He thus succeeded in producing those charming examples of decorated *faience*. The earliest decorated *faience* must have been made after 1650, as it was only in 1648 that the Japanese potter Kakiyemon of Arita had succeeded in



Kinsei Bowl.

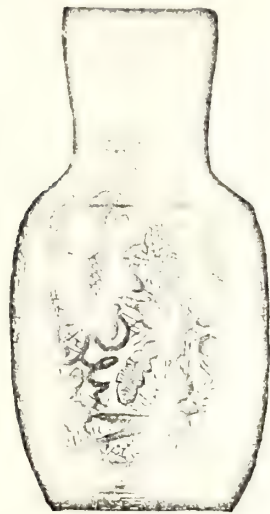
[From the collection of the National Museum of Japan.]

decorating porcelains with colored enamels.

Nonomura Seibei, better known by his nom de plume, "Ninsei," which he created from combining the two first syllables of Ninnaji, his native village, and of Seibei, his given name,

may be said to be the exponent of the most æsthetic age of Japan, in Ceramic Art, and his works are very much superior to any decorated *faience* produced in Japan before or since his time.

He established nine kilns where he made his wares, viz.: Awatakuchi, Omuro, Mizoro, Seikanji, Iwakura, Narutaki, Takagamine and Komatsudani, all of which are located in Kioto,



Ninsei Vase.
[Copied by Okumura.]

and all the *faience* made by him is stamped with his name "Ninsei."

Perhaps no ceramic artist of Japan had so many imitators as Ninsei, for his ware has always been valued and sought after by our collectors more than any others.

Of his many copyists I know one whose imitations of Ninsei ware are as perfect and almost as good as the originals.

The vase here reproduced was made by a potter named Okumura of Kioto, who sold it to some local dealer, from whose hand it finally went into our National Museum, as the work of "Ninsei," and there it remained as such until Okumura saw it and made it known that it was a copy made by himself.

The genuine Ninsei ware can be distinguished from the copies by our experts by the signature "Ninsei" stamped in the paste, and by the peculiar form to be found in the crackle as well as inimitable technical skill displayed in his pieces.

Kenzan Ware.—All the ceramic works made by Ogata Kenzan, a famous potter as well as painter of Kioto, are known as Kenzan ware. He was a younger brother of that celebrated painter Ogata Korin, who may be said to have

founded an original school of painting out of the Kano school, and he is ranked only second to Ninsei in Ceramic Art by most of our connoisseurs. He was born in Kioto in 1663 and died in Tokio in 1743.

Kenzan ware, although not technically as excellent as that of the famous Ninsei, is almost as highly prized as Ninsei's works, and as for the artistic excellence of decoration it often surpasses Ninsei. Kenzan was the first potter in Japan who introduced that free and sketchy design in decorating *faience* in black, which is really very artistic in feeling as well as effect.

Kenzan ware made by him in Kioto are quite different from those he made in Tokio where he used softer clay.

All the genuine specimens of Kenzan are signed by him under one of the following names, viz: Shisui Kenzan, Shisui Shinsei and Kenzan.

Yeiraku Ware.—Another great potter of Kioto who claims our attention is Yeiraku Zengoro Riozen, who originated a peculiar style of decoration in red and gold known as "Yeiraku Kinrande."

Riozen was the tenth of the family of Zengoro, who made earthen stoves called "Doburo" generation after generation. He was



Yeiraku Jar.
[From the Original.]

born in the latter part of the last century and died about fifty years ago.

Having been naturally gifted with a strong artistic mind and being full of ambition, he devoted all the leisure hours out of his regular work of making earthen stoves in his younger days in essaying to make copies of old Chinese

and Japanese porcelain and *faience*, until he had succeeded, during the Bunka period (1804-1817), in turning out really remarkable copies of the famous old Chinese porcelain, decorated in gold and red, which was made there during Yunglo period (1403-1424) of Ming Dynasty.

This great success attracted the gracious notice of Nariyuki Tokugawa, Daimio of Kii, who gave him a seal "Yeiraku" as a reward, and invited him to establish a private kiln within his castle garden, in Okayama of Kii, where he made many admirable copies of old Cochin-China ware, by his patron's special desire.

The Yeiraku has been adopted as the family name of the Zengoro family since Riozen and the seal "Yeiraku" has been used by his son Hozen and his grandson Wazen, the present Zengoro.

Yeiraku's works produced in the garden of the Castle of Kii are known as "Kairaku" from the stamp used on those pieces, and sometimes as "Oniwayaki"—(ware baked in the castle garden.)

The jar sketched in this article has been made after an old Cochin China vase. The ground color of the jar is turquoise blue, the band around the upper part of the body is purple color, and the ornamental dog Foo on the top of the cover is also purple.

All of Riozen's works, with but a few exceptions, are signed in several ways. He sometimes used the stamp of Yeiraku alone, sometimes the Yeiraku stamp and another stamp which reads "Kahin Shiriu" together. There are also some pieces on which we find this style of signature, "Made by Kiozen Zengoro Yeiraku" in writing, and the stamp of Yeiraku as well as that bearing "made by Riozen" in writing, and with the Yeiraku stamp.

There are a few distinguished potters of Kioto who are now with the dead, such as Mokubei, Rokubei, and Dohachi, whose works are worthy of the connoisseur's attention, but the lack of space in this paper will not enable me to speak of them, at least in the present fragmentary notes, which may be, however, hereafter completed.

THE MORALITY OF THE FIG LEAF.

TALLEYRAND, who gets the same credit for most of the good things that have been said in France that Abraham Lincoln used to get for the good stories told in America, is reported to have been once asked by a lady.

"My dear Prince, what is vice?"

"Vice, dear madam," the gallant diplomat is said to have replied, "is our individual share of a common inheritance—the original sin."

It is witty; it is superficial; but it is also true as far as it goes. For viciousness is in fact the exaggerated development of the natural instincts and passions that were born in the first violation of the law of Eden. Where human perfection ceased, there vice began. The fig leaf was its original symbol. The morality of the fig leaf is to-day its supremest creed.

There is nothing in common between true morality and the morality of the fig leaf. The origin of the one is purity; of the other impurity. Morality argues from its own chastity, with the grave eloquence of example. The morality of the fig leaf argues volubly out of its own corruption, and infects by suggestion that which was pure before. It is not the bare marble in the Roman gallery that stirs young blood to evil. It is the cheap emblem of its own pruriency that the morality of the fig leaf

has riveted upon its graven front. What was modesty in its unconsciousness of wrong, has been converted into immodesty by having the admission of wrong fastened upon it as a stigma of shame.

The hint of evil is what commended the forbidden fruit to the eyes of Mother Eve. It is to prohibited knowledge and interdicted pleasures that inexperience first turns when its curiosity is aroused.

The morality of the fig leaf, while affecting to preserve innocence by seeking out evils to guard it against, serves only to notify it of what it wants it to avoid. The published announcement that the Venus de Medici is an obscene work, would produce more harm in a year than the statue itself has inspired since the marble scaled away under the sculptor's chisel till it left unveiled the type of pure and perfect womanhood. What art gave us is spotless. One breath of the morality of the fig leaf may sully it forever. It would attack the spirit of the work, as the foetid gases of the earth have assailed the stone itself, and leave upon it an indelible stain.

To sit down soberly and seriously in the nineteenth century, and in a country that makes a boast of its educational advancement, to demonstrate by argument and example that that which is undressed is not necessarily un-

clean, is a task that one might well be excused for viewing in a humorous light. Like many other humorous things, however, there is a gravity underlying it that must temper one's amusement. After all it is a very serious matter, as concerns the mental and moral state of the community that the question be raised at all.

To be sure it is just now only raised by an officious individual striving to furnish a valid reason for the stipendary emolument he receives by his official activity. But this official acts with the sanction and the support of a wealthy society, incorporated and granted large license of independent action by law. This society, moreover, undoubtedly represents the sentiments of a large social following, so that the published opinion of the society's servant and mouthpiece is, in effect, the opinion of many persons voiced through him.

It is the opinion of these good people, in brief, that the rest of the world is in a very bad moral way indeed, and that but for the services of the society and its agent, we who are not numbered among the regenerate should be abandoned to Babylonian debasement. It is by the morality of the fig leaf alone, imposed on us by statute and enforced by the terrors of the law, that we may be saved.

To further their work, these conservators of public virtue resort to the censorship of a salacious invention and the devices of the private detective. They begin by inventing for art attributes not a part of it, and proceed by inviting men to the commission of what they consider crime in order to punish them. Could the morality of the fig leaf proclaim itself more characteristically?

It is held to be proper in law and in practice to set a thief to catch a thief. No law, however, can justify the creation of a thief by temptation and invitation, in order to have a thief to catch. One does not promote honesty by breeding crimes to make examples of. One does not promote chastity and morality in uncultured intelligences by perverting purity into lewdness and distorting decency by indecent devices. Out of the sea comes Aphrodite, white as the foam of which she is born, and men worship her, when lo! the morality of the fig leaf blasts them like a breath of infernal fire, and they lust.

If nudity is obscene, *per se*, the artist, the art connoisseur and critic must constitute the most grossly immoral and perverted portion of any community, and the entire culture and intellect of the civilized world, whose loftiest mental altitude must be attained to render a complete appreciation of and sympathy with

art possible, must exist in a condition of loathsome and hopeless depravity. For it is conceded among this class that the greatest triumph of art is the representation of the highest form of nature, and the highest form of nature is the perfect man and woman, unmarred by the artificiality of dress or the consciousness of immodesty that the adoption of dress gave rise to. To begin logically, the morality of the fig leaf must hold that human life is the result of an obscene scheme of creation, for nature violates the statutes, as read by the fig leaf moralist, in its very method of giving animate existence to that zealous purist himself.

To accept such a conclusion as this is impossible for any person not shackled by the most puritanical superstition, or imprisoned in the narrowest limits of intelligence. To admit that culture and refinement only culminate in total depravity is to fly in the face of every lesson of experience. To allow that art is indecent because it is not prudish is to set a premium upon pruriency by accepting its judgment as superior to that of healthy intelligence. Under such a ruling the sport of a bathing baby is corrupting in its influence, and an untutored savage in a state of nature is a factor of untold moral evil.

The indecency of the nude in art, where nudity is purely part of art itself in sentiment and expression, exists only in the nature of the critic. There are minds so foul that they can construe evil from the innocent prattle of a child, and natures so perverted that a shadow on the wall will stir their festering depths. To such vile intelligences art makes no appeal. Its form and color are but spurs to license and its subtlest beauties gross invitations to base thought. Art cannot deprave depravity. It is depravity which makes art serve the purpose of a stimulant, and which credits art with its own putridity.

Humanity is not to be judged by its exceptions, however. Even the morality of the fig leaf would hardly demand that we should be considered monsters of brutality and dishonesty because there are brutal and dishonest men among us. The mass of mankind is morally healthy because its instincts are good, and to the mass of mankind art is in its every form an appeal to and inspiration of the loftiest sentiments, not the lowest passions. Mankind fortunately possesses a substitute for fig leaves in a natural purity of thought that renders it insensible to their necessity.

Obscenity in art must consist in intention. There is unhappily such art, but it is not to be found among those nudes of the masters,

ancient or modern that the public knows. It is to be found in the half veiled suggestiveness of those painters and sculptors who command attention by sensationalism, and who appreciate that it is by piquing the passions that they may alone be aroused, but whose works are oftener technically safe from the fig leaf. Any general assumption that nature must be indecent because it is naked is as unreasonable as that all men and women are moral and modest because they wear clothes.

There are nudes and nudes, although the morality of the fig leaf includes them all in one comprehensive anathema. As the style is the man in literature, so is the man the style in art. There are men who could not paint naked flesh indecently, and men who could not paint clothed flesh decently. It is to the artist who creates a picture we must look for the justification of his work.

Here in a dealers' gallery is a Bougereau: It is all nakedness, but also all innocence, like a bed of flowers. Its title is "The Birth of Spring." It justifies its title. Spring is a virgin, shivering in the chill zephyrs of the early year. The bursting vitality of the earth is personified in the wingless cherubs that hover about her, like those butterflies that come in swarms without warning and vanish without cause. The painter has had in his mind an allegory entirely distinct from its human attributes. The pale pink and white season of the garden is alive upon his canvas. The pure spirit of creation animates it. Such a picture might hang above an altar and not profane it. The Omnipotent might look upon it and say: "Son of man, thou readest my law with reverence!" and the incense in His honor would enwreath it as a sacred thing.

Impure suggestion slides from such art as foul oil from pure water. To interpret vileness from it, one must one's self be unutterably vile.

Here is a pascha, sucking at his chibouk as his harem tumbles in the bath. White flesh and yellow, pale and dark; all nakedness it is, as you may see. And yet the painted wind that stirs the painted myrtles in the painted balcony is not more harmless than the artist's thought. Study this picture well, and you will read in it an immortal idea. It will speak to you not of wantonness and abandonment, but of a barbaric life that is an epoch in the history of civilization. There is no shame where there is no consciousness of sin. To paint such a picture the artist must have seen before him not women stripped to their skins, but the animate approximations of his conception of the life of which they are a part. When a painter

puts his ideal on canvas, as Gerome has done here, he does not inspire lust.

No man can paint more than is in him or what is not in him. To the true artist nature is an inspiration. He regards her as but a hint of what his conceptions reach up to, and his utilization of her is a part of his own life and of his own dreams. The one absorbing theme of such a painter as Henner, for instance, is to realize an ideal that his senses of form or color have created. The human form is but a vehicle for his purpose, chosen because to his ambition it offers the most serious difficulties to conquer, as well as the most complete means of expression when the conquest is made. Indelicacy cannot enter into such work or be conveyed by it, for to accomplish it the artist must be superior to the man, and the human weaknesses from which uncleanness proceeds are lost in the absorption of the devotee.

What is said of Bougereau, of Henner and of Gerome is to be said in their various degrees and methods of expression of Cabanel, Lefebvre, Dantan, Benner, Chaplin, Constant, Carolus Duran—I quote but a few of many names in French art that have made the representation of the nude a part of their vocation; while in England, most prudish of nations, we have at least two of the masters of her art illustrious in the same school, in the persons of Sir Frederick Leighton and Alma Tadema.

Sensationalism invades their domain, it is true, just as it does the domain of the poet and the novelist. Its encroachments are comparatively small in number, however, and it wins no favor, for the public refuses to accept it, while art itself rejects it with contempt. There is just enough of it to afford the morality of the fig leaf a text to elaborate upon by that exaggeration, perversion and abuse that has become its substitute for argument and its excuse for violent and tyrannical action.

The most lascivious picture that I know, in the sense in which the fig leaf moralist uses the word, is not a nude at all. It has none of the bare surface that so troubles his shrinking sensibilities. It exhibits only the face and shoulders of a woman draped to her throat, reclining in a voluptuous abandon on the arm of a cavalier whose lips join hers in a kiss. This work bears the innocent title "Le Baiser" and the engraving of it is popular, I have no doubt, in households where fig leaves are in active demand.

Yet no man or woman with the instincts of nature alive in them can study the face of this woman, with desire languishing in her upturned eyes, and that of this man, in whose

eyes passion burns like fire, without a consciousness that the painter had in his mind an intention beyond the surface of his picture, and that he has expressed it here. Still no law could be created to stigmatize this picture as obscene. Its animalism is all implied although premeditated. Its lewdness is altogether in the intention of the artist and in his technical suggestion of the hot glow of sexuality in such vivid style that it communicates itself to the observer like an echo which completes a broken bar of music.

Look at this fat and shaven friar, to whose discourse these women listen, with eyes that are cast down and lips that quiver with smiles that reflect the invitations of their senses. Can you not read the tenor of his talk in the old rascal's leering eye and lolling tongue? Can you not see that the artist meant this for a gross, unclean satire on the libidinousness of a special class, and the lubricity of the sex it deals most unauthoritatively with? The morality of the fig leaf takes no alarm at this, but finds unmentionable horrors in the sinless ivory flesh of a Henner and the superb and ascetically severe realism of a Dantan.

With the fig leaf moralist, it is a matter of inventing what does not exist rather than translating what does. This is largely due, no doubt, to his positive ignorance of art and his insensibility to its spirit. Apparent facts alone appeal to him. Nudity shocks him because the bare body arouses in his own mind thoughts and desires which he promptly credits to other. He does not see in nudity any ideal of beauty. To him it is only the nakedness of the wanton, whose abandonment is her trade.

Thus he lays down out of his own moral obliquity a low standard for better men, and with one sweeping condemnation brands all that to his inferior intelligence and perverted senses is unclean as being what he makes it out to be. And to establish his foul postulate he secures the passage of elastic laws by stupid and hypocritical legislators of the fig leaf school of morality, and employs the venal services of a private agent and the proscribed arts of a sawdust swindler, to stretch their administration to the extremest limit.

The measure of good that the fig leaf moralist has accomplished in his time among us has long blinded the public to the perilous character of the special powers and privileges with which he is invested. In handling those grosser forms of vice that were easily within his comprehension he did his work well, but when he applies to all art the same rules as he applies to artifices of the profligate, it is time to call him to account.

As he cannot define the distinction between what is and what his imagination makes of it, the law on which he always falls back for support and to which he appeals for justification, should be called upon to enlighten him by definitions that admit of no misconstruction.

These definitions it seems to me are not so difficult to establish. Primarily, mere nudity does not in art constitute obscenity, any more than it does in nature. The deliberate creation of nude or any art whatever for purposes foreign to the aim of art does.

The same considerations that should govern our judgment of the creation of pictures should govern our judgment of their publication and sale. If a nude photograph, innocent in its artistic self, is given out with an artful advertisement claiming indecency for it as a commercial recommendation, the person so advertising it is clearly within the province of the fig leaf moralist's action. No matter how guiltless of immoral intention the picture may be, the advertiser is guilty of perverting it for purposes of personal gain. The moralist and his agent has had ample experience with this class of miscreants, and should certainly be able to distinguish between them and a picture dealer importing works of art whose publication is legitimate, and selling them for what they are, not for what the baser instincts of the public would like them to be.

"But," cries the moralist, "these works are sold to small dealers, who use them for the purpose of promoting lasciviousness among boys and girls by exaggerating their indelicacy."

This, it appears to me, is an individual offence with the small dealer, for which he should be individually punished. When a murderer uses a revolver to kill his victim, the law does not hold the inventor, the manufacturer, or the innocent seller of the weapon as accessory. The evil use of the pistol is an accident due to the natural depravity of the user. If he could not get a revolver he would use a knife or a bludgeon. The man who contemplates a crime can always find means to accomplish it, and can only be prevented by having his own evil instincts restrained. The scoundrel who will debauch children with works of art will debauch them with passages from the Bible if he can command no other means of working his end out.

It is not the painter of a "Diana at the Bath" or a "Birth of Venus" who demoralizes childhood, but the morality of the fig leaf that endows it with a fictitious turpitude, and without justification in fact proclaims it forbidden fruit.

Childhood, as a matter of fact, serves the morality of the fig leaf as an ever convenient stalking horse in its campaigns against art. In its name it plays upon the sloppy sentimentality of that part of the public which allows others to think for it, and through it secures special legislation that would not otherwise be accorded it. Are we then to believe that those who create art, who support art, and who worship art, have no children, or that they repeat in moral practice the fabled sacrifice of the Minotaur?

It is one of the peculiar characteristics of the American people that they fit more round official pegs in square holes, and *vice versa*, than any other people within the boundaries of civilization, by which the morality of the fig leaf is officially represented is an illustration in point.

Here is a society which sets itself up as a censor in art, and which assumes to elect for us what art the public may enjoy with moral safety and what it may not. Such a society, one would naturally suppose, should have at least a fair representation in it of artists and art lovers competent to pass on the always delicate question of the proprieties in paint. Yet one seeks in vain among these moralists of the fig leaf for a single name of authority or note out of the class in question. This is not unnatural, for there can be no sympathy between men of culture and liberal quality of thought and men of small ideas and large prejudices. It is certainly unreasonable, then, that the Society should have the power to annoy and injure a cause which it is not capable of appreciating.

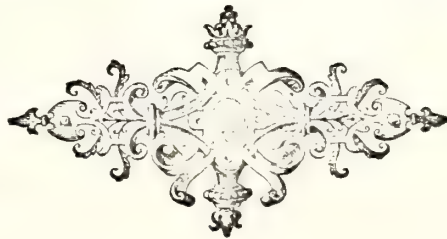
It would not, I think, be such a difficult matter to settle the question involved to the satisfaction of all reasonable people. It is pretty generally understood that neither the Society nor its agents is competent to pass calmly or dispassionately on matters of art and æsthetics which happen to clash with their own particular prejudices, or to be beyond their narrow and

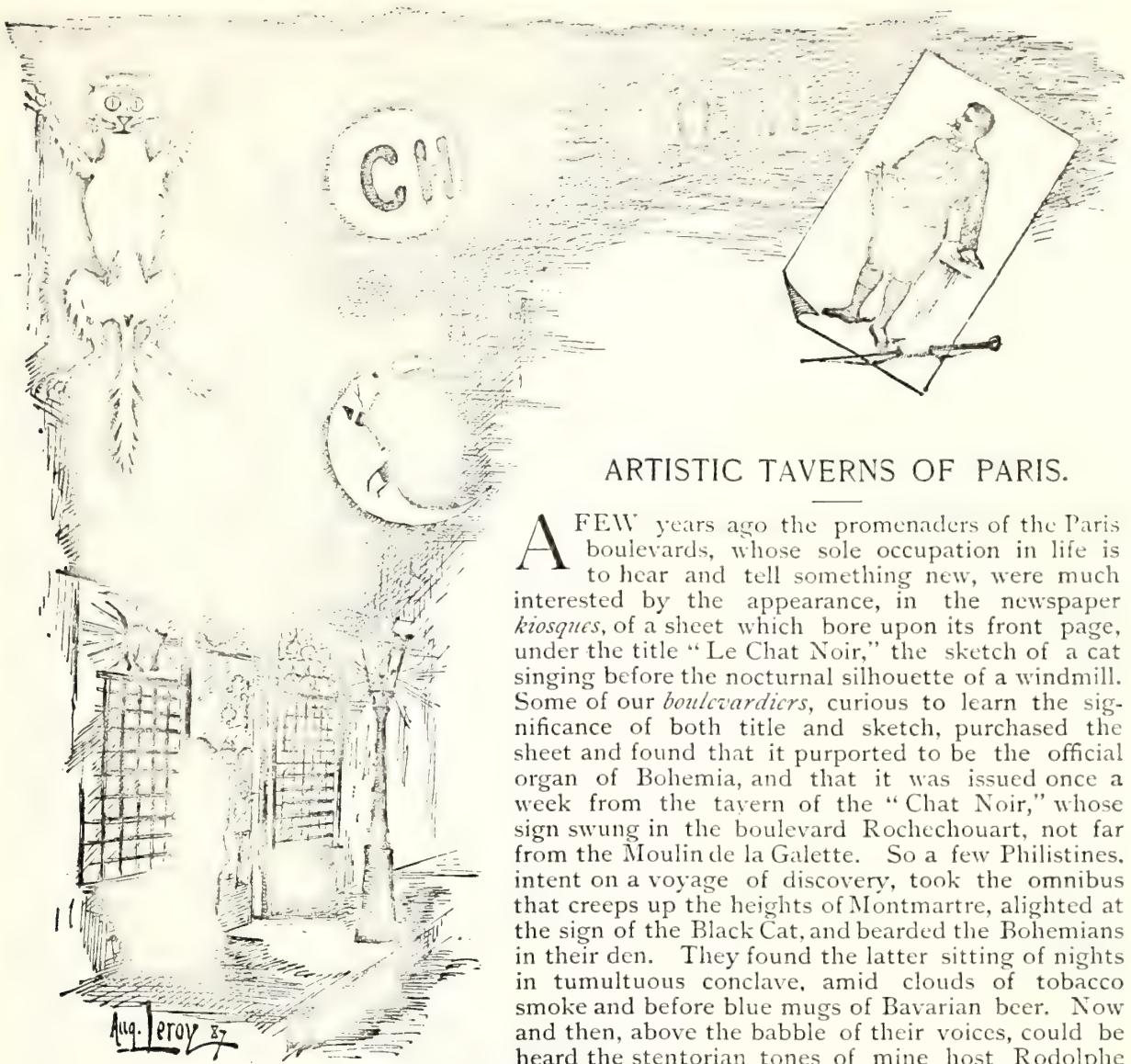
uncultured comprehensions. Why not, then, appoint some one capable of doing so?

Let a public commissioner of art be appointed in connection with the copyright bureau. Let this man be a person of proper enlightenment and culture, and be chosen by a jury composed of artists, art connoisseurs, and collectors of acknowledged standing, and paid a salary for his services. There are plenty of men of this stamp in America, though not in the ranks of the fig leaf moralists. Let all photographs, engravings and other reproductive pictures imported or intended for general publication as works of art or advertisement be submitted to him, with the names of the publishers and prices they are to be sold at, just as books go into the copyright bureau, and let him keep a registration of them and decide what is fit for publication and what is not. No respectable importer or publisher or dealer would object to this, and it would cost only a copy or two of the objects concerned, which would form in time an interesting and valuable government collection. As for the cost of the office, it would be no greater than that of the agency sustained by the self-constituted censorship itself.

By this means the trade in prohibited articles would be left in the hands of the Society for punishment, as at present, while there would be no possibility of a stretching of the Society's powers to tyrannical extremes. Every publication interdicted by the censor would lay its publisher or vendor open to arrest and condemnation on the mere evidence of his act, and no man could be arrested and have his title confiscated at the mere whim of the Society and its agents. Moreover, the wholesale advertisement of works of art as obscene would be put an end to, and the demoralizing piqueing of public appetite in the name of morality cease to offend the wise or injure the weak.

Alfred Trumble.





ARTISTIC TAVERNS OF PARIS.

A FEW years ago the promenaders of the Paris boulevards, whose sole occupation in life is to hear and tell something new, were much interested by the appearance, in the newspaper *kiosques*, of a sheet which bore upon its front page, under the title "Le Chat Noir," the sketch of a cat singing before the nocturnal silhouette of a windmill. Some of our *boulevardiers*, curious to learn the significance of both title and sketch, purchased the sheet and found that it purported to be the official organ of Bohemia, and that it was issued once a week from the tavern of the "Chat Noir," whose sign swung in the boulevard Rochechouart, not far from the Moulin de la Galette. So a few Philistines, intent on a voyage of discovery, took the omnibus that creeps up the heights of Montmartre, alighted at the sign of the Black Cat, and bearded the Bohemians in their den. They found the latter sitting of nights in tumultuous conclave, amid clouds of tobacco smoke and before blue mugs of Bavarian beer. Now and then, above the babble of their voices, could be heard the stentorian tones of mine host Rodolphe Salis: "*Silence, Messieurs!*" And from a stage

in the rear of the room the poet Emile Goudeau would recite, as likely as not, his "Flowers of the Asphalt," or some young laureate of the Conservatoire would strike the solemn strains of Palestrina from the chords of a piano better attuned, we fear, to the waltzes of Offenbach.

The Philistines came, saw and, alas! conquered, for the "Chat Noir" soon became fashionable. So Rodolphe Salis, who has as keen an ear for the fall of silver in his till as of rhyme at the end of a well-wrought verse, unhooked the sign of the Black Cat from over his door and hung it up before a more pretentious establishment in the rue de Laval. To-day the register of the "Chat Noir" bears upon its pages the autographs of most of the celebrities of Paris and the world, not to mention mere heirs to thrones, like the Prince of Wales and the Cesarewitch of Russia.

The present tavern is entirely fitted up in Louis XIII. style. The waiters alone look out of place; they are made to wear the uniform of the Academy and to answer, each of them, to the name of one of the forty Immortals who are yet awaiting death. Thus does the "Chat Noir" insult the Palais Mazarin, even at the price of an anachronism. However, the general effect of the tavern, with its recesses where the light, filtering through panes of stained glass, falls in soft masses of azure and purple, with its carved chimneys and oaken panels that remind one of the

Château de Blois, is most satisfactory to the eye of a not too critical connoisseur.

The pictorial decoration of the principal room has been confided to Willette, that Watteau of Montmartre, who paints as a gracious poet might dream. But sometimes Willette has the nightmare, as why should not one whose fame has grown in the shadow of the "Black Cat?" We remember, among his works, a modernized version of the Dance of Death: a procession of *cocottes* and *pierrots*, on foot, in cabs, in omnibuses, meanders across the canvas, while from among the clouds the grisly head of Death leers upon the fantastic carnival. Another painting, under the title of "Pour le Roi de Prusse," represents Death riding an apocalyptic horse at the head of innumerable regiments that melt away in the distance. Willette is also the author of the vast composition in stained glass that runs across the front of the café; in the centre, the image of the Golden Calf, symbolizing wealth; before it, a woman strangling her child, and on the left two proletarians, with hands uplifted against the idol; on the right, Poetry, in the form of an armored seraph, whose outspread wings, notwithstanding the entwining grasp of a beggar at his feet, struggle for flight toward the far-away heavens; finally, along the inferior edge of the whole composition, are seen the flashing hands and violin bows of an otherwise invisible orchestra, while the leader, Death, beats time to the farcical music of Life.

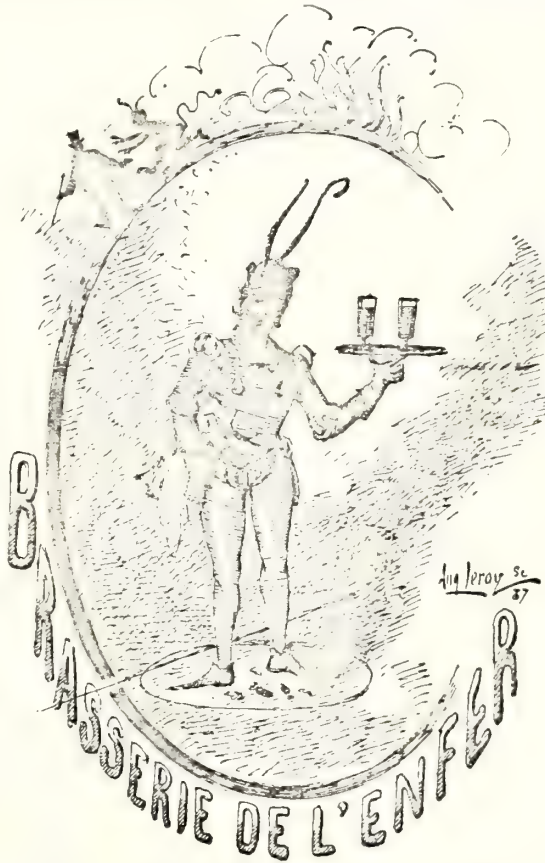
Among other artists represented on the walls of the "Chat Noir" are Steinlen, with a mob of cats surging under the moon; Degas, with his impressions of ballet dancers twirling in a glare of gas, and Marcellin Desbouts, whose superb "Homme au Sabre" was not long ago exhibited in New York by M. Durand-Ruel.

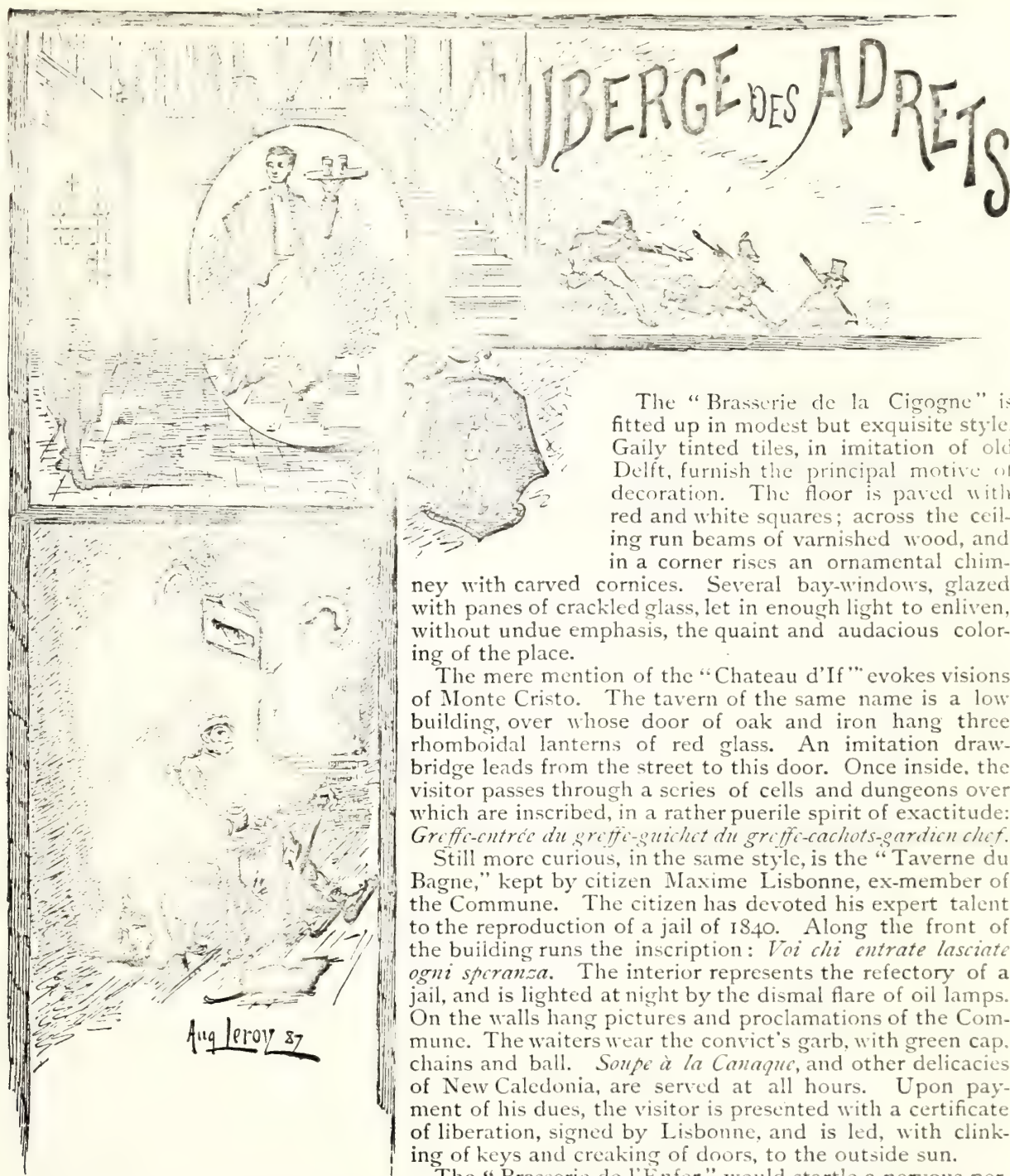
After the "Chat Noir," the "Auberge des Adrets" is perhaps the most thoroughly artistic tavern in Paris. It was named by its proprietor,

the ex-actor, Mousseau after the famous old comedy in which Frederick Lemaître immortalized the character of Robert Macaire. Upon its walls hangs the original hand-bill of the play, with the following notice, which takes one back to the Arcadian days when people dined at two o'clock: *Les portes ouvriront à 5 heures—On commencera à 5 heures et demie.*

The house is a most accurate reproduction of a French roadside inn of the beginning of the present century. Outside, the beams and planking are visible in places beneath the friable plaster. Over the door swings a sign-board with a crude picture of Robert Macaire. The interior is most harmonious in its local coloring; perhaps a refined taste might object to the representation in wax, at one of the tables, of the two vagabonds of the play. The waiters are costumed in the fashion of 1820. The furniture, massive and time-stained, is such as may still be found in many a farm of Normandy and Brittany. Here and there a bit of rustic *faïence* relieves the sombre monotony of the wood-work, while the sun, stealing through turkey-red curtains, awakens on the opposite wall the golden glamor of a row of kitchen utensils.

Mousseau used to be the proprietor of the "Auberge du Clou," another famous resort in the rue des Martyrs. The effect sought for here is one of simple rusticity. The tables are of deal, and the chairs have straw bottoms. In the café, on the first floor, hang pictures of *pierrots* by Willette, of ravens by Moullion, of flowers by Rouby. The basement has been decorated in a spirit of weird fantasy by Rivière and Willette: here a criminal is being led to the guillotine, which looms up in ghastly lines against an auroral sky; there a diver is struggling at the bottom of the sea with a myriad-armed octopus; further on a woman is nailing up her heart to the wall of her room, while Love, stretched upon a cross, writhes in the agonies of death.





The "Brasserie de la Cigogne" is fitted up in modest but exquisite style. Gaily tinted tiles, in imitation of old Delft, furnish the principal motive of decoration. The floor is paved with red and white squares; across the ceiling run beams of varnished wood, and in a corner rises an ornamental chim-

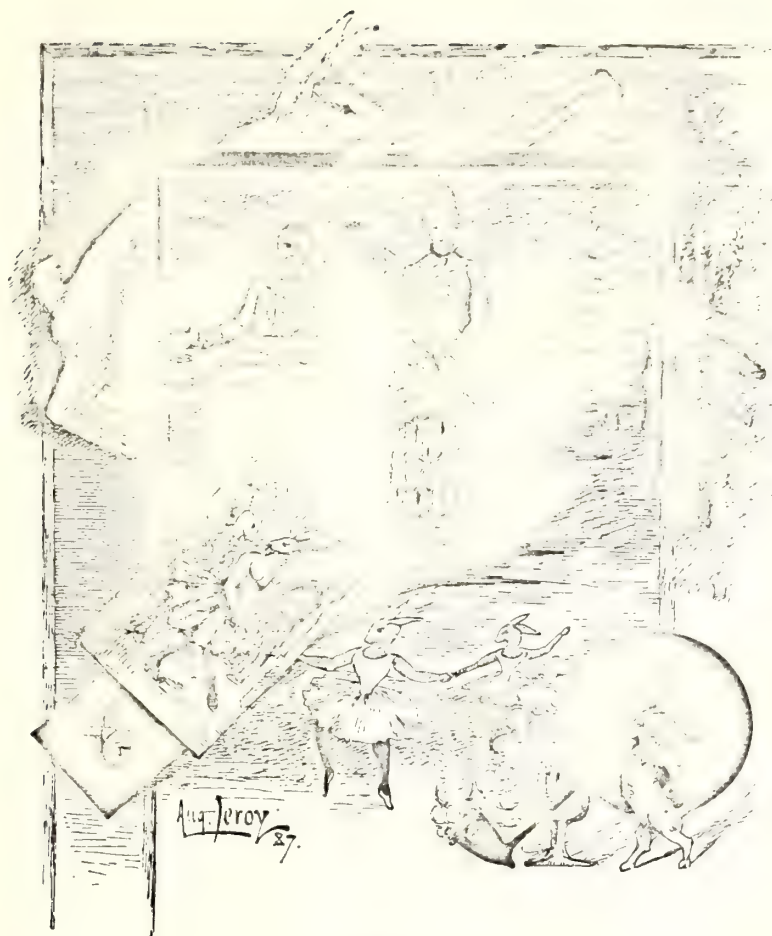
ney with carved cornices. Several bay-windows, glazed with panes of crackled glass, let in enough light to enliven, without undue emphasis, the quaint and audacious coloring of the place.

The mere mention of the "Chateau d'If" evokes visions of Monte Cristo. The tavern of the same name is a low building, over whose door of oak and iron hang three rhomboidal lanterns of red glass. An imitation draw-bridge leads from the street to this door. Once inside, the visitor passes through a series of cells and dungeons over which are inscribed, in a rather puerile spirit of exactitude: *Greffe-entrée du greffe-guichet du greffe-cachots-gardien chef.*

Still more curious, in the same style, is the "Taverne du Bagne," kept by citizen Maxime Lisbonne, ex-member of the Commune. The citizen has devoted his expert talent to the reproduction of a jail of 1840. Along the front of the building runs the inscription: *Voilà chi entrate lasciate ogni speranza.* The interior represents the refectory of a jail, and is lighted at night by the dismal flare of oil lamps. On the walls hang pictures and proclamations of the Commune. The waiters wear the convict's garb, with green cap, chains and ball. *Soupe à la Canaque*, and other delicacies of New Caledonia, are served at all hours. Upon payment of his dues, the visitor is presented with a certificate of liberation, signed by Lisbonne, and is led, with clinking of keys and creaking of doors, to the outside sun.

The "Brasserie de l'Enfer" would startle a nervous person and shock a Presbyterian parson. It represents that part of sheol where wicked Parisians are condemned to drink beer and flirt with pretty *diablesses*. Not a bad sort of a place after all, though a sensitive sinner might object to the scarlet glare of the windows and paintings.

"The beer sold at the 'Cabaret du Mirliton' is no more adulterated than anywhere else." Such is the reassuring advertisement which Aristide Bruant, proprietor of said "cabaret," inserts in the newspapers of Montmartre and the Quartier Latin. Aristide used to be one of the shining lights of the "Chat Noir," and has written songs which have made his name familiar to the public



TAVERNE DU LAPIN.

of the "Alcazar" and of the "Jardin de Paris." Every night he sings his couplets for the edification of the motley crew of Bohemians who are bold enough to taste of his beer.

Paris has also her sign of the "Spinning Sow," very much like the one which was reproduced in the October number of THE CURIO. The "Truie qui file" is a conventional-looking café in the rue Notre Dame de Lorette. The chief attraction of the place, however, is the basement, which the artist Daveau has decorated with a grotesque series of hogs, sows and piggies. We are bound to say that Daveau is far from being as pure-minded as was that other lover of pigs, Saint Anthony.

Daveau was entrusted with the decoration of the "Taverne du Lapin" in the rue Pigalle. But his cartoons were of so free a character that they would have scandalized even the *habitués* of the "Lapin." So the walls are now covered with amusing and inoffensive studies of rabbits by Forestier, Roux and Mantelet.

The "Rat Mort," though in nowise remark-

able for its furnishing, is a great resort for artists, owing to its proximity to a number of studios. It owes its name to a dead rat found one morning under a divan of the café.

The "Café des Tambourins" is delightfully warm in color. The waitresses are dressed in Roman and Neapolitan costumes, and as they move about among the marble-topped tables, they throw shifting shadows of red and purple in the pier-glasses of the room. Subic is the author of the graceful camaieus that ornament the ceiling. An exhibition of paintings was held at the "Tambourins" in 1885, to which contributed such men as Gerome, Clairin, Dantan, Hagborg, Pille, Benjamin Constant, Besnard and Barrias.

The "Brasserie du plus Grand Bock" is chiefly remarkable for its eccentric title, for its study of a nude woman by poor André Gill, who is now expiating in the insane asylum of Charenton the follies of his youth, and for the caricatures of clowns and harlequins by Faverot, who himself used to tumble and grimace in the sawdust of the circus.

The "Palette d'Or," in the rue de Rivoli, boasts a beer-pump in forged iron, two landscapes by Carrier-Belleuse, and a stained-glass window by Willotte, which many people consider the masterpiece of that suggestive artist.

The "Lion Rouge" displays heraldic lions on its sign-board, its windows and its glassware. It lacks, however, like the "Palette d'Or," that undefinable air of Bohemianism that pervades the taverns of Montmartre and the Quartier Latin.

The "Brasserie du Coucou," near the Sarbonne, would hardly have deserved any notice had it not been for its grandiloquent prospectus, which we translate from a curious volume, "Raphael et Gambrinus," by M. Carteret: "To the 'Brasserie du Coucou' come great painters and great poets to quaff ale and sweet hydromel in goblets of chased bronze. There have we often seen MM. Zola, Paul Alexis, Coppée, Léon Bloy, Alphonse Daudet, de Goncourt, gravely smoking their Oriental pipes and lost in the Asian dreams which the eyes of the Hebes of the place so irresistibly inspire. In

the days of Pericles, we trow. Héloïse, Jeanne, Toto would have had altars and temples erected in their honor. To-day the 'Coucou' is proud of being the chapel in which, gracious and aristocratically beautiful, they dispense the sweet draughts which cause one to forget the commonplace of life."

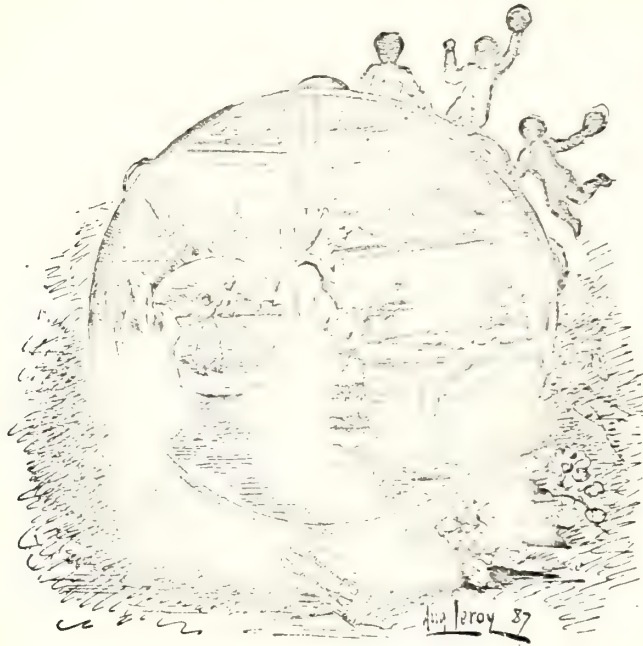
Tall Héloïse, laughing Jeanne, little Toto, are you still sipping absinthe in the "Brasserie

du Coucou," or have you tasted at last, like so many of your sisters, of the dark waters of Death?

Sadly the refrain which broke forth one day from the passionate lips of that poet of Bohemia, Francois Villon, steals across our memory:

Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

Stuart Merrill.



LE TAMBOURIN.

MY FRIEND MAXWELL.

A CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCE.

BY CLARA LANZA.

I HAD known Robert Maxwell long and intimately, consequently when his trouble fell upon him it affected me also. I do not think I shall ever forget the radiant joy that shone in his eyes and illuminated his whole personality with a delightful buoyancy when he first mentioned his engagement to Miss Alice Wetherall, and the deep unmovable gloom that settled upon him afterward is even more firmly implanted in my relentless memory.

His disposition had always been keenly sensitive, inclining now to extreme elevation of

spirits, then suddenly becoming imbued with a depression that nearly bordered on moroseness. He used to say laughingly that he had inherited his father's moody artistic temperament without possessing any of the other man's remarkable talent, although they had both chosen the same profession—literature.

I recall distinctly the first time that I saw the girl whom Maxwell had selected for his wife. A frail, slight, somewhat ethereal creature sitting at the piano in a long dimly lighted drawing-room belonging to a fine house on the Avenue. I am sure I never looked

upon a face more interesting, if not positively beautiful, than hers. The hair lay in a soft golden cloud on her forehead; her complexion was ivory-tinted, and over the rather mournful violet eyes, the heavy white lids drooped continually. Yet an indescribable charm pervaded the low, rich tones of her voice and lingered in her wistful smile. She appeared to me precisely the kind of woman an artist would have loved. A woman to draw out and improve his finer sympathies, and appeal to his highest inspirations. In my heart, therefore, I congratulated Maxwell on his choice.

Miss Wetherall being an orphan, lived with her aunt, a garrulous, cross-grained old lady, approaching second childhood who with the utter selfishness of advanced age kept her niece a prisoner the greater part of the time, and was both exacting and ungrateful. Alice's manner toward her was nevertheless cheerful and complacent, but from the beginning I was puzzled to define the precise quality that characterized her bearing in regard to Maxwell. That there was a peculiarity underlying it, I discovered at once. Her gaze, even when she was not speaking to him, rarely left his face and frequently while conversing with me she would turn to him with a look of doubtful or timid inquiry, almost painful in its intensity. On several occasions I jokingly called my friend's attention to this, but in reply he merely shrugged his shoulders, smiling in his vague, unsatisfactory way, so that I finally ceased not only to allude to the matter, but to think about it.

The engagement was to be a short one, the date of the wedding having been fixed on the first of January. We were now enjoying the last mild days of November, touched with the dying glow of an exceptionally delicious Indian summer. Naturally, Maxwell was looking forward with a lover's impatience to his marriage and subsequent departure for Europe on a year's pleasure trip.

This was how matters stood when the unexpected catastrophe happened.

I was alone in my room one evening, reading Maxwell's latest novel, a work that had justly made more than a few ripples of sensation in the literary world. The fine weather had changed all at once. The day throughout had been dismal in the extreme, and for several hours a fine rain had fallen, while so penetrating a chill impregnated the atmosphere, that after dinner I lighted the pine logs piled up beneath the chimney. I was greatly interested in Maxwell's story and charmed by the really exquisite art displayed in its composition. He was a most indefatigable worker and

student, toiling incessantly for the recognition he was slowly but surely gaining.

I fell to musing presently over a passage that especially pleased me by a quaintly turned phrase, spiced with an epigram; and as I paused at the sentence, my ear caught the sound of footsteps mounting the stairs without. From the earliest days of my childhood, trifles, such as many people would fail to notice, have impressed me. I have always observed the manner of walking affected by persons passing me in the street; a trick of speech or gesture rarely escapes me. For this reason perhaps I checked my meditation in order to listen to the approaching tread. It was evidently that of someone very much intoxicated, for the gait I could easily distinguish to be slow, staggering and uncertain. The only lodger in the house besides myself was a young bank clerk, very fond of society, who occupied the room above me. He was in the habit of coming home at all hours of the night, more or less hilarious or stupefied, and as the person outside was plainly reeling heavily along the entry, I supposed my neighbor was returning from a supper or some other festivity. The occurrence was too frequent and familiar to excite prolonged attention on my part, so I was on the point of resuming my reading when a dull thud resounded against my door. I rose in vexation prepared to give the dissipated youth a sharp rebuke for thus disturbing me, and going toward the door I threw it wide open. The moment I did this, however, I moved backward several paces with an involuntary exclamation. Before me stood not my fellow-lodger, but my friend Maxwell, his face livid and ghastly, his lips drawn and the water literally pouring off his rain-soaked garments. He did not speak as we faced each other, but simply made a motion as if to enter.

"In heaven's name what has happened?" I cried. "What brings you here at this hour and in such a condition?"

As I spoke I drew him into the apartment and forced him to sit down in front of the ruddy blaze. He held his numbed, trembling hands outstretched toward the fire, after he had pushed back the damp hair that clung round his forehead.

The storm meanwhile had increased. In the silence that remained for a while unbroken I heard the fitful gusts beat against the window-pane and saw the firelight shoot up its fantastic wreaths of flame. Maxwell sat with his head bowed upon his breast, his eyes fixed with an expressionless stare upon the up-leaping sparks from the burning logs.

Wishing to give him time to collect himself

sufficiently to explain his strange behavior, I busied myself in brewing some stiff punch. I selected lemons and a bottle of whiskey from the cupboard, and placed a tiny kettle of water on the fire. I waited impatiently for Maxwell to speak. When he did speak, it was in a tone whose veiled huskiness I failed to recognize.

"Landon," he began, "what do you suppose has happened? Well," he half turned in his chair and laughed in a hollow voice, "Alice has left her aunt's house, and has gone no one knows where."

"Gone!" I repeated, staring blankly before me. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Just what I say. She went away early this morning and has not been seen or heard of since." He pulled out his watch. "It is now eleven o'clock," he said.

"This is startling news, indeed! Have you notified any of the authorities—the police?"

The punch was now ready, and I poured it into two tall goblets of Venetian glass, noting, as one is apt to observe trifles in decisive moments, the transparent amber hues of the steaming beverage, gleaming through the colored crystal and reflected in lines of topaz in the spiral stems.

"No," answered Maxwell, shortly and distinctly. "No, I have done nothing, absolutely nothing."

"But old Mrs. Merritt. Surely she has taken steps to discover her niece's whereabouts?"

Maxwell did not reply at once. Presently he said, with obvious hesitation, "As to that I believe she has not. I saw Mrs. Merritt this evening; I have, in fact, just left her. Her health, as you are aware, is very feeble, and she is at times quite childish. She appears hardly to understand what has taken place."

"But such negligence is positively criminal!" I exclaimed vehemently. "You cannot tell what may have induced Alice to go away. She is perhaps the victim of an accident, a conspiracy, or a temporary aberration of mind. A thousand circumstances might account for her absence. Besides," here I lowered my voice a little, "she is peculiar. I have seen her when she appeared to be living as one in a dream, hardly conscious of the acts she performed. Surely you must have noticed it?"

"No," replied Maxwell, again shaking his head deliberately, "I do not believe in that sort of thing, or perhaps I had better say boldly I will not believe in it. Your interest in Alice blinds you to the truth, which I, knowing her more intimately, cannot help seeing in its hideous reality."

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated sharply. "Say

what you mean and be done with it. Out with your thought!"

"I think—no, I am sure—that she has gone to escape from me. That's all there is about it. When a woman runs away from her lover, self interest always lurks at the bottom of the act—always," he repeated with pronounced emphasis. "In my literary career I have not studied human nature in vain. Either she has seen a man she prefers to me, or else ——" he smiled significantly.

"You are cruel to her, as well as unjust to yourself," I said bitterly; "but go on, or else—what?"

He got up and placed himself before me, folding his arms across his broad chest. A flush suffused his cheeks, adding to the glitter of his feverish eyes.

"Alice is poor," he said unsteadily, but with a quiet touch of resolution. "And I, as we all know, am not exactly a man of fortune. Beautiful women, from time immemorial, have almost without exception, desired wealth—wealth that they might enhance their charms and render themselves more tempting—surely you are not ignorant of this?"

"For shame!" I rejoined in angry remonstrance; "do you accuse her of being false to you and from so base a motive?"

"No; I accuse no one," he answered quickly, as if anxious to dismiss the subject. "I am simply putting the case as any other man of the world would put it. That is all."

He reseated himself, and began to sip his punch; I heard his teeth chatter against the edge of the glass.

"Landon," he resumed, "I am a proud man; I will not purchase or even beg for any woman's devotion. I believed implicitly in Alice's love. She was everything to me—life, happiness, hope, inspiration, ambition. But now it is over; my dream has come to an end, as dreams will; my trust is destroyed; already my heart has grown cold; my spirit is dead. Well, let it be so. In any event I shall bear my loss like a man."

His eyes sparkled. He drained the punch to the last drop, and his clenched hand held out the Venetian glass to have it refilled.

"My dear Maxwell," I said, my anger evaporating, "you are talking like the hero of a third-rate melodrama, and a little like an ass besides. You are unstrung and wholly upset. You do wrong in working so hard. When trouble of any kind comes, you haven't the necessary nerve to stand it, and consequently you go all to pieces at once; you are a sort of mental and physical 'one hoss shay.'" I spoke banteringly, but I was considerably alarmed as I looked at him. "Stay here with

me to-night," I continued. "I'll fix up some sort of a bed for myself on the lounge, and in the morning we can talk the affair over calmly."

He agreed without opposition to the plan. A strange apathy had fallen over him. He was no doubt thoroughly exhausted, so I avoided any further discussion of the matter in question.

Greatly to my surprise and vexation, however, I found his frame of mind unchanged on the following day. His excitement had vanished and to all intents and purposes he was calm and collected; but he was still firmly, obstinately resolved to make no effort whatever to find Alice or to solve the mystery of her disappearance. He even began to resent persuasion, and, finally, mere suggestion on my part. I confess I was both mortified and annoyed by this unnatural, almost inhuman course. I could not suppose for an instant that Alice Wetherall had wilfully deceived her lover, and I pictured her in my fancy, alone, perhaps in some ignominious position, abandoned by her friends and subjected to indignities. To me she had ever appeared truthful and affectionate, and my close study of her character and disposition had led me more than once to suppose that she was not always accountable for what she did and said. I had, of course, nothing tangible upon which to base this hypothesis, but the thought remained persistently with me. Engrossed by these reflections, and silently reproaching Maxwell for his utter lack of confidence in the girl he had professed to love, I left my apartment early in the day and presented myself at Mrs. Merritt's residence, hoping to arouse in her sluggish intellect some sense of the situation and incite her to the proper performance of her duty.

I found the old lady seated, as usual, in the drawing-room, engaged in knitting socks which she constantly began and never finished. Her wrinkled, sallow countenance, small bleary eyes, black wig and shrunken form, lent a repulsive air to her personality. I talked to her for some time but could not succeed in exciting her enthusiasm or even her interest. As Maxwell had said, her mind was rapidly failing and she appeared scarcely to realize what had occurred. Two or three times when her niece's name was spoken, she looked up from her knitting with a puzzled expression as though trying to recollect something. But, on my questioning her more closely, her features assumed their former blank or irritated aspect, and she relapsed into a stubborn silence.

I next sought one of the servants, and from her I learned that no one in the house could form any reasonable idea as to what had

prompted Miss Wetherall's departure. So far as the woman's personal knowledge went, there had been no quarrel or disagreement between the young lady and her aunt. The whole affair was most incomprehensible. Miss Wetherall had been eccentric from childhood. At times fits of profound melancholy would seize her and she would remain for days in her own room, seeing no one and hardly tasting food. Since her engagement to Mr. Maxwell there had been a marked improvement in this respect. She had appeared happier and less addicted to her peculiar moods. The servant, who had been for a long time in the family, was in great distress and agreed with me in thinking that immediate measures should be taken to find the young lady.

After I left this gloomy house which seemed overshadowed by an ill-omen, I went immediately to the office of Inspector Bird and placed the matter without restriction in the hands of his detectives. I said nothing of this to Maxwell, whose nerves were in so shattered a condition that he could bear no mention whatever of his misfortune. Nevertheless he plunged into the most arduous and unremitting literary labor, devoting many hours a day to composition or revision. I remember thinking that his desperate energy and forced abstraction from self were instrumental in saving him from melancholia or something worse. For in spite of his inexplicable behavior in regard to Alice, it was easy to see that he was deeply affected by sorrow and disappointment that required perhaps but small indulgence to develop into a serious and lasting mental disorder.

But gradually, to my relief, his onerous tasks lifted the weight of his affliction, and traces of his former self returned. When a few weeks had elapsed, the brightness came back to his eyes, so that they flashed as of old with fervency or pleasure. The intense pallor of his skin gave way to a more healthful color. His figure, with the exception of the slight stoop in the shoulders, peculiar to most men of letters, was erect, and he conversed with much of his usual brilliancy and wit. He never by any chance alluded directly or otherwise to Alice Wetherall, and having learned in a measure to respect his feelings on the subject, I too abstained from any reference to her. The search I had instigated was meanwhile continued, but up to this date had proved absolutely fruitless.

At no time, during his wonderful experience of life, had Maxwell been what is called a society man. He professed thoroughly to dislike the dash and gayety of social gatherings and he rarely even went to dine quietly with a friend. He fancied any break, however trifling,

in his daily routine must inevitably interfere with his work and prevent his applying himself to it with his accustomed vigor.

My astonishment was great, therefore, when I saw him come into my room evidently dressed for an entertainment.

It was Christmas Eve and the whole city was decked in holiday attire. I had tried to enliven my lonely bachelor quarters by hanging garlands of evergreens and holly in the windows, and the gay flames on the hearth paled beneath the glowing vermillion of the berries I had banked upon the chimney-piece.

"Well, old fellow, what's up now?" was my greeting.

"Nothing very important," he answered carelessly. "You remember Farnham, don't you? I met him this afternoon in Fourteenth Street. He was buying all sorts of things for a Christmas tree he is going to display to-night. He begged me to go up to his house for the festivity. Come with me, won't you? I told him I wanted to bring you. Somehow I shrink from the idea of presenting myself alone. I demurred at first about accepting the invitation. Generally speaking, I hate affairs of that kind. But when I saw him purchasing all those presents and bon-bons and emblems of Christmas, I fancied I might perhaps enjoy myself a little among his wax-candles and cupids. Laugh if you will, old man, I don't mind. I'll sit here and smoke one of your Lafermes while you get ready. It's close on to half past nine. The tree is to be ready at ten, so make haste."

Maxwell was in evening dress, and I fancied I had never seen him look handsomer. He wore a white gardenia in the lapel of his coat and the blossoms lent a light fragrance to the whole apartment. His dark, luminous eyes gleamed restlessly beneath his finely-arched brows. An unusual emotion seemed, however, to possess him, and I watched him closely while I made my toilet. He lay back indolently in the crimson arm-chair, under the lighted chandelier. The sombre outlines of his figure were well-defined against the vivid background of the upholstery, and the white flower in his breast looked like an immense opaque jewel. The delicate violet rings of smoke from his cigarette curled in a cloud above his head.

"You are in good spirits to-day," I remarked smiling, "and I'm glad to see it. You are yourself again."

"Hardly that, Landon," he replied. He raised himself slowly in his chair. "Do you believe in presentiments?" he asked quietly.

"No, I am afraid my faith in them is not very marked."

"Well, mine is sometimes." A faint tremor crept into his tone. "I have experienced the effect of these mysterious workings many times. All day I have been in a remarkably nervous state. I can compare myself only to a musical instrument, whose strings are continually swept by unseen hands, enticing ever recurring vibrations. I understand perfectly what it means. I told you I was going to Farnham's to enjoy the Christmas celebration. It was not true. I am going in reality because I know I shall see Alice Wetherall."

At the utterance of this name I started regarding him intently. His voice was solemn to a degree approaching pathos. A mournful certainty lay in his expression.

"My dear boy, what are you talking about?" I said prosaically. "The Christmas carols that have been ringing must have gotten into your brain. What do you mean by saying that you will meet Alice Wetherall to-night? Is she to be at Farnham's?"

"Ah," he answered composedly, "my knowledge does not extend so far. I can make no definite statement. I cannot tell where we shall meet or how. Perhaps even if I knew I should hesitate to reveal the fact. Come! Are you ready? Then let us go."

I put on a heavy overcoat, for the night was cold. We walked along the brilliant streets in silence. Occasionally a joyous chime struck the air. The shops bore the genial greeting, "Merrie Christmas," on their glittering facades. Crowds of people hurried along the thoroughfares. Over the thin coating of snow, a few sleigh bells jingled with resonant harmony.

I could not help being impressed by the oddity of my friend's words, but I put it down as one of the extravagant, whimsical notions for which people of Maxwell's calibre are renowned.

Mr. Farnham occupied rooms in one of the smaller apartment-houses facing Central Park. I had been there on several occasions and as Maxwell knew him intimately, we went in without making any inquiry of the janitor and took the elevator. At the third landing, Maxwell, whose nervousness had palpably increased, made a movement to get out and the elevator was accordingly stopped.

"You mistake, I think," I hastened to say, remembering that Farnham's apartment was on the sixth floor.

To my amazement and consternation, Maxwell turned upon me with a look I shall never forget, and which in its sudden diabolical fury so took me off my guard that for the moment I was incapable of speech. His manner had all at once undergone a terrible and extraordi-

nary change, and as he stepped into the hall I saw his hands shake violently while his breath came in spasmodic gasps. Meanwhile, the elevator glided slowly down to the ground floor and we found ourselves alone.

Maxwell laid his quivering fingers on my arm.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Follow me and do not speak."

Completely bewildered by this enigmatical conduct, I walked behind him to the door that faced us in the dimly illuminated corridor. Then to my still greater wonder Maxwell drew a key from his pocket and fitted it silently into the lock. The door opened, and entering he closed it gently behind us. At first I could distinguish nothing, yet I thought to perceive a shadowy figure, that apparently of an old woman, disappear from the narrow entry into a room beyond.

If I had hitherto suspected that something was wrong, the suspicion now became a confirmed certainty. Involuntarily I placed myself in front of Maxwell to demand an explanation. I gazed into his mild eyes unflinchingly. They were bloodshot. His face was ashen.

"For God's sake!" I cried, startled beyond measure, "What does this mean?"

"Stand aside, Landon," he exclaimed, "Stand aside and let me pass, or I will not answer for the consequences!"

I remained motionless as if rooted to the spot. A horrible conviction stole over me that some fearful thing was about to happen.

Then without a moment's warning I felt myself grasped by Maxwell's powerful arm and I was sent reeling with almost superhuman force against the wall. He dashed forward and threw wide open the door of what I presumed to be the drawing-room. Half stunned, I staggered to the threshold, and here I stopped short, paralyzed, horror-stricken at the sight that met my gaze. Within, directly before me and before Maxwell, seated upright on a couch, with a pallor like that of death on her face, was Alice Wetherall. She was dressed entirely in white and her luxuriant hair streamed in golden waves over her cheeks and fell in long, twining, scintillant strands across her waxen hands.

As I looked, a gay peal of bells broke from a neighboring church tower, upon the outer air, and I recollect that I recoiled with a cry as Maxwell, laughing, harshly caught me by the wrist.

"You see my presentiment was not unfounded, Landon!" he said hoarsely. "There is Alice, my beautiful Alice! Did I not say we should meet this evening?"

I bounded forward.

"Fiend! Wretch! Devil that you are!" I shouted. But in an instant his fierce grip was on my throat and I realized the awful fact that I was all alone, shut up with a desperate madman and wholly at his mercy.

I recall but vaguely that terrific struggle. I know that Alice started up suddenly, as one waking from some frightful dream, and that she rushed wildly from the room. I have also an obscure recollection of Maxwell's eyes gleaming with implacable, unquenchable fury as we grappled with each other, while the Christmas bells rose and fell rhythmically proclaiming their joyful tidings to the world.

I was aware that physically I was no match for Maxwell. He was more strongly built than I, and very soon I began to show signs of exhaustion. I found myself growing weaker in his cruel grasp, and I was finally on the point of resigning myself to my fate, when the pitiless clutch of my antagonist relaxed as if by magic. He stumbled and rolled heavily over on the floor. Simultaneously a slender stream of scarlet trickled from between his parted lips and making its way to his breast dyed the snowy gardenia a bright red.

Stiff and sore I rose to my feet. For a moment I stood immovable. My heart beat violently. The blood surged in a fiery current to my throbbing temples. My hands were cold and clammy. The thought of Alice recurred to me. She must be somewhere in the apartment, or had I merely dreamed I saw her sitting on the couch apparently in a stupor from which my mad encounter with Maxwell had roused her? I left the parlor and began to search for her, calling her by name. She was not in the apartment, as I soon discovered. Both she and the shadowy figure I had seen flitting from the entry had disappeared.

My nerves, wrought to fearful pitch, suddenly gave away. With an effort to summon to my aid all my remaining strength, I rushed from the place, fled down the seemingly interminable winding staircase and into the street where the ghostly echoes of the bells still lingered.

I was ill for several days. Some time therefore elapsed before I was able to make an investigation of what I had seen and experienced, and although I gathered eventually a number of facts tending to elucidate the startling case of Maxwell and Alice Wetherall, the affair is still to some extent shrouded in impenetrable mystery. What I did learn was mostly told me by Alice herself whom, on my recovery, I found living with her aunt again, as if nothing had happened to disturb the peace of the household. From the hour of her disappearance to the time when she had awakened to find Maxwell and I strug-

gling together, her existence had been a perfect blank. At the apartment house inquiry revealed the circumstance that Maxwell had engaged the rooms in the name of a certain Mrs. Banks, and that a person so called took possession of the apartment on the day preceding Alice's departure from home. Later a young girl closely veiled had been brought there by Maxwell himself and neither of the women had afterward been seen to leave the house until Christmas Eve, when the janitor affirmed he saw them hurrying away evidently in great consternation. Maxwell frequently visited the ladies, but nothing out of the way had ever been suspected. As for Farnham, he had moved weeks previously.

Precisely what happened during Alice's residence there has never transpired. She has often since spoken of the strange power wielded over her by her former lover, and now and then she appears to have a hazy remembrance of having long ago accompanied him somewhere at his urgent request. More than this she did not know. When she rushed in terror from the scene of my encounter with Maxwell, Mrs. Banks had hastened her departure from the house, leaving the girl at her aunt's door and then walking rapidly away.

On examining Maxwell's effects after his death—he had ruptured a blood-vessel—I found among his manuscripts a number of curious documents that proved undeniably his long-existing insanity. No doubt his prolonged literary labors had hastened the culminating outbreak of positive madness. The sheets of scattered writings that lay on his desk were incoherent, exhibiting a total loss of mental equilibrium. I have always supposed that Alice's will-
ingness, or at all events non-resistance, in following him was due solely to the irresistible force he was able to bring to bear upon her mind. Such instances are not uncommon, and personal obser-

vation enables me to testify to the occurrence in persons of her susceptible temperament, of periods resembling a dream-life in which the brain works mechanically and unconsciously, and, when a certain time has elapsed, takes up and joins the broken thread of its impressions while intervening acts and incidents form a complete void, unmarked as an unwritten page.

Who or what Mrs. Banks was we failed to ascertain. She vanished on that eventful night and her identity could not be traced. She alone could have thrown a decided light on what had taken place during Alice's sequestration in the apartment. It is probable, however, that the woman remained there quietly, undisturbed save by Maxwell's visits. Mrs. Banks, of course, may have known the precise state of affairs, or she may have been utterly ignorant of it. Charity demands that we give her the benefit of the doubt.

Two years have passed. Again it is Christmas Eve. Alice and I have been married for many months, and our happiness has not yet been marred by the smallest cloud. We are sitting in our own house waiting for the birth of the new day. The room is decorated in true Christmas fashion with holly and evergreen and bunches of mistletoe. I have brewed some of my famous punch, and the yellow lamp-light shimmers in flecks of gold in the twisted stems of two tall Venetian glasses. As I fill them the clock chimes the hour of midnight, and as the last stroke dies away a rushing cadence of jubilant bells pierces the atmosphere. Higher and higher it swells, drifting into the blythe rhythm:

"Peace on earth, good will toward men!"

I raise the glass to my lips and look at my wife. Our eyes meet, and I know the same thought stirs us both—a thought tinged with sadness and pregnant with the recollection of my friend Maxwell.

THE GREAT BOOKSELLERS OF THE WORLD.

HENRY SOTHERAN, OF LONDON.

IF YOU happen to be walking by No. 36 Piccadilly, London, during the season, you may, perhaps, catch a glimpse, through the open door, of Henry Sotheran. A man of about five feet eight is he, rather slight, with a good head, a face that bears the most striking resemblance to that of Gladstone, a broad forehead, pronounced aquiline features, a strong nose, mild blue eyes.

This gentleman dresses generally in black,

affects a dress vest, a large collar, and occasionally strokes a fringe of grey whiskers. Though nearly seventy, Mr. Henry Sotheran is very active and brisk in all his movements.

He comes from excellent stock, one of the oldest and best families of Yorkshire, and is connected with the De Joinvilles and the Fairfaixes.

There have been four generations of booksellers in the family.

Henry Sotheran was born in London, May 29, 1820. His father, Thomas Sotheran, was apprenticed first to his uncle, a bookseller in York, and was later associated in business in London with John and Arthur Arch and with William Pickering. Henry was apprenticed to his father and remained with the houses during all the changes of Sotheran and Son, Sotheran, Son and Draper, Willis and Sotheran.

Now the firm reads Henry Sotheran and Co.

The house in Piccadilly is of itself a curiosity. It was built after plans designed by the head of the firm. Here, as we look around us, is a picture representing the Egyptians busy over hieroglyphics. There, we catch sight of King Alfred being presented by his mother with a



ARMS of the SOTHERANS: *Argent, a chevron vert between three branches of Sothornwood proper.*

rare manuscript. Yonder,* are monks limning a missal. That large picture represents Gutenberg's Dream and that, Caxton, reading the first proof of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

From this house Sotheran has issued those catalogues of rare and valuable books which have given him a universal reputation. From here have come the famous collection of Gould's Ornithological and Natural History, in thirty-seven volumes, and Audsley's "Polychromatic Decoration," and Audsley's "Ceramic Art," and Racinet's "Polychromatic Ornamentation," and Hall's "Baronial Halls of England" and Owen Jones' "Grammar of Ornament." And how many more beautiful and valuable

books have come from that building which, with its busts of Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Newton, arrests the gaze of the stroller in Piccadilly!

The business of the house is not all done in that fashionable street, however. The Sotherans are busy also at 136 Strand and 49 Cross Street, Manchester, and their affairs extend to three continents.

What would that old Sotheran who printed a book on York, in York, in 1768, and in that year catalogued Laurence Sterne's library, have said to the business relations of his descendants?

I observed that there were four generations of Sotherans in the book business.

There seems to have been an Italian branch of the family also engaged in bookish lore.

Have you ever run across this edition of Josephus?

IOSEPHO DE BELLO IUDAICO IN LINGVA TOSCANA. Large 4to (twelve and three-quarters by eight and a half), old half sheep. Florence, 1512.

EXTREMELY RARE, 146 leaves, with floriated initials, in good condition. It may be considered—although stained in parts—a fair example from the justly celebrated press of the great Florentine printers—the Junta or Giunti. On the last page is the Giunta "fleur-de lys," supported by two Cupids.

The colophon reads:—"Impressum Florentiæ Kal., Iulii M. D. XII. Sumptibus PHILIPPI IUN.TÆ—*Pietro Soderino* uexillisero perpetuo." *Pietro Soderino* was one of the great house of *Soderinis* of Florence, of which republic they were the Gonfalonieri. Their ancient pedigree, covering many pages, will be found in Litta's "Famigli Celebri Italiani." Machiavelli, Trollope and Roscoe refer to important members of the family and their association with the De Medicis and Florentine history. In 1512, Philip Giunta's edition of Lucretius was dedicated to *Thomas Soderino*—"Petrus, Candidus THOMAE SOTHERINO, S. P. D."

This rare book, by the way, was catalogued by Charles Sotheran, of New York, nephew of Henry Sotheran, a gentleman who is widely known as the best equipped bibliographer in the United States.

Henry Sotheran has only one son, Henry Cecil Sotheran, a young man of twenty-six, an authority on bibliography and architecture. When the old gentleman leaves London he generally hies himself to Heathside, Upper Norwood, in Surrey, a magnificent place of some forty acres.

Henry Sotheran is a good linguist, a connoisseur of wines, and, in spite of his physical resemblance to Gladstone, a staunch conservative in politics.

I hear that the Queen will perhaps ennoble Henry Sotheran.

Her Majesty has ennobled makers of ale. Why should it be strange if Her Majesty ennoble a maker of books? *Max Maury.*

THROUGH THE WORLD OF BOOKS, ART AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

AUTHORS.



ALPHONSE DAUDET

An attempt has been made recently by the firm of George Routledge, of London and New York, to publish a few of Mr. Alphonse Daudet's works in an English dress and with the graceful photo-engravings of the Guillaume edition. The two "Tartarin" volumes, la "Belle Nivernaise," which it had never been our luck to read in the original, and "Sappho," the last work of the master, have thus been transferred into English, and issued simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. Evidently the undoubted attractiveness of the illustrations decided the publisher's action, not the literary, or rather absence of literary value, of three out of four of these books. As for the person entrusted with the work of translation the less said about him or her the better for all concerned. We shall simply state that not better contrast could be found to bring out in their full light the merits of Miss Wormeley, the gifted translator of Balzac,—and "Sappho," that novel amongst novels, has settled forever any claims to style, or even to a decent understanding of the French language that Mr Routledge's translator in ordinary may claim to possess.

However, the large sale obtained by that very book calls forth the careful attention of the critics, as, for the first time perhaps, it brings before the American public at large the name of the leading French author of fiction. Why Mr. Daudet ought to be thus established in the front row of literary lights, when such men as Zola, Maupassant and Bourget—without speaking of the aged Feuillet or the naturalized Cherbuliez—still assert their claims to the *litterati's* endorsement needs more than a few passing words of dictatorial affirmation, and we find it our bound duty to complete our meaning in a few paragraphs of retrospective and "ensemble" reviewing.

The new director of the Comédie Française, himself a novelist of some distinction, tells us that Alphonse Daudet, whom it is very essential not to mistake for his weaker brother, Ernest, was born forty-seven years ago, somewhere down South, between Lyons and Marseilles, in that region of eternal mirage and of guileless "Tarasconades" which he caricatures so unmercifully. His early experiences were hard, even cruel, and it took him a long time to turn his sails to the wind of popularity. The poetic soul was there, and the gift of expression, and the sense of pathos, and the smile of the humorist, but, somehow, they did not "take." The readers of his Dickensian stories were not born, it seems, and Zola stole a march on the Southerner. By the way, Zola also is a Southerner. The poet, as is the case for many of us, bloomed to light before the novelist, and many still remember that "Chanson des Cerisiers," so "madrigalesque" in its

Vous reposiez . . . vous reposiez . . .
Je vous pris pour une cerise ;
C'était la faute aux Cerisiers !

You ought to have met him then, with his dark, but finely chiseled features, the first blush of fame settling on his fair brow as the early light of morn. He was consumptive, they said, and given up by the doctors. So, off he went to Algiers, with a light purse made up by his brother poets. There he recovered, and was back in time to put on the soldier's garb, and fight for his country during the "année terrible." A few months more and "Fromont jeune and Risler aîné" was launched by the publisher Charpentier, the discoverer of so many French literary stars from Musset to Zola. Here we find Daudet decidedly under the Dickens influence, and his legend of the "petit homme bleu," has, even to the rhythm of the phrase, to the fall of the sentences, something of the author of "Little Nell" and of courageous "Little Dorritt." His imagination appeared to run away with him, and it must have needed a strong effort on his part to bring him back to the fulfillment of his own mission, the only one that could meet with the enthusiastic approval of the best school of modern "littérateurs:" the honest worship of Truth in the temple of Taste. All Daudet is there. "I will belong to nature's closest admirers," he used to say, "and still respect myself and my readers;" and besides, "to my own dear tongue, to that ever-living standard that we call the French language, strong, pathetic and chaste, I owe a duty I shall never forsake;" and, to that pledge, if taken silently and with none of the Barnum-like manifestoes of Emile Zola, Alphonse Daudet has remained true to this day.

Another of the characteristics of Daudet, novelist, is that sense of the actual need of the public, which is to the writer what the power of diagnosis is to the physician. *Nascitur non fit* They say that no amount of "cramming" can supply that in-born gift of divination. At the same time a writer, thoughtful of posterity, dares not sacrifice too much to the gods of the day, by courting popularity, as Sardou so often did, at the risk of immediate and deserved oblivion. To treat fearlessly, in a work of fiction, some of the problems that take hold of a generation of men, is a great task and a seductive one. But the genius of the writer is then weighted down with the strict obligation of idealizing his heroes in such a manner, that their

pleadings and actions may survive the "fad" or the "foible," which has called them to life. The "Nabab," the "Rois en Exil," two tales of Parisian life during the last twenty-five years, called for such exertions; and it can be asserted that Daudet did not fail in the attempt. The Duke de Morny and his court, and the exiled Bourbons of Naples, although they be the clear prototypes of the novelist's characters, keep under their assumed names, a distinct personality, entirely independent of the part they may have acted in the flesh. Such blending of fiction and reality has seldom met with so complete a success, and a great artist's hand could only achieve so honest and so truthful a victory. Another novel of the Dickensian order, a larger one, too long perhaps, treats with an infinitely tender touch of the sufferings of a neglected boy, tortured by his "supposed" friends' indifference. The story of "Jack" is too morbid in its sentimentality and too "caricaturesque" in its humor to meet with our unqualified endorsement. How much more do we prefer that "Histoire du Petit Chose," an autobiography they called it, which portrays before one's eyes the destitute childhood and the passionate struggles of the boy-poet. The brotherly love of that Ernest—left so far behind by the growing fame of his "child"—is depicted with a depth of feeling that might, and certainly did, move to tears even the hard-hearted men of facts. But it is in the "Contes Choisis" and in "Sappho" that Alphonse Daudet has made his strongest mark, and in both these works the peculiar outlines of his undoubted power may be discovered.

Daudet is descriptive, and what he describes he has seen with a precision, an accuracy which exclude neither the idealization of inert matter, nor the perfection of the language employed. His sentence is short, but it has a fall that fits exactly the subject treated. It seems, even to the professional, that no other words could be found to clothe so admirably the thought of the writer. At the same time, you feel that a whole story from his pen, be it long or short, could not be lengthened or reduced by one page without losing, at once, its exquisite equilibrium. There is no "padding," no rushing to a crisis without proper introduction or logical preparations. A year, eighteen months elapse between each volume signed Alphonse Daudet; and each of his books hardly contains more than 60,000 words. The reader can imagine through what perfect training the author forces himself and his work before he lets the latter become the prey of the printer's devil. The story does not come out "en feuilletons" in the Zola fashion. Day after day, month after month, the thoughts, the characters, the incidents, the phraseology are submitted to a constant, a microscopical revision. The first burst is spontaneous and quick. Daudet is too much of a Southerner not to be touched by the flush of inspiration—but his ambition aims higher than money, or a constant hurrah around his name. For a year, for two years, he will let the world believe that he is gone . . . then, one day, without flourish of vulgar trumpets nor considerate applause from a paid "claque," he launches a new book before the world, and when it escapes his hands, you may be sure that the *dilettanti* will welcome what La Bruyère used to call "Un livre fait de main d'ouvrier"—a true workman's book.

Shall we speak now of the morals of Daudet as a writer; of the way he considers life, its duties, its privileges? "Sappho" has been warmly, if not always straightforwardly, discussed by our English and American critics, and it certainly gives a very clear insight in the author's views. Every one of his

stories, in fact, points to the same familiar truth: that there is no happiness away from the narrow path that leads to the ennobling of the body and soul. The adulteress is shunned by her quondam friends; the adulterer is mocked by his accomplice, the man of the world, egotist and vain, is struck in his egotism and in his vanity; the weakly-indulgent sees his life going to pieces, as the corrupt flesh falls from decayed bones. Not for an instant is the poetry of vice made a thing of joy and pride; the downward, the fatal crisis never fails to over-reach the wicked, the hard-hearted, even the poor self-abused victim. And, on the other hand, the grandeur of sacrifice, of endurance, of persistent love, of filial tenderness, of chivalresque aspirations, finds in Daudet the high-priest of its sacred worship. These lofty-minded ones, are they happy in the end, as they deserve to be? Well, hardly so. For Daudet paints *life* not a region of heroic chimeras. And as he looks around gay, restless, giddy Paris, he vainly searches for those victories of purity, virtue, generosity of soul and action, which form, alas, but the exceptions, the few rarely discovered exceptions, in that incessant turmoil and that noisy trampling of destinies. And as he finds but so seldom the good happy, acknowledged, honored, he can only nurse their bleeding wounds with light and tender hands, and confide them in fiction, as he doubtless does in reality, to the holy mercies of the great Consoler.

But to speak of such a man as of an immoral writer; to point out one page from his books as proving the fact; to detach one incident in his tales as triumphantly illustrating the theory, is simply the act of one of those wretched creatures, so powerfully depicted by the great Beaumarchais, when he pushes on the stage, sanctimonious, squinting, long-cloaked, oily-mannered Basil, and places on his stuttering tongue these ever true, ever cursed words: "Slander away, my friend; that will always leave a something."

E. de V. Vermont,

NEW BOOKS.

LA TERRE, by Emile Zola.—As the sun pursues, undaunted, its career, so does the imperturbable historian of "A Family Under the Second Empire." The fourteenth or fifteenth volume of the series is just out, and it is undeniable that it exceeds in "Zolaesque" nastiness any anterior production from that extraordinary man's pen. But the fact that such a book is absolutely unfit, not only for young readers, but even for the eyes of the average grown-up woman; that we should deeply regret to find it on any of our charming friends' tables; that it is unpalatable to a degree, and fills one with an unutterable disgust—all this does not diminish in the thinker's mind the impression of surprising power which permeates the whole book, and draws the reader to the end, as with a hand of iron. The scenery is magical, worthy of a Millet or a Bastien Lepage. The cut and the fall of the sentences possess that mastery which places Zola so high above his so-called disciples. The characters—some of them at least—are undoubtedly taken from nature, and in their unique ugliness come out in clear relief and with surprising exactness. Such qualities cannot be passed by without notice, and, in fact, if we could be brought to consider Zola's latest books only as philosophical, or, better still, as medical works, we should not even object to his loathsome vocabulary. The trouble is that people persist in calling such works *novels*, and try, if in vain, to enjoy them as such. If they would cease to do so, no impartial critic would ever think

of accusing Zola of immoral tendencies, of any desire to pander to the vile instincts of the human nature. As a dissector, as an autopsy-surgeon, his science, the rapidity and the exactness of his scalpel-cut have never been excelled; and if he enjoys extraordinary cases, unheard of diseases, unreported monstrosities, we might treat this special weakness of his as that of a college professor discoursing in eloquent, even enthusiastic words upon the saddest fatalities that darken the path of the human being. It always seemed to us that Zola—especially in this country—had been misunderstood. If you have the courage, study him as you would a scientist of the highest order; this is no recreation, indeed, but stern, hard work. (*Brentanos.*)

FAUST, THE LEGEND, THE POEM, by William S. Walsh, etchings by Hermann Faber.—We think that the distinguished editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* has rendered a real service to the American public, in presenting in that attractive form such a large amount of information concerning the popular, but ill-understood Legend of "Faust." It is especially in the portion of the book given up to Goethe's "Faust" that the critical mind of Mr. Walsh makes itself felt, in all its clearness of conception and its artistic cleverness of delineation. No one before him pointed so conclusively to the relation existing between Goethe himself and the greatest of his many creations. The workings of that gigantic mind, the dire sufferings through which it had to pass before reaching the haven of philosophical repose, the incidents of his life, which corroborate the interpretation given thus to his most powerful work—all this is given out in logical and impeccable deductions from well-established facts. And Mr. Walsh's style carries us through this discussion with so much ease, with so graceful a stride that even those whose anterior studies have but slightly prepared for such abstract topics will find an undoubted relish in relieving their mind of many disquieting interrogations left too long unanswered. (*The J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

LES MISÉRABLES, by VICTOR HUGO, a new French edition in five volumes, edited by W. R. Jenkins.—Of all the prose works of the great French master, none has taken a stronger hold upon the public than the powerful story of Fantine, Cosette, Jean Valjean and Javert. Many of us, although but moderately proficient in the French tongue, yearn for a perusal of the original book, in its unique richness of style, in its melodious and entrancing language. A good, sufficiently cheap, and absolutely correct, edition of "the novel of the century," was thus desirable and heartily desired, and a thorough and personal revision of the whole work allows us to state that Mr. Jenkins has realized—at great cost—the wishes of the reading public. (*W. R. Jenkins.*)

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, in reduced fac-simile, from the first folio edition of 1623.—There is a great deal of high-class information to be gained by the Shakespearean student in the critical examination of this fac-simile, which we should have liked, perhaps, of a little larger size. An original folio-edition is worth—when found—from £500 to £700, and of course is available only to rich collectors or great public libraries. For all practical purposes—comparison of text, study of the original spelling, exact punctuation—the fac-simile is every way as valuable as the original. Of course the quartos are still better authorities concerning most of the mooted points—the Bacon-Donnelly controversy amongst others—but, as the preface tells the reader, concerning *eleven plays*, the first

folio is the recognized standard. A large sale is assured to such a precious document, thus placed by the intelligent initiative of the publishers, within the reach of slender purses. (*Funk & Wagnalls.*)

THE SAÔNE, a summer voyage, } by Philip Gilbert
PARIS IN OLD AND PRESENT TIMES, } Hamerton.

We always have had a great partiality for Mr. Hamerton's style, conceptions, and criticisms. He has a fearless way of stating his opinions, and is not over-English, nor extravagantly Continental. As an appreciator of nature, as a connoisseur of man's art treasures, as a clever depicter of rural and city scenes, in a word as a writer of travels, Mr. Hamerton has seldom been excelled. Not that he possesses any very strikingly graphic qualities, but his taste is so sure; his stock of knowledge so varied and so "handy;" his talent of classification so practical, without being priggish or pedantic, that one feels, all along, that there is much good information filtering through as if by charm. "Paris" is a good and true picture of the old Capitol of the Capets and Bourbons, and of the new Capitol of the Orleans, the Second Emperor and the present Republic. On the Saône, quiet, drowsy river, running its stream amidst those rich Burgundian provinces so ardently coveted by the ever-famished German, Mr. Hamerton has seen much of that hard-working, prudent, thrifty French peasantry, the mainstay of the Gallic race, the lasting reservoir which absorbs and treasures the real forces of Prussia's bitterest enemy. (*Roberts Brothers*)

WELL-WORN ROADS OF SPAIN, HOLLAND AND ITALY, by F. Hopkinson Smith.—This book has given us an hour of unalloyed enjoyment, and we have to thank the author for it. The critic is not often spoiled in that way. These short sketches, in their modest garb, show either much work or much in-born talent; perhaps both. The touch of each picture is exquisite; the effect more powerful than half the fiction books we read; and the tale is told every time, with such good-humored ease, such exact coloring of details, that we are reminded sometimes of Bret Harte, sometimes of Mérimée—and the comparison can hardly be taken ill by the clever author of "Well-worn Roads." (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

SOCIAL CUSTOMS, by Florence Howe Hall.—Books on etiquette flourish in this country, where sudden wealth has placed on an apparent footing of equality with our families of refinement and culture, a growing class of "nouveaux riches," anxious to be thought wealthy in manners as well as in cash. We suppose that Europe can boast of a few such guides to "perfect deportment," although a long stay in the old world never brought us in contact with "etiquette" apostles or disciples. Many of the booklets issued in late years for the instruction of the "new people" could be made the butt of irresistible railery; not so, however, with Mrs. Florence Howe Hall's voluminous cyclopedia of manners. It contains so much common-sense advice; so many well-told examples and anecdotes; at the bottom so much good breeding, that we have not the courage to follow the author into the few mistakes of minor importance that might be pointed out here and there. And if we have any reader who needs such a *Vade Mecum* into the wilderness of good society—whatever that may be—we do not hesitate to tell him, "Take that book, my friend, and place it devoutly next to the family Bible." (*Estes & Lauriat.*)

LES GAMMES, by Stuart Merrill.—The "Décadents," the "Symbolists" are the two names given to that generation of

French poets just coming to the front, and for whom Hugo is an ancestor, Musset, no rimer at all, Coppée, a mean prose-writer. Of this bold youth, that fills the echoes of the Latin quarter with the noise of its boisterous self-praise, Baudelaire, dead in 1867, may have been the inspirator, but its supreme chieftain was certainly Stéphane Mallarmé, the first writer perhaps who dogmatized upon the uselessness of grammatical meaning when every idea can, and ought to be expressed by a symphony of sound. Paul Verlaine wrote the "Art Poétique" of this singular doctrine, but failing courage, he let his sentences express, in the old well-worn way, his coveted *desideratum*. René Ghil did better—or worse—and his "Geste ingénu" must have blanched the cheek and brought to an early, if undeserved, grave the unfortunate *tyo* who grappled with it. The musique of the verse drives the sense totally away, at least for the uninitiated, and leaves one in presence of something like these descriptive symphonies of Beethoven, Berlioz or Mendelssohn, in each bar of which the true adept claims he can place an incident, a sensation, an actual and absolute fact. A singularity of the new school is that its expounders—these reformers of the French language, so poorly spoken and written until their day—are nearly all foreigners. Mr. Ghil is a Belgian; another leader, Mr. Jean Moréas is a Greek, and our two talented fellow-citizens, Messrs. Stuart Merrill and Villé-Griffin occupy no mean rank in this pleiad of innovators. However, be it said to its praise, "décadent" America has retained some of that healthy *equilibrium* for which its inhabitants are celebrated. It has only accepted from the symbolistic creed, that principle which binds down the poet to a closer execution of the material part of his task: sonority, rythme, rime. Mr. Merrill particularly—whose poems have received *encomiums* even from the severe critics of the great Paris magazines—keeps a level head amidst that firework of indigestible conceptions, and his "Gammes," a masterly production from such a young writer, present a limpid meaning under the garb of softly sounding words. (*Vanier, Paris.*)

THREE GOOD GIANTS, compiled from the French of Rabelais, by John Dimitry, with Doré and Robida illustrations.—Of course this is not Rabelais that Mr. Dimitry places under the pure gaze of our young people. It has neither the crudity nor the grandeur of the original, neither can it reproduce the quaintness of the "macaronique" vocabulary, that special tongue of the Rabelaisian copy, absolutely distinct from the French as spoken in the time of the jovial Meudon Curate. But—the Doré and Robida pictures helping—something remains of the originality of that "philosopher of philosophers." The strong common-sense, ever young and ever to be envied, the inalterable good humor, the fertile and droll imagination, all that is too powerful to succumb in spite of a weak translation—the pale shadow of its real being. Of the giants Francois Rabelais describes, he remains, after all, the greatest. (*Ticknor & Co.*)

BLOOMS OF THE BERRY, by Madison J. Cawein.—We have tried very hard to find some redeeming points in this little book of poems. It comes from a portion of our land for which we have real sympathies, and which always seemed to us especially endowed in the artistic direction. But Mr. Cawein, in spite of some ability in the handling of meter and rhythm, is too barren in original thoughts and imaginative flights to de-

serve more than a passing word of commend for the neat manner in which—his printer helping—he has brought before the public his maiden literary effort. (*J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.*)

LIFE NOTES, OR FIFTY YEAR'S OUTLOOK, by the Rev. William Hague, D. D.—The man who wrote this book died but a few months ago, and his autobiography thus acquires a right to respectful reviewing. It treats of a useful and worthy life, spent in the pursuit of a noble avocation. But it leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader as to the prejudiced code of ideas in the fetters of which Dr. Hague had chosen to place his—otherwise—bright intellect. A true New Englander, they say, never changes his mind. Dr. Hague was a true New Englander in that respect, and the world might evolve, the human race change its bearings, the whole combination upon which rest the workings of society have received a radical transformation, and still we find him, to the last day, as fully persuaded of the exclusive rectitude of his convictions, as little disposed to open his eyes towards the rising sun. Such books have something antediluvian about them which our time but feebly enjoys and absolutely refuses to admire. (*Lee & Shepard.*)

THE AMERICAN PENMAN, by Inspector Byrnes and Julian Hawthorne.—Our personal sympathy for Mr. Julian Hawthorne and our appreciation for his abilities, which are not mean; also our respect for Inspector Byrnes' talents and powers of psychological divination, all induce us to speak kindly of the third book due to the combined industry of these two gentlemen. But the perusal of this book forces us to acknowledge that if the two preceding stories could claim some kinship with Gaboriau's powerful novels, and if they both contained a plot, and some artistic qualities of dialogue, this third attempt fails utterly in either respect. We do not see the "American Penman," and, in fact, we look in vain for a story. It has not even the strength of a newspaper "fait divers;" it remains vague, indefinite. In a word, it is not a twice-told tale, it is a tale yet to tell. (*Cassell & Co.*)

GLEANINGS FROM PEPYS, from WORDSWORTH, from ELIA.—These tiny little volumes, gems from the printer's hand, contain tasteful excerpts from the epigrammatic works of three talented men. This collection, of the Microbiblion style, ought to be the companion of all those who care more for one striking remark than for a ponderous in-folio. And those are happily many. (*Frederick A. Stokes.*)

LONGFELLOW PROSE BIRTHDAY BOOK, edited by Laura W. Johnson.—A pretty volume with many full page illustrations. The simplicity of style, and the warm-heartedness of the great poet, his love of children, of nature, of lofty deeds humbly acted, appear on every page. Nowhere can we find better delineated, in its austere and mild, familiar and powerful aspect, the genius of that loving and lovely man who represents so worthily the noblest idiosyncrasies of the American "littérateur." (*Ticknor & Co.*)

ART AND ARTISTS.

—The triumph of the commonplace is achieved by the Fall Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. If the jury of selection had advertised for and chosen the exhibits with a single view to combining them in a showing of how little American painters can do for art they could not have succeeded

better. In the four hundred works shown there is not one that photographs itself upon the memory. The best painting in the exhibition is a full length study of an "Italian Tambourine Girl," by Mr. George H. Butler, and it is only a study. It has color and good drawing, but none of the interest that comes from a purpose higher than the mere representation of fact. Throughout the exhibition one is confronted by the same depressing uniformity of insignificance. The painting one sees is often good, from the palette and easel standpoint. Here and there, among the landscapes, one catches the gleam of a gem. But the result of it all is to send the eye away as hungry as it began, hungry for an evidence of serious thought and genuine intellectuality. To call such painting as this art is to abuse the term. It is the scientific application of the rules of art only. The inspiring fire that vitalizes science is absent, and dead walls of canvas mock one with the suggestion of what might have been and should have been. What little there is to interest one in the collection is constituted by the painters of little pictures, who nowadays tickle the little knowledge of the collectors with camel's-hair brushes instead of bristles. Among these, one finds some nice painting of detail, often carried to an excess bordering on caricature, as in the case of Mr. Moeller's study of two old men called "A Bad Investment." In this panel the artist has tried to paint every wrinkle in his models' faces and hands, every fold and stitch in and button on their clothing, and he has nearly succeeded. There is a metallic harshness about the result that gives one's eye a cold shudder. Between the misapplication of technique in this case and the entire absence of it in the case of such a dyspeptic waste of area as Mr. Flagg's likeness of the "Hon. Wm. M. Evarts," there is little choice. Each is a triumph of the prosaic unimaginative and unsympathetic.

—It is as if one had bought a book with a promising title and on opening it found it composed of the flat platitudes of everyday life. The Academy is filled with the platitudes of art. Bare and meaningless facts are dignified with gilt frames and catalogue titles. The sympathy with actualities which renders it possible for the most simple subjects to be endowed with individual interest seems to be entirely lacking in the painters here represented. In a few of the landscapes it finds a mild form of expression, but only in them. The first question the gathering inspires is, where were these pictures painted? Then one falls to wondering how could men with sufficient technical ability to do this much, rest content to do no more. Can it be true as a wise Frenchman recently said of us, "The Americans are still children in imitativeness and in thought." To accept the evidence of the Academy exhibition, it is.

—But it is to be noted that among the painters who have not scrupled to do themselves so little credit at the Academy are many capable of better things. The collection gathered at the American Art Galleries, to which they seem to have contributed their best work, demonstrates this. Nearly every name of any consequence at the Academy exhibition is represented in a more interesting fashion at the rival display. There is probably a commercial reason for this. The sales of pictures at the Academy have come to be regarded as due rather to the cachet given by an old institution than to mere merit. The sales at the other gallery must be contended for. The result is that the painter reserves his most attractive production for the exhibition in which they must recommend themselves by their

merits, and sends those he sets least store by to the show in which custom has made picture-selling less a matter of art than of association. How long this theory will work in practice remains to be seen. It cannot long continue effective. Indeed the steady increase in the average of sales at the American Exhibition denotes that its effects are already asserting themselves. It stands to reason that, as the standard at the one display advances that at the other must decline, and it is equally evident that sooner or later the public will discover this for itself. How anyone, upon a comparison of the two collections now offered for contrast, can hesitate between them it is difficult to imagine.

—Apart from their commercial interests, there are other reasons which impel the artists to give the cold shoulder to the Academy. The prevalence of that style of art, that has become indissolubly associated with the symbol N. A., is not calculated to inspire a painter of the newer order with any ambition to associate himself with it. No man who knows his powers and respects himself cares to be hung upon the level, or, as it often happens, *under* the level of the feeble dullards who hold possession of the Academy walls by right of proprietorship. It is an old argument that the house is theirs, that they built it, and have a right to enjoy it. In one sense this is true, but in another it is not. They constitute, as a body, an association formed for the advancement of art, and as such enjoy public favors and privileges. They have not advanced themselves yet they set themselves up as a standard of merit, and deny to the more progressive the privileges they claim to bestow on all. They will not hang a nude at the Academy because they are afraid of shocking the public. And still they would have us regard them as a public educator. They have rejected pictures of good quality because the expression of an original thought in them was not orthodox. Year after year, we note that the most attractive, because the freshest and most novel works, are skyed and dark-cornered, while the preposterousities of the elect, load the line with melancholy inefficiency. Is it any wonder that a vigorous young talent, finding itself lost among these uncongenial surroundings, seeks another avenue of publicity?

—There is a theory in the studios that has an air of credibility about it. It is that the Academy pursues a regular policy of repression in order to intrench itself in power. A painter of ability exhibits with it, and is elected an associate. He remains an associate for years. With the prize of a full membership before him he continues to contribute to the Academy exhibition, which thus secures his work against any possible rival, without giving him any share in the administration of the affairs of the Academy. By this means the unprogressive element holds its control. If the candidate wearies of his position and ceases to contribute regularly, there is a clause in the constitution of the institution which provides for his being dropped from the list. The result is not far to seek. In time he begins to carry water on both shoulders. He preserves his associateness by sending in such examples as he has no use for elsewhere, while the productions which he relies on for his reputation are distributed where they will do him the most good. In the American Art Galleries he finds a commercial establishment ready to take charge of all works of a good quality that have the promise of sale in them, and consequently the galleries enjoy his support.

—Old age is always conservative, and in older communities conservatism finds ample support. In this country, and especially in the matter of art, we are too full of the spirit of advancement to tolerate prejudices and support conventionalism. The policy of the National Academy of Design is, consequently, one by which the Academy must suffer seriously. With every season its exhibitions lose in attractiveness, and of course in profitability. The Academy has advanced but little since the days of the Hudson River and the Dusseldorf Schools. Its control is in the hands of men whose sympathies and interests are with the legends of our art history. Though they cannot shut their eyes to the importance of the newer movements in art, they are also fully alive to the fact that, to preserve their own prosperity, they must continue in authority over the *clientele* of supporters who find in the title "National Academy of Design" a shibboleth of similar importance to the R. A. in the estimation of the Englishman. To open this institution to newer and stronger men would be to doom the older and weaker to professional extinction.

—In addition to an excellent collection of pictures gathered from local studios, and from the brushes of Americans abroad, the American Art Galleries display the huge canvas by Mackart of "Diana at the Chase," which has become familiar to the public through many reproductions. It is the only picture of the first importance by Mackart that has been shown here, and while it lacks some of his higher distinctive qualities it is still a significant and valuable work. The "Five Senses," which are shown at an improvised gallery elsewhere are decorative panels of no particular note. Neither the "Diana" nor the "Senses" compares with the magnificent decorative compositions of the artist to be seen in the Austrian capitol, where the unique splendor of his more magnificent than refined art lavished itself. Among the silly observations on Mackart that the local newspaper writers have given currency to is that comparing him with Rubens. No spark of the great Flamand's fire ever burned in the little German's breast. Besides the superb sensuousness of the Prince of Painters, the art of the Pulcinello, reminds one almost of bon-bon boxes. Rubens painted all the romance and passion of a royal nature in his canvasses. There is about the best of Mackart's always a hint at the soft lubricity of the boudoir, and a smell as of pastilles and dead champagne, and Jock v. club wafted from linen whiter than its wearer's fame.

—Mackart's master, whom his pupil far outstripped, has also been attracting some attention among us. Piloty painted better pictures than the "Wise and Foolish Virgins." No doubt the personal associations of this one endeared it to him, as the circular of the exhibition hall announces. Piloty was a sentimental and a disappointed man. He had a warm heart and a just appreciation of his art. He had not, however, the courage of the reformer. He saw errors, but dared not combat them vigorously. So he compromised between two styles, and for a little while flourished. Then, men with more daring than he strode on in the right way that he pointed out, and steadily and surely his supremacy passed away. That his after life was embittered by this there can be no question. He was too gentle a soul to publish his complaints, however, and so went on creating artists by precept rather than example. No studio of the time sent out a prouder array of talents than his, and in their fame his has been almost extinguished. The

"Virgins" is interesting as a souvenir of a good man, and a suggestion of what might have been a great master. But alas! the oil is out and the lamp displays no flame. It is worth noting, by the way, that Piloty's brother, Ferdinand, named after their father, the lithographer, is in many senses a greater artist than the painter of the "Virgins" was. He is employed chiefly on works of decoration, and is little known outside of Germany, if indeed outside of Munich.

—When Mr. Schumann, the jeweler, some years ago brought from Europe the picture of the "Russian Wedding Feast," by Constantin Makoffsky, it excited a good deal of comment. It was a curiously interesting work to the critic. In it the barbaric instincts of the Russian found a vent by the large and not too refined technique of the Belgian school. The Belgian school labors under one great difficulty. It is capable of producing strong painters, but it is so uncompromisingly vigorous in its methods that it spoils as much as it creates. It ignores sentiment, and glorifies the material features of life. Consequently, save in exceptional cases, it has an invariable leaning to coarseness. Makoffsky's pictures are like the Belgian women in their holiday retire. They are big, showy, healthy and vulgar. They have the animal spirit of Rubens, without his lordly control of himself. Nobody smiles in them. Everyone guffaws. One can imagine in these strong, hearty feeding men and buxom women that the jests of the wedding feast are not of a character to repeat in the drawing-room. The newer picture by the same painter, which Mr. Schumann has imported, carries all the shortcomings of its predecessor, without its simplification of facts and its concentration of interest.

—Another of the small-pox of special picture shows that has broken out all over town, is Otto Woolf's "Christus und die Ehebrecherin." It is a sort of porcelain painting on a large scale. The coloring is excellent; the characterization is good; the drawing is full of faults, and the technique is without backbone. Painted with a fluent brush, and ignoring all texture values, the picture is an admirable illustration of what is called in the studios "molasses" painting. There is one spot in it which redeems much of the rest. The manner in which the back of the head of the crouching adulteress is rendered is almost above praise.

—The house of Boussaud Valadon & Co., which has succeeded to that of Goupil & Co., which was the company, and is now all that there is in existence of Goupil's, has opened a branch establishment in this city for the sale of pictures, and of its numerous publications. In its collection is an important Bougereau, from the Salon of 1836. No finer example of the strength of the artist has ever come to this country. It is a conquest of difficulties in drawing and of problems in painting, to which even those who view Bougereau's art as the grand triumph of artifice must take off their hats. Among the publications of the house, new to the country, is a "Cendrillon," with illustrations by de Beaumont. The drawings and the text are printed together, from photogravure plates, and the drawings are tinted on the plate. This process is virtually the filling-in of the groundwork of the drawing on the plate with oil color, and the taking of an impression after the fashion of a monotype. It is too slow and costly to even be popular, but the effects produced are very pretty and artistic. Boussaud Valadon & Co. propose to go largely into the production of typogravure plates for purposes of illustrations, and have

already taken some important orders from our publishers. Their Van Mareke portfolio, produced by this process, was one of the noteworthy art works of last year.

—Apropos of photogravure, the latest issue of the *Art Review* presents us with some sixteen examples of what can be done in this art in New York. These plates are produced by the Photogravure Company after paintings or sculptures of local origin. In a few cases the results are open to cavil, but this is probably quite as much due to the technique of the original pictures as to the reproductions. As a whole the collection of plates is remarkably good. Together with the letter press, they form the most sumptuous art magazine we have ever been presented with. Here should be an opportunity for our wealthy collectors to demonstrate that their interest in art is more than that of the mere investor in pictures as articles of property. Such a periodical as the *Art Review* should receive their heartiest and most liberal support. It appears as a worthy advocate and supporter of the best in art only. It makes no compromise between the ideal and the popular elements, and cannot hope to secure the wide public favor that sustains other less ambitious periodicals. Such a venture in such a community as ours augurs in the publisher a courage bordering on audacity that should not go unrewarded.

—The "Artists' Fund Society," which has been steadily decaying, as an association, for some years, by reason of lack of interest on the part of the better-to-do-members, announces that it will not this year hold its usual exhibition sale. The members will be called upon to pay their dues in cash instead of in trade. The insiders to the art world will lose a pleasant private view and supper, and the public an exhibition of little note. Financially, the "Fund" is healthy enough, so that its members are quite safe in all the benefits secured to them by their membership.

—It is a fact worth noting that while the Japanese craze has died out, the trade in "Japonaiserie" is now greater than ever. It divides itself between the highest quality of Japanese art products and purely commercial ware. It is no longer possible for an unscrupulous dealer to work off valueless objects as curios at high prices, but the best subjects fetch higher prices than ever. The Japs are adapting their ingenuity to our uses too. Innumerable objects of domestic utility and household decoration in the European style are made by them for this market. Every shop will sell you peachbloss vases for next to nothing.

—Year after year more of our clubs take up the fashion of holding loan exhibitions and art receptions. Even the college clubs, which are certainly not very promising fields for the cultivation of the art idea, seem to be going in for it. Meanwhile, the only art club—that is an art club—in the city, is out of the lists as an exhibition society, unless it contrives to secure rooms of its own to hold a monthly exhibition in. The annual display of the Salmagundi Society were among the interesting events of the art year. It will be a pity if we are to have no more of them, or at least of something to replace them. The "Salmagundi" is strong and prosperous enough to afford to locate itself, and it has struggled too hard for its laurels for it to allow them to wither on its hands. [A. T.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BRIC-A-BRAC TRADE IN NEW YORK.—We thought that a few details concerning the early period of

the bric-à-brac "craze" in this country might be of some interest to our readers, so we dropped in Mr. O. L. Sypher's store, on Union Square, and had a long talk with this distinguished connoisseur, who certainly represents the oldest concern in that branch of business. Mr. Sypher is a man about fifty years old, with a clever and kindly face, who has roamed through Europe, over and over again, in quest of these treasures which delight the heart of the amateur.

"Twenty-five years ago," he said to us, "the bric-à-brac stores were not accepted as fashionable places of *rendez-vous*—not by any means. First of all, they contained but few articles of real value, and, besides, people of wealth seemed ashamed to be found out looking after "second-hand" furniture and things. The originator of the business, Mr. Marley, began his career in a small basement on Ann street, and his capital hardly amounted to more than one hundred dollars. Later, when more successful, he removed to the Old Alhambra, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, on Broadway.

"To give you an idea of the disdain shown, even to the few rare specimens of ancient art that came into Marley's store, I remember five Italian inlaid cabinets which had found their way into the Alhambra store, where, about 1863, Lord Napier, then British minister in Washington, discovered them, recognized at once their value, and bought them in for \$100 dollars apiece. If I had these cabinets here now," added Mr. Sypher, with a sigh of regret, "I would have no trouble to get \$2,500 for each of them.

"I entered Marley's as an apprentice, and growing up with the business—in fact growing up with the taste for curios, etc.—I became one of the firm in 1869. However, the real movement in favor of bric-à-brac dates only from 1876, that is, from the Centennial year.

"Then it was that our fellow-citizens warmed up at the idea of collecting ancient pieces of furniture, old china, old plate, curious relics of all sorts, as well as master-pieces from artists of present and past ages. Among the early collectors I may name General S. L. M. Barlow, Robert Hoe, Esq., and several of the old Knickerbocker families. Now the taste is so general—especially for the last seven or eight years—that whenever I visit the great European sales or dealers, and meet with some exceptional occasions, I know beforehand who, among our amateurs, will be interested in this or that special example. They run into "specialities" now, it being the only way to gather really valuable collections of any kind. Our old families have hunted up the rejected treasures of their ancestors in the way of furniture, old tapestries, etc., and make now the most of these once-disdained relics."

I asked Mr. Sypher to mention some of the prices paid him for exceptionally fine pieces bought in his store. He spoke of a bust of Voltaire by Houdon, only twelve inches high, which he bought once for twenty-five dollars. The exact duplicate sold, at the Hamilton sale, for *one thousand guineas*. At the same sale, he bought two Sèvres vases that sold afterwards for \$5,000. Also two unique pieces of Gobelin tapestries, representing scenes of the "Delivered Jerusalem," by Tasso, which sold, on this side of the water, for \$8,000. Other large pieces were mentioned, such as 18,000 guineas, paid at the Hamilton sale, for two Boulle cabinets. An original Boulle clock, only twelve inches high, fetched \$750 at the San Donato sale. A few important examples of ancient paintings pass occasionally through Mr. Sypher's hands. Lately he bought two original

portraits of George Washington and Martha Washington, painted from nature. The bills receipted by the artist were handed over to him by the last owner. These pictures he sold for \$1,000.

Many other interesting details Mr. Sypher gave out with perfect frankness and simplicity of manner.

For example, he did not hesitate to caution Americans traveling abroad from buying so-called old Dutch furniture. The wood they are made of cannot resist our climate, and the inlaid work soon comes out of order, destroying all the value of the pieces. He also mentioned the large trade made with America by the Dutch makers of "bogus" old plate, some imitated with a rare degree of perfection. "My strict principle," said Mr. Sypher, as the interview was coming to an end, "is to sell the goods for what they are, copies if they are copies, originals when I am lucky enough to find any. But good, faithful, honest copies are of such worth in the market that they do not need being presented, and passed for what they are not."

EMINENT PUBLISHING HOUSES.

A. QUANTIN, IN PARIS.—The house of Quantin was founded in 1824, by M. Henri Fournier, and in 1846 passed to M. Jules Claye, from whom it derived the title J. Claye et Cie. M. Claye's skill as a painter rendered his establishment famous. He was the first to print wood engravings by steam power, and under his management the house received high distinctions at various international exhibitions. In 1876 M. Claye was succeeded by M. A. Quantin, who had previously managed the printing office, and now continued the business under the name A. Quantin et Cie. In 1881 M. Quantin became sole possessor of the business, which finally, in 1886, was turned into a joint stock company under the management of M. Louis Henry May, whose skill and energy are raising the house to still greater prosperity.

Like his predecessor, M. Quantin was frequently honored by official recognition of his services to literature, and after the exhibition at Amsterdam in 1883, he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

At first the house confined itself to printing for other publishers. One of its finest achievements in this direction was the series of the *Saints Evangelists*, executed for MM. Hachette. The house still continues to print the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*, the *Revue Scientifique*, the *Vie Parisienne*, and other well-known journals. Since 1879 the firm has done the printing for the Chamber of Deputies, an honorable office which, however, frequently makes great demands on the energy and capacity of the staff.

It was not till 1879 that M. Quantin began publishing on his own account. His first catalogue appeared in 1880; the last, issued in January, 1887, contains 350 works, many of them of considerable importance, and all of them *éditions de luxe*, and of high artistic merit.

The increased activity of the house on its own account rendered an extension of the premises necessary; in 1880 a department for steel and copper-plate printing was established, and later, another department for color printing.

The works of the firm are mostly devoted to the fine arts. Among them may be mentioned the *Monographies des Maîtres de l'Art*, reproductions of the works of Rembrandt, Titan, Holbein, Dürer, van Dyck, etc.; *Histoire de l'Art*; *Écrits et Manuscrits de Léonard de Vinci*; *Cortège de la Ville de Vienne*;

Dessins de Décoration des principaux Maîtres, and many others. Among popular educational works the *Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts* deserves special mention; in Archaeology Palastre's *Naissance en France*, Rayet's *Monuments de l'Art Antique* are worthy of notice. Among artistic publications may be named the *Iliade*, La Fontaine's *Fables*, *Benvenuto Cellini*, *Faust*, etc. In color-printing, first practised in 1834, the house has already produced beautiful editions of *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Wear of Wakefield*, and in addition the marvelous *Encyclopédie Enfantine*. To these works must be added the *Bibliothèque des chefs-d'œuvre du Roman contemporain*, the *Petite Collection antique*, and several other collections. Lastly may be mentioned the *Édition définitive* of Victor Hugo's works. Since 1880 the house of Quantin has also published *Le Livre*, a bibliographical review ably edited by M. Octave Uzanne. Under the title *Encyclopédie pédagogique de l'Enseignement du Dessin*, the firm is also issuing a collection of copies and models for drawing from the flat and from relief.

The staff employed consists of 40 clerks; 20 compositors, earning at least 65 centimes an hour; 50 apprentices, earning from 50 centimes to 3 francs a day during the four years of their services; 30 machine minders, earning on the average 1 franc an hour; 150 hands for press and machine work, and 30 steel and copper plate printers. The average day's work is eleven hours in summer and twelve in winter.

The bookbinding of the firm, we may mention in conclusion, is executed in the branch establishment in the Rue Gaudon.—*G. Hedeler.*

AUTOGRAPHS.

—The complaint is often heard that eminent personages are greatly troubled with requests for their autographs from autograph hunters, who are frequently, but very erroneously, confounded with legitimate autograph collectors. To a great extent the evil is due to the fact that so few houses devote themselves to the trade in autographs. Over against the 600 collectors who appear in the German *Adressbuch für Autographen und Porträtsammler*, are to be found only seventy dealers, many of whom confine themselves to a very small circle of clients, and do not offer their wares publicly at all.

Is, then, the demand for autographs small, or is it not worth while to deal in them? By no means; the continual increase in prices shows an increasing demand, and it is not difficult for a second-hand bookseller to buy cheap autographs, which he can sell at a good profit. His intercourse with literary people puts him in a position to acquire autographs, and many opportunities are open to him on the sale of private libraries and collections.

Care should be spent on the preparation of the catalogues. In this respect the French dealers far excel their English, German and Italian brethren; it is curious, in fact, that the high prices which the French dealers get by means of their excellent catalogues have not convinced the dealers of other nations that inferior catalogues are a false economy. A catalogue should mention everything that determines the value of an autograph. First its rarity, the short life, the greater or lesser celebrity of the author. Then if the entire document, or only a portion, is autograph. Next, its extent, place and date of writing, the person (if possible) to whom addressed, and its contents. These last should always be indicated by catchwords, or, even, in the case of persons whose letters have been published, by a literal

reproduction of the first few lines. The non publication of a document has naturally a great influence on its value as an autograph.

In auction catalogues it would also be well to mention an upset or starting price. This practice would, of course, not be a fixed guide, and would not be necessary for experienced collectors; but it would afford a useful directive for younger collectors, whom it is desirable to wean from the bad habit of begging for autographs. In the arrangement of the catalogues a systematic division in groups, according to the nature of the collection offered for sale, is the best. Within each division the arrangement may either be alphabetical or chronological by dates of birth.

The periodical literature of autograph collecting is not very extensive, but there are papers which circulate among collectors, and the usual literary periodicals are open to announcements of the kind.

There is no doubt that autograph dealing is a profitable field for the second-hand bookseller, and the special knowledge required to value documents is easily acquired by observation and perusal of catalogues.

The second-hand bookseller has far more opportunities than private persons to acquire and render available hidden manuscript treasures. Apart from his own personal profit, he can render valuable services to science in this respect. The removal of book-plates is of very little profit, and frequently does irreparable injury to the book; but a volume with the dedication or remarks of a distinguished man, at once acquires a higher value.

These lines will, it is hoped, have the effect of turning the attention of the second-hand trade to this branch, and also of leading to an improvement in the get-up of catalogues.

There can be no doubt as to the remuneration that would follow. Booksellers will find plenty of eager customers, and collectors will be purged of the taint of autograph hunting, which now attaches to the entire guild—*Eugen von Mors-Sunneegg*.

—The German Directory of Autograph and Portrait Collectors above mentioned, and which has just been published by E. Fisher von Röslerstamm, is a welcome book for collectors, as well as dealers. The latter, especially, will be glad of a book that will put them in a position to open up new connections with hitherto unknown clients. The editor's connection with the *Mittheilungen für Autographensammler* has enabled him to discharge his difficult task with success.

EXHIBITIONS.

Berlin. Engravings, February or March, 1888. Instituted by the Society of Engravers in Berlin, in conjunction with the Royal Museum of Applied Arts. Objects: Engravings and Designs for Engravings. Enquiries to Herrn R. Otto, Berlin, N. W., Unter den Linden 40.

A Jubilee Exhibition of the Austrian Museum has been proposed for the year 1889, in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the Austrian Museum. The Exhibition is to contain; 1, the Austrian Art Industry of the last 25 years; 2, the Art Industry of the present time, and 3, the productions of the different technical schools.

A Musical Exhibition at Warsaw has been projected. It is to contain both instruments and musical publications,

manuscripts, etc., and is to be a comprehensive collection of the achievements both of contemporary times and past centuries. The scheme of the exhibition is said to have been drawn up by Count Platen.

Brussels. International Exhibition, 1888. Group II. Printing, Lithography, Engravings, Type Founding and Allied Industries. Group III. Journals and Publications from a literary, industrial and scientific point of view. Enquiries of the Committees, 22 Rue des Palais, Bruxelles.

Barcelona. International Exhibition, Sept., 1887, to April, 1888. Specialty: Manufactures, Commerce, Education, Fine Arts, Electricity. Application to be made through a Consul.

Vienna. The Trade Exhibition of Lower Austria, which is said to take place in the spring of 1888, will contain an exhibition of the book trade of Vienna and the Austrian publishers who have agents there.

Melbourne. International Exhibition. This Centenary Exhibition will last from Aug. 1, 1888, to Jan. 31, 1889. The following groups should be noted: I. Works of Art (5 classes). II. Educational Appliances (10 classes). VII. Machinery (18 classes).

New York Architectural League Loan Exhibition.

At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the League it was decided to have a loan exhibition in connection with the coming Architectural Exhibition. It is the intention to hold this exhibit in the L of the Fifth Avenue galleries, and to represent works of painters and etchers from here and abroad who choose for their subjects architectural effects, such works as might come from Posini, Vibert, Rico Dargaud, Bridgman, Richeburne, Lathrop and many others. The committee appointed to arrange for this collection consists of Mr. Frederic Crownshield, Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield and Mr. H. O. Avery.

HERE AND THERE.

EXCERPTA COLUMBIANA.—Under this title Mr. Henry Harris has just published an account of 400 rare little books, printed before 1539, in Paris, Lyons, Avignon, in Germany and North Italy, and formerly in the library of Ferdinand Columbus, the natural son of the great Christopher. The book, of which only a limited edition was printed, is already nearly out of print.

—The Italian Government is going to issue a Collected Edition of Galilei's works. Prof. Favaro, the editor, will be glad to know of any rare editions, autographs, documents etc., that may be of use to him in the compilation.

—W. K. Vanderbilt has a complete collection of Louis Quatorze furniture, purchased at the sale of the private effects of the late King Ludwig, of Bavaria.

—The International Union for the protection of works of literature and art is now composed of the following States, pursuant to the agreement arrived at in Berne, on the 5th of Sept.: Germany, Spain, France, Great Britain, Hayti, Italy, Liberia, Switzerland, Tunis. The work of the Union will begin in three months. In the interest of a uniform literary law, it is much to be desired that the States which have not yet joined, viz: Russia, Sweden, Austria, United States, etc., will give their adhesions.

—Mr. Ruskin's profits from his books amounted last year to £4,000. His profit from the new edition of "Stones of Venice" exceeded £1,600.



"illustrated."

—The Prussian Ministry of War has sanctioned the publication of an Art Work illustrating the treasures of the Royal Armory, Berlin. Mr. Frederick Stahn, in Berlin, is the publisher.

—We consider Mr. G. Hedeler, of Leipzig's new monthly the *Export Journal*, one of the most interesting of our exchanges.

—A correspondent from Princeton College states that Prof. Frothingham has procured for the use of the college, among other things, a valuable collection of antique vases from Etruria, illustrating Etruscan archæology from the archaic to the Roman period, and from Germany several German wood-carvings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a carved casket of ivory and ebony of Gothic workmanship, and a manuscript of the fourteenth century with full-page illustrations. He has also increased the collection of art photographs by the addition of more than a thousand new views.

—At the expense of Russell Sturgis, of New York, colored drawings are being made of the painted statues recently found in Athens. The coloring of the figures does not stand exposure to the air.

—A contributor to *The Epoch*, whose dread of the Russian "itch" is shared by many people, protests against the efforts made by several publishers and writers in their employ, to flood the country with "Ivan Dimitrievitch" and "Paul Nicolaïtches." We have had a surfeit of Turgéniéff and Tolstoi. A little plain English, or even raw American, would prove a welcome relief. One would think, to read the stuff printed about the "peasant" life of Tolstoi, who has tired of the novelty of riches and excessive dissipation, and is now playing "poor man," possibly by the advice of his physician, that nobody ever wrote history, fiction, philosophy, proverbs, politics, aphorisms, fables and folk-lore but this one man, when German literature shows that there have been many. But, then, Germany is too near at hand.

—Among the prices obtained at the Beecher sale of paintings were the following: Robie's "Flower piece," \$850; Diaz's "Fontainebleau," \$1,175 (bought in 1867 for \$1,500); Marviller's "Landscape with Ducks," \$280 (which Mr. Beecher in a sermon described his father as studying carefully, not, as he hoped, for its art, but to count the ducks the sportsman was likely to bag with two barrels); George Inness' "Landscape and Sheep," \$520 (for which Mr. Beecher refused \$1,500);

George L. Brown's "Mount Pilatus," \$210; several small Innenses at from \$75 to \$250; W. Hamilton Gibson's "Autumn," \$175. All these were bought in by members of the Beecher family, who were present at the sale.

—In Anthony's *Bulletin* appears a reproduction of a photograph taken by the new instantaneous gun cotton process. It is the portrait of a young girl, and is so good as to arouse fresh interest in this novelty in amateur photography.

—The month has brought us a musical sensation. This is Josef Hofmann, a pudgy and serious-looking little boy of ten, as the bills assure us, who has been making a furore in London as a pianist, and whom Mr. Abbey has brought over for a tour. Little Hofmann is certainly a prodigy. How much of a genius he is it is not easy to define just yet. He is a brilliant performer, whose little hands seem to work by electricity, they fly over the keys so swiftly. Indeed, it was a question with us whether we were most interested in what he played or in how he played it.

—The statement that the Italian Government has decided to appropriate money for the excavation of the buried city of Sybaris, will be received with pleasure by everyone who remembers the valuable results which followed upon the unearthing of Pompeii. For Pompeii was after all but a village as compared with Sybaris. Making all due allowances for the exaggeration of ancient writers, the latter city was undoubtedly one of the wealthiest and most luxurious of which we have any record in the past. When the Cortonian army, over five hundred years before Christ, vanquished its enervated populace, they turned the river Crais upon its site with a view of wiping the town from the face of the earth. For 2,400 years it has lain buried beneath the silt which the river deposited upon it. With the aid of the Athenians the survivors some years later founded the town of Thurii, near the place, but from that day no trace of the buried city has ever been discovered. Doubtless the conquerors carried off with them many articles of golden and silver luxury, but there must yet remain countless art treasures gathered by a people who in their day were the business masters of a population numbering several millions. The fabled beds of rose leaves have long since moulded into dust, but there possibly exists many imperishable monuments of the cunning artificers whose skill in catering to the wealthy inhabitants had made the name of Sybarite synonymous with luxurious beauty.



THE PERIODICALS OF THE MONTH.

The following articles, treating of subjects kindred to those topics THE CURIO is devoted to, were published since our last issue under the headings given hereafter :

America, Antiquity of man in.	XIX. Cent.	
American History in French Archives	Princeton Rev.	
America, Indians in Revol. War.....	Eng. Hist. Rev.	
America in European Literature.....	Indep.	
America, Museums in.....	Fortnightly.	
Anne, (Queen) and her Court.....	Saturday Rev.	
Anne (Queen), Days of.....	Leisure Hour.	
Archæology, Ancient American Cities.....	Dial	
Archæology, Viking Ship	Scribner's.	
Art, English School in Peril.....	Mag. of Art.	
Art, Jules Bastien-Lepage.....	St. Nicholas	
Art, Metropolitan Museum of.....	Cath. World.	
Art, Millais, John (Sir)	Atalanta.	
Art, National Gallery Improvements.....	Indep.	
Art, St. Gaudens' Lincoln.....	Century.	
Autograph, Obtaining Miss Alcott's.....	St. Nicholas	
Beecher, Henry Ward, Collection of	Critic.	
Bible, Poetry of the.....	Menorah.	
Books and Reading	Bookmart.	
Books, Broad Margins.....	Bookmart.	
Books, How to Cut an Index.....	Amateur Work.	
Books that Helped me	Forum.	
Bronze Casting, Great	Jeweler's Circ.	
Chantilly Château and Collections.....	Century.	
Chaucer, Tombs and Ewelme.....	Gentleman's.	
China, Chinese Porcelains.....	China Decorates.	
China, In a Chinese Theatre	Macmillan's.	
China, King Ludwig's Porcelains.....	China Dec.	
China, Manuf. of Sévres.....	Nov. Rev.	
Chivalry.....	Every Boy's Mag.	
Coins, English Sales of 1886-7.....	Science.	
Drama, Wagner and Scenic Art.....	Scribner's.	
Dumas, Alexandre.....	Argosy.	
Elizabethan Furniture.....	Amateur Work.	
Embroideries, Flemish.....	Art Journal.	
England, English Actors in French Revolution.....	Edinb. Rev.	
France, Frenchwoman of the Century.....	Westminster.	
France, Police under Louis XV	Temple Bar.	
Gems, Search for	Science.	
Gentleman, What is a.....	Cornhill.	
Goethe's Faust, Theosophy in.....	Path.	
Gold, Ornaments from U. S. of Columbia	Jeweler's Circ.	
Heraldry, Applied to Decoration.....	Amateur Work.	
India, Diamond Mines of.....	Jeweler's Weekly.	
Indians, Legends of the.....	Outing.	
Ireland, Types and Traits of.....	Mag. of Art.	
Lace and Embroidery	Atalanta.	
Legouvé, Ernest.....	Rev. Illust.	
Library, Growth of Cleveland Public.....	Mag. W. History.	
London, Armory of the Tower.....	Demorest's.	
London, Curious Corporation Customs.....	Cassell's.	
Mary Stuart, Portraits of.....	Saturday Rev.	
Ma-ta-oka of Pow-ha tan.....	St. Nicholas.	
Middle Ages, The.....	Chautauq.	
Mississippi Valley, Last French Post in the.....	Mag. W. Hist.	
Music and Poetry of Esquimos	Swiss Cross.	
Music, Giovanni Centenary	Westminster.	
Music, Verdi and his Operas.....	F. L. Pop. Mo.	
Nelson (Lord), and Lady Hamilton.....	Gentleman's.	
Petrarch's Villa.....	Godley's.	
Queens and Empresses of Europe	F. L. Pop. Mo.	
Religion, Mussulman Traditions about Jesus.....	Religion.	
Ruby Mines of Burmah.....	Jeweler's Circ.	
St. James Palace, Old.....	All the Year Round.	
Shakespeare and America.....	Saturday Rev.	
Shakespeare and Bacon.....	Knowledge.	
Shakespeare, Bacon a Prophet.....	Shakesp.	
Shakespeare, Two Q. Texts of "Merry Wives"	Bookmart.	
Spoons, Dining Furniture.....	Cassell's.	
Tin-Plate Working.....	Amateur Work.	
Women, Chinese in America.....	Woman.	

THE "CURIO" CAMERA.

NO. 4.—"ILLUSTRATED."

Mrs. Frank Leslie, of "illustrated" fame, the weekly and monthly distributor of *culture for the million*, the greatest woman-publisher ever known.

In her office—a cool-headed, brainy, indefatigable money-maker. Follows in the wake of the big house of Harper's. Is ready to buy anything—from a wagonette to a coronet—payable in *ads.* Holds a lease of Talmage's weekly flow of eloquence; is not supposed to belong to his flock.

In her parlor—has all the brilliant "sang-froid" of a future "grande dame." Too clever to be taken in, but not always happy in the bestowal of her smiles. May one day desert Mammon and all his glories for the severe creed of the spiritualist.

The Sibyl.



A STERN EDUCATION.

THE CURIO
for January-February, 1888.

From a painting by COYPEL (XVIII. Century.)

THE CURIO

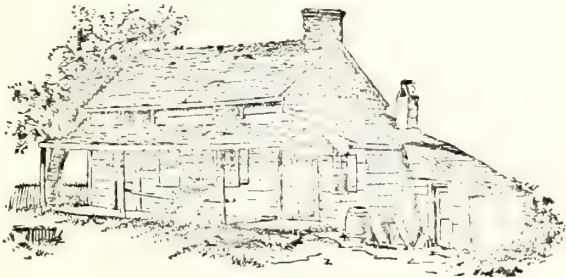
VOL. I

January and February, 1888.

Nos. 5-6

ABOUT NEW YORK WITH POE.

THERE is a little cottage about half a mile west of the railroad station at Fordham that for years has been visited and written about as the home of Edgar Allan Poe. It lies upon the old Kingsbridge road that goes curving gently up hill between moss-covered stone walls and deeply fruited orchards. Everybody who has ever read Poe enough to become interested in his life and literary career, has, at some time or other, made a sentimental journey thither to stand and gaze with admira-



THE HOUSE IN FORDHAM.

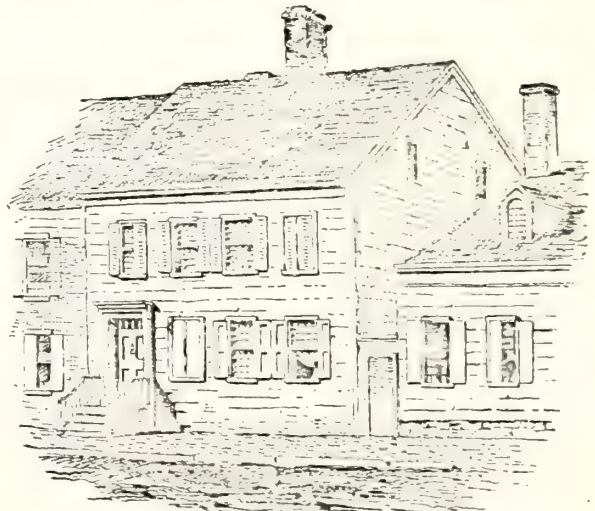
tion upon the house where authorities claimed and still assert that "The Raven" was written. For no other reason, apparently, at least to me, than that it is rather a romantic spot, and that the neighborhood is infested with an extremely black and very persistent species of crow.

If the poem had not made its appearance over a year before Poe ever moved to Fordham I should be glad to associate its origin with the place. But, unfortunately, it was otherwise. And while on account of this fallacy volumes of magazine and newspaper articles have, for the past five and twenty years, been written about the Fordham cottage, some four or five places where this singular genius lived, in the very heart of New York city itself, have been passed over unnoticed. So that I may safely say that not half-a-dozen of his most ardent admirers could point them out or ever even heard of them. More than that, every one of these houses that sheltered him here during his fitful and restless stays is standing to day, and is in almost, if not quite, its original state.

One of them you will find just as you turn into Carmine Street from Sixth Avenue, on the left-hand side of the way. It is a low wooden

structure with a great slanting roof supporting a huge chimney. Just fifty years ago, when Poe first came to New York, it had a trim little front with four windows facing the road (road it was then) and a low stoop leading up to the door. To-day, however, its appearance is somewhat changed, for although the upper story is unaltered, the ground floor has been transformed into two little stores with plate-glass windows. One occupied by a milliner who displays her tempting spring bonnets in a way best calculated to allure the susceptible female who chances past. The other by a cigar merchant and his Indian to exhibit their wares.

Poe moved into this house—then No. 113½ Carmine, for the numbers have been changed—when he first came to seek his fortune on the Metropolitan press. He had married his fourteen-year-old cousin, Virginia Clemm, in the spring of 1836, had subsequently been writing for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and came to New York from Richmond, Va., where that magazine was published, on account of having had a misunderstanding with its editor, Mr. White. This gentleman, although he knew and



THE HOUSE NO. 113½ CARMINE STREET, IN 1837.

appreciated Poe's value, and liked him not a little, found that his unreliability and intemperance were unbearable; and so they parted.

When Poe, his wife, and Mrs. Clemm, the latter's mother, came to the city they settled in Carmine Street with the intention of taking boarders for the poet's income was precarious and of very uncertain dependence. However, boarders they readily found, and William Gowans, an eccentric Nassau Street bookseller, whose catalogues were always a marvel of ridiculous annotations and inaccuracies was one of them. For almost a year he ate at the same table with the little family, and, contrary to most of Poe's acquaintances, who were not slow in denouncing him as a totally unprincipled ingrate, the old bibliophile declared that he was one of the most courteous and gentlemanly men he had ever met. And as for Virginia he (Poe) possessed in her, according to this biographer, a wife of "matchless beauty and loveliness, whose eyes could vie with those of any houri, or her face defy the genius of Canova to imitate."

But Mr. Gowans' discernment as well as his tastes must not be too much relied upon, for he once characterized Fanny Kemble, whom all old New Yorkers remember to have been a charming type of female beauty, as a fine example of the average Irish washerwoman.

Poe's object in coming to New York to live was not so much that he thought the city a good field, but rather on account of being offered some work, desultory or not, upon a new monthly magazine about to be projected by Dr. Francis Hawks, a professor in Columbia College, under the title of the *New York Review*. He contributed to the second number of this semi-theological, semi-scientific periodical a critique upon "Stephens' Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Petraea and the Holy Land," which must have been a delicately sympathetic and congenial subject for such a man as he. However, he did not remain long connected with the publication, for he beset himself to the completion of a tale already begun, and part of which had already appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. I refer to "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." The first edition of this little story, which was published by the Harpers in 1838, shows that Poe, in writing it, did not scruple to steal matter bodily from "Morell's Four Voyages to the South Seas," as well as from other sources. This fact though by no means hinders the booksellers asking and the bibliomaniacs giving \$20 for a single copy of it. Besides this tale, several reviews and a poem ("Siope") I know of nothing of any literary importance that Poe wrote while living in Carmine Street.

Being of a restless temperament, "unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster followed fast

and followed faster," he began, as the autumn of 1838 came around, to talk of going to Philadelphia, where he surmised that he could fare better than he had been doing in New York. Perhaps, though, Dr. Brooks of that city who was about to issue *The American Museum Magazine*, had offered him work, for Poe at least had a tale—"Ligeia," which he always said was his favorite—in the first number of that periodical, and afterwards contributed "Signora Zenobia" and its pendant, "The Scythe of Time" to the same publication. In *The Gift* for 1839, a little Christmas annual edited by Miss Leslie, he had a story that his biographers claim to have been drawn from incidents of his school days at Stoke Newington, England, but which bears such a close resemblance to the plot of what Washington Irving was pleased to call "An unwritten drama of Lord Byron" that Poe must surely have formulated it from Byron's ideas. This trick of adapting the thoughts of another to stories of his own was no new thing to Poe, however, though Byron in particular seemed to be a favorite source for pilfering by him; his "Ulalume" being for one instance but a paraphrase of the latter's "Manfred."

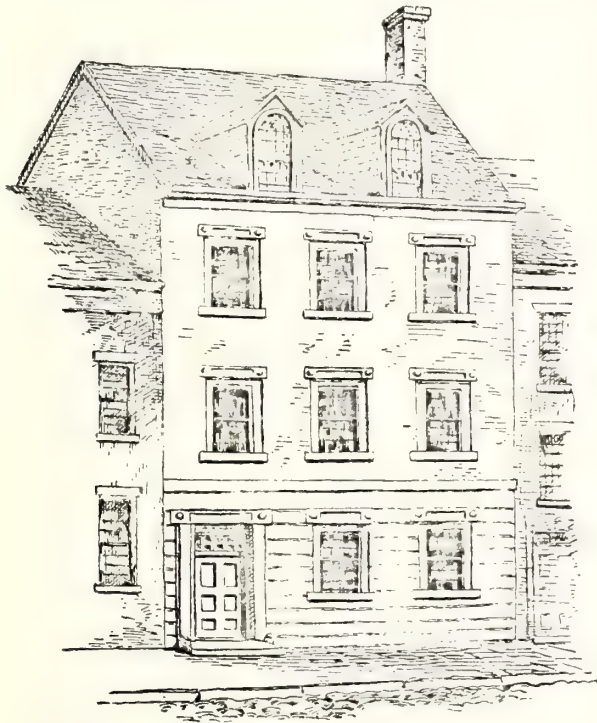
I will follow his fortunes for a moment in the Quaker city before I return with him to New York, for it is here alone, at least in this article, that we are desirous of knowing him. After he arrived in Philadelphia he wrote odds and ends for several publications until in July, 1839, he was appointed editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the property of that genial old actor and humorist, William E. Burton. As well as performing his editorial duties in this office, Poe contributed to the magazine some of his best poems and tales. But alas, as with everyone else, he quarrelled with his employer, and consequently severed his connection with *The Gentleman's*.

He found himself shortly back in his old chair, however, for the periodical not long after his dismissal passed into the hands of Mr. Graham, who invited the poet to resume his former duties. This he did, and held the place until 1841, when he resigned it, though after that he still contributed to it several reviews and tales, and wrote notably in 1843 "The Gold Bug," a story for which he received a prize of \$100 from N. P. Willis, in whose *Dollar Newspaper* it was published.

The year 1884 brings him back to New York again with his wife. And having left Mrs. Clemm in Philadelphia, he thus describes in a letter to her his arrival: "* * * * We went in the cars to Amboy, about forty miles from N. York, and then took the steamboat the

rest of the way. Sissy (Virginia) coughed none at all. When we got to the wharf it was raining hard. I left her on board the boat after putting the trunks in the ladies cabin, and set off to buy an umbrella and look for a boarding-house. I met a man selling umbrellas and bought one for twenty-five cents. Then I went up Greenwich St. and soon found a boarding-house. It is just before you get to Cedar St., on the west side going up—the left hand side. It has brown stone steps with a porch with brown pillars. Morrison is the name on the door. The house is old and looks buggy. * * * * the cheapest board I ever knew, however, taking into consideration the central location and the living."

The house he refers to is now No. 130 Greenwich Street. The porch and pillars have been cut



THE HOUSE NO. 130 GREENWICH STREET, IN 1844.

away and another story has been added to the structure since the poet lived there. But if you chance to be down that way you will know it by a large swinging sign that hangs over the door, announcing the place to be a Swedish boarding house. Dirty faced emigrants look wonderingly at you from the windows of a bar-room on the ground floor as you pass by, and I fancy the board is nothing in comparison to what it used to be. One of the first things that Poe did upon reaching the city was to take his manuscript of "The Balloon Hoax" to *The Sun*,

which was duly accepted and published, creating great interest and excitement. I do not know where his room was situated in the Greenwich Street house, and if he himself were alive to-day it is hardly probable that he could point it out. While living there he found employment on *The Evening Mirror*, and wrote as well his "Tale of the Ragged Mountains" and "The Purloined Letter," the latter, together with "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Mystery of Marie Roget," forming a trio of detective stories that Gaboriau has never equalled. Then he began writing for *The Broadway Journal*, and soon became its editor and proprietor. This brings us to the year 1845. And as for "*The Journal*," he merely used it as a medium to republish some of his old tales, and to write some malignant attacks upon Longfellow and other prominent literary men, contributing little to it that was original. For all that, collectors are wild to possess the numbers under Poe's editorship, and should you have two or three copies lying about the house you would do well to carefully preserve them hereafter.

Poe lived but a few months in the Greenwich Street house, and then removed to a little frame building on the corner of Eighty-Fourth Street and the Boulevard. It stands on a rocky bluff, running perpendicularly up from the street below, and has a sloping roof with two half-demolished, though at one time, high chimneys. In appearance the shanty looks to be of comparatively modern building. But in this it belies itself, for it is said that General Washington passed several days there with his officers during the revolution. In regard to this assertion, however, I may say that I have yet to find any old structure in our suburbs where the ubiquitous General *did not* stop during the continental war, at least over night anyway.

Eighty-fourth Street was, when Poe took up his residence there, of course far out of town, and looked upon by the city's residents as we to-day look upon Inwood or Spuyten Duyvil. The house has, I believe, never undergone alterations, and little except the surroundings are changed, for in Poe's time the place was not penned in by the ungainly harsh brick and mortar of modern French flats. And he might stand with Virginia and look down upon the glittering river through vistas of elm and maple trees without being disturbed by yelling urchins or melodious fish-horns.

This room is at the south end of the house with two windows facing the west. And here it was that "The Raven" was written; and for that poem from which he gained the greater part of his celebrity and which electrified the English-

speaking world—for Poe is more greatly admired by the English or even the French than he is by Americans, strange to say—he received the immense sum of \$10. *The American Whig Review* bought and published it in their



THE EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET HOUSE.

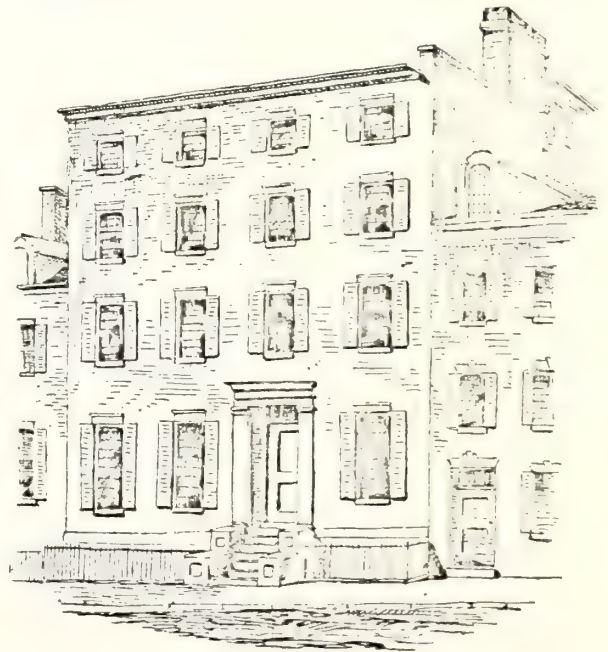
February number for 1845, under the pseudonym of "Quarles." In the Eighty-fourth Street house Poe wrote his tales of "The Oblong Box" and "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," which, to my mind, is the most horrible of all his weird and morbid fancies. All this time I must not forget to mention that he still retained his position on *The Evening Mirror*, and either because he soon found his residence to be too far away from the office or for other reasons, he moved back into town again, taking up his quarters at No. 15 Amity Street (now Third), a great gloomy old-fashioned house with huge windows and doorway and a massive stoop. His room was two flights up and in the rear of the building. And Poe, by the way, was not the only distinguished man whom its roof has sheltered, for old Colonel Trumbull, that vigorous portrayer of revolutionary actions in art, lived, painted for many years, and died there.

Some one of the poet's acquaintances have told me that he at one time resided further down Amity Street, at No. 85; but how long he remained, or what he was engaged upon while there, I am unable to say. However, to return to No 15. It was here that he lived with his wife while writing "The Literati" for *Godey's Lady's Book*. They were a series of pen sketches of prominent American authors; some as replete of biting satire and piquancy as others were of praise and partiality. Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood for whom he possessed something more than common admiration, happened into his room one afternoon as he was engaged upon a critique of her fragmentary contributions to literature. And to show her how much writing he had already done he bade

Virginia take one end of a long roll of manuscript paper, upon which form he was in the habit of producing his "copy," and run with it across the room. But the apartment proved to be not half long enough. And then the three all laughed in concert.

Again, in the summer of 1846, this restless and disquieted genius moved what few possessions he had to Fordham, and with his wife engaged the little cottage that every one knows and of which I have already spoken. Then Mrs. Clemm came on from Philadelphia and completed the household. Here Poe continued the "Literati;" and there was one gentleman that I may mention whom he did not treat in terms of such dainty praise as he had done with Mrs. Osgood. And this was Mr. Thomas Dunn English, a young physician, barrister, poet and novelist; and who, by the way, is alive to-day. Poe handled him very roughly, indeed, in his sketch, and English, being determined to resent the insults he had been subjected to, obtained the use of a column in *The Mirror* to reply to his assailant. He not only charged Poe with drunkenness, but of obtaining money under false pretenses, and of downright forgery; for which little batch of pleasantries Poe sued the paper for libel, and was adjudged damages to the sum of \$225.

Poe's wife died in January, 1847, but the



THE HOUSE NO. 15 AMITY [NOW THIRD] STREET.

money obtained from the suit he did not receive until the middle of February. Then, although Virginia's body was scarcely cold, the

poet was so agreeably surprised at receiving the amount—an immense sum to him—that he purchased some new furniture, provided Mrs. Clemm with a gaudily figured gown and invited a number of friends to a tea-party. And I have been told by a gentleman who was present at the time that Poe made desperate love to one of the female guests, whose name I will not mention, during the entire evening.

While the money lasted Poe was comparatively happy, and worked upon "Eureka"; but as soon as he began to realize its deliquescence he set himself systematically to writing pitiful letters to his friends, soliciting aid. He then became ill and made a trip to Richmond, Va., soon returning, however. Then a second time, in June, 1849, he determined upon another trip to the South, with the intention of lecturing, and in the following month he left Fordham never to return again.

The story of his sickness and death at Baltimore, in October of the same year, it is needless to recount, for it has already been told over and over again.

Mrs. Clemm, after bewailing "her Eddie's" death in the most touching manner for a time, soon found a congenial source of income—good, kind-hearted old creature that she was—in forging, for the benefit of over-credulous autograph hunters, her "darling boy's" signature.

* * * * *

And now, having finished with the homes of the poet, one word about the man. His biographers, have been many, and only the

other day I was told that another life of this strange, erratic genius would shortly make its appearance. None, however, with the exception of Mr. John H. Ingram, of London, in whose possession are many of Poe's manuscripts and personal belongings, seem to have known the man. Mr. Ingram does know him, and knows him thoroughly; but is much more inclined to liberal allowances for the poet's shortcomings than to condemnation of them.

As to Poe himself, it should matter little to us, he was selfish, unreliable, dishonest, and in fact everything that his much-censured biographer, Griswold, says of him. If a man wanted his enmity he had but to do him a favor. From the time that he quarrelled with his adopted father, who was most indulgent to him down to the day of his death, this trait was ever predominant in his character.

As a writer he was a literary thief, a man who could plagiarize the ideas of another and rewrite them with a marvelous fascination and power. Hoffman is not to be compared to him, Baudelaire has been but an unsuccessful imitator. Poe stands indisputably alone. Of his tales and poems there can be but one verdict, and that has long ago been rendered.

As to an authentic life of the man, it has yet to be written, though it will not "fill a long felt want." Mr. Griswold has very nearly approached it, Mr. Ingram is conscientious and accurate, Woodberry has greatly added to it. The rest are mere sentimentalisms.

John Preston Beecher.

A FEW REMARKS FOR THE PORTRAIT COLLECTOR.

IN speaking of the portrait collection his friend Pepys was anxious to form, Evelyn says, "I should not advise a solicitous expense of having the pictures painted in oyle," and so he goes on to recommend "Heads and Effigies in *taille douce*," (or engravings); and says "some are so well done to the life, that they may stand in competition with the best paintings. This were a cheape and so much a more useful curiosity as they seldom are without their Names, Ages, and Elogies of the Persons whose Portraits they represent. I say you will be exceedingly pleased to contemplate the Effigies of those who have made such a noise and bustle in the world, either by their madneses and folly, or a more conspicuous figure by their wit and learning."* Although to Evelyn and Ashmole

and Pepys must perhaps be ascribed the honor of forming the earliest large collections of Engraved Portraits in England, they were certainly not the first who had done so partially. Many of the portraits collected by the Earl of Pembroke, principally as studies in physiognomy, were Engravings formed into books; and about the same time were published in volumes, the series of portraits known as the *Baziliologia* or *Book of Kings*, and the *Heroologia*, containing Martyrs, Naval heroes, etc.

To illustrate Granger's "Biographical History of England" with the portraits designated became quite a mania in the XVIII. century, and as illustrated Grangers were soon as "plenty as blackberries," other works were chosen for a similar purpose, as Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," Burnet's "History of the Reformation," Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors," etc. As an example of the expensive and extensive way in which these illustrations were sometimes carried out, might be cited the

*Letter to Pepys, 1689. Evelyn's Memoirs, ii. 235 to 252. This long letter contains some very interesting facts and remarks, not only on portraits but on Medals and Libraries, and though much of it was repeated from his "Numismati," published 1687, there will be found in it much original and uncopied matter.

"Sutherland Clarendon," now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which probably cost much more than £5,000. But there is no need to make such heavy demands on the pocket to make a fair and interesting collection of portraits, which may be arranged either to illustrate some work, or simply to illustrate a Period of History or a Class of Persons.—The Period or Class chosen must of course depend on the sympathies or associations of the Collector, and its extent would be regulated by his means. Whether Elizabeth, James, Charles, or other reigns be chosen; whether the State, the Bar, the Drama, or other specialty be adopted; whether the local celebrities of some particular County or City be portrayed; there will be ample scope for portrait illustration—and "room and verge enough" for annotation. Where "illustration" is not designed, but simply collections of Portraits of Eminent persons in some particular walk of life, they may be arranged under one of the following classes, which are nearly those adopted by Granger, viz.: Kings and Royal Family; Nobility; Clergy; Learned Men, Physicians, Poets and Literary Men; Lawyers; the Army; the Navy; Artists (as Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Musicians, Actors, Engravers, etc.); Ladies of Title; Gentlewomen; Curious Characters, etc. To collect all the portraits that have ever been engraved is, of course, a hopeless task, and there would necessarily be so many important hiatuses, that no one probably nowadays will enter on the undertaking. Yet in the days of Granger it was attempted, and it must have been an exciting occupation, too serious for an amusement or recreation, for the several collectors, who then all ran for the same goal, to outdo and outbid each other in forming their collections. It is astonishing how interesting a collection may be made of portraits of a more limited range. Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors," or "Lodge's Memoirs," are more readable than the "Biographia Britannica," or Bayle's Dictionary; and two or three folios of portraits of a particular class, or of a particular era, well arranged and annotated, may be made much more amusing, recreative and interesting than dozens of cabinets filled with a miscellaneous assemblage of portraits of people of all sorts who have lived "everywhen" and everywhere. As a good poet is great in the "art to blot," the collector must learn the art to omit. He should select some book, or some era, or some class, to illustrate with portraits, and elucidate and ornament with notes, and then try to make that as perfect as he can. A well-arranged tiara of a few gems is more attractive than the whole miscel-

laneous contents of a lapidary's drawer. Of course he will select a subject in which he may take an interest, but whatever subject he takes up he will find its interest grow, and he will never need to "feign a relish till a relish come."

It is well known that almost the first great or systematic collectors of Engraved Portraits in England were Evelyn and Pepys; the former having the start. It was not till about 1668 that Pepys began collecting portraits, getting many of Nanteuil, etc., from France, and being helped with the advice of Evelyn, as well as with specimens from his collection. In 1669 he went to France, and doubtless collected there many things (which are now in the Pepysian Library) on the recommendation of his friend, who says in one of his letters at this time, printed by Lord Braybrooke, "They will greatly refresh you in your study, and by your fire-side, when you are many years returned."

Yes, they will indeed refresh you! This is one of the great charms of such reminiscences of travel, that when you come home you are constantly travelling again in looking over sketches, pictures, and books. You see an engraving of the Madonna della Sedia, and away you are at once, quicker than the telegraph, to Florence the Fair, and to that sunny day, when crossing the Arno by the Ponte Vecchio, you first came to the Palazzo Pitti, and, passing by wonders and wonders of art, you stopped at last by the Raffaele and forgot the world, absorbed by that which is indeed "a joy for ever." In the same way you turn over a folio of portraits. Here are Elizabeth, Leicester, Raleigh, Shakespeare, Melville, and Mary of Scots—and you walk about London and Greenwich, and visit the world of 300 years ago! Or you take up a folio of a later period, where are Charles the 2nd, Buckingham, Rochester, Grammont, Sedley, Killigrew, York, Clarendon, Dryden, Lely, Castlemaine, Stewart, Nelly, and the Queen—and you are dining at one o'clock with the learned Mr. Evelyn and the wondrous Pepys, talking and telling anecdotes (with a good deal of relish) of the bad goings on of those times, A.D. 1666. Or, whisking out another folio, you rush off to Sir Joshua Reynolds's and laugh and criticise, mourn and moralize with Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, and Garrick, and think of Hogarth "over the way," and of Chesterfield, Walpole, the Gunninges, Kitty Clive, Nelly O'Brien, and of many more who have, unconsciously to themselves and to us, moved the world a step more forward. These are among the charms, the pleasures and advantages of collections of Portraits.

Walter F. Tiffin.

AMERICAN COATS OF ARMS.

ARMORIAL GÉNÉRAL, précédé d'un Dictionnaire des termes du Blason par J. B. RIETSTAP, Deuxième Edition refondue et augmentée—GOUDA. (G. B. Van Goor-Zonen (1884-1887). 2 vol. 8vo., with a supplement.

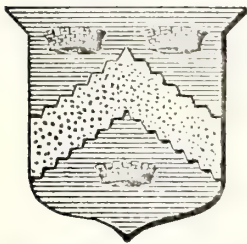
CONCLUSION.

ABBREVIATIONS: B. BURKE'S *General Armory*. | G.-M. GWILT-MAPLESON'S *Handbook of Heraldry*. | D. *Minor Differences*.

CORTLANDT, VAN (N. Y.) G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA

CORWIN (N. Y.) G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

COTHEAL (N. Y.) G.-M. Quartered: 1st: vert, over a crescent, a cross flory or; 2nd: or, a bend wavy within an orl of six cinquefoils



gules; 3rd: per pale, argent and gules; 4th: argent, a chevron between three boars' heads sable.

CURTISS (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Azure, a chevron dancettée or between three mural crowns.

CUSTIS (U. S.) Argent, an eagle displayed sable.

DALLAS (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Argent, three mullets gules; a bend azure over all. CREST: A crescent per pale or and gules.

DAM, VAN (Holl. U. S.) Azure, a mount or; in base a fence and a river, all proper.

DAVIE (Boston). B. Argent, a chevron sable between three mullets gules. CREST: A Pascal lamb proper.



DEANE (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

DERBY (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Argent, three cinquefoils gules, a canton of the last.

DICKINSON (Phila.) B. Azure, a fess ermine between two lions passant, or. CREST: A demi-lion rampant per pale ermine and azure.



DOANE (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Azure, crusilly or, a unicorn saillant argent.

DUMMER (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA. D.

DUYNE, VAN (Holl. N. Y.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

EDWARDS (N. Y.) G.-M., B. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

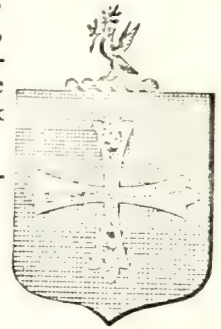
EMBURY (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Per pale: 1st,

chequy argent and azure, a chevron engrailed or; 2nd, or, a bend sable.

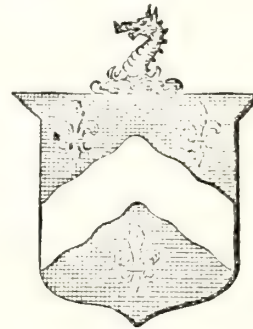
FARMER (U. S.) B. Sable, a chevron argent between three lamps of the last, flamant, proper. CREST: Out of a ducal coronet or, a Salamander in flames, proper.

FENN (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Argent, a fess within a bordure engrailed azure.

FIELD, DE LA (N. Y.) Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, 1695). B. Sable, a cross patonce or. CREST: A dove rising, holding in its beak an olive branch proper.



FINLAY (U. S.) B. (See BEEKMAN-FINLAY.)



FISH (Engl., N. Y., Mass.) B. Sable a chevron wavy between three fleurs-de-lys argent. CREST: A dragon's head erased, sable.

FLAGG (formerly DE FLAGG) (Normandy, Engl., U. S.) Per pale or and sable, a chevron counterchanged. CREST: Two bears' paws proper, saltirewise, charged with a laurel wreath proper.

FOSTER (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

FOWLE (Boston). Argent, three trees, proper.

FRANKLIN (U. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

FROST (Boston). B. Argent, a chevron gules between three trefoils vert.

GARDINER (U. S.) G.-M., B. Argent a chevron, between three bugle-horns sable.

GIFFORD of BRIGHTLEY (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Sable, three lozenges conjoined in fess ermine.

GILPIN (U. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

GREME (Phila.) Argent, a fess embattled gules charged with a field-bird, between two roses of the second; the fess between two escallops sable, in chief, and three piles or, issuing from the fess, in base.

GREEN MAC LARREN (Scotl., U. S.) B. Argent, a fret gules, charged with nine bezants; on a chief sable, a stag tripping or between two mullets of the last, pierced gules. CREST: A cubit arm erect, vested gules, cuffed or, holding in the hand a sprig of oak vert.

GRYMES (N. Y.) Argent on a chevron gules, three escallops or.

HALLETT (N. Y.) B. Or, on a bordure of azure, three bezants, bordered gules, one in dexter point, one in sinister point, and the third in base; a bend engrailed gules over all; a chief dancettée sable. CREST: A lion rampant argent, holding a bezant.

HAMERSLEY (N. Y.) G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

HAVEMEYER (N. Y.) Sable, a fess between three mullets or. CREST: Two arms in armour chevron ways holding a sword argent in pale.

HAWKINS (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

HAWTHORNE (U. S.) B. Argent a chevron, between two cinquefoils in chief gules, and a hawthorne tree in base, vert. CREST: A demi-antelope proper.

HAYNES (U. S.) B. Or, on a fess gules, three bezants in chief, a grey hound courant proper. CREST: An eagle displayed or.

HAYNES or HAYES (Mass.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

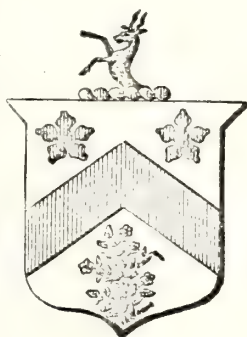
HINCHMAN (Engl., U. S.) B. Argent, a chevron sable, coticed or, between three bugle-horns of the second, stringed gules; on a chief of the second, as many lions rampant of the first. CREST: A demi-lion rampant argent holding a bugle-horn as in the arms.

HOLLINGWORTH (U. S.) B. Sable, on a bend argent, three holly leaves slipped vert. CREST: A stag couchant ermine.

HOMER-DIXON (Boston). G.-M. Quarterly: 1st and 4th argent, three mullet gules; on a chief or, three pales of the second; 2nd and 3d, quarterly quartered: 1st and 4th azure, three cinquefoils argent; 2nd and 3d. Gules, three antique crowns or. CRESTS: I. A hand proper in pale grasping a dagger argent, garnished or. II. A stag's head or.

HONE (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Argent, two bars wavy between three billets sable.

HOPKINSON (Phila.) Argent on a chevron gules, between three estoiles, as many lozenges of the field. CREST: A demi-lion rampant argent.



HUSE (Boston). Argent, a star of sixteen rays gules. CREST: Three trees vert.

HUTCHINSON (Mass.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

JANNEY (U. S.) Ermine, a bend cotised gules. CREST: On a gauntlet argent, a falcon proper.

JAY (U. S., originally from Poitou). See AMERICA HERALDICA. Very different.

LANCEY DE (N. Y.) G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

LARDNER (U. S.) B. Gules, on a fess sable, between three wolves' heads couped argent, a river of the last.

LAWRENCE (N. Y.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

LEETE (Boston). B. Argent, a fess gules between three rolls of matches sable, kindled proper. CREST: Three tridents in pale argent.

LEGGETT (N. Y.) G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

LENOX (U. S.) B. Quarterly: 1st and 4th argent, a saltire dancettée, between four roses gules; 2d and 3d gules, three fishes each an annulet in the mouth or.

LEVERETT (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

LIVINGSTON (U. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

LYDD (Phila.) Quarterly: 1st and 4th azure, on a chevron, between three cocks argent, a crescent gules; 2d and 3d; sable, three horses' heads erased argent. CREST: On a mount vert a goat segreant argent.

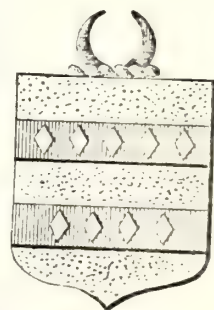
LUDINGTON (U. S.) Paly of six argent and azure; on a chief gules, a lion passant guardant or. CREST: A palmer's staff erect sable, supporting a purse argent lined azure.

LUYSTER (Holl. N. Y.) Or, two bars gules, charged with nine lozenges fess-wise argent. CREST: Two bulls' horns, the dexter gules and the sinister or.

LYNCH (Engl., Flanders, N. Y.) G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

MANE (Boston.) Per chevron flory, sable and or; the sable charged with three bezants or; the or charged with a branch raguly sable.

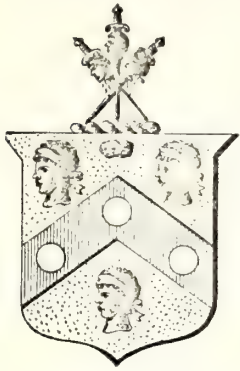
MARTIN (Long Island.) B. Sable, on a chevron argent, between 3 crescents or, a mascle gules. CREST: A demi-lion rampant, holding a crescent of the field.



MIDCOT, or MIDDLECOTT (Boston.) B. Azure, an eagle argent; on a chief gules, 4 escallops or. CREST: A demi-eagle displayed ermine, holding in the beak an escallop or.

MORRIS (U. S.) B. Sable, a lion passant guardant between three scaling ladders argent. CREST: A castle argent.

MORRIS (Phila.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.



MORRISON (Engl., U. S.) Or, on a chevron gules, between three blackamoors' faces turbanned argent, three plates; in chief, a stone proper. CREST: Three swords plunged to the hilt in three blackamoors' heads, embued gules; the swords argent, garnished or, two saltire-wise and one in pale, points downward.

MOSELY (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

MOUNT (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Or, on a mount vert, a lion rampant gules.

MOUNTFORT (Boston.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

McADAMS (Boston.) Gules, 3 cross-crosslets fitchée argent.

McCALL (U. S.) Gules, a fess chequy argent and sable, surmounting two arrows in saltire argent, points upward, all between 3 buckles of the same; within a bordure dancettée or.

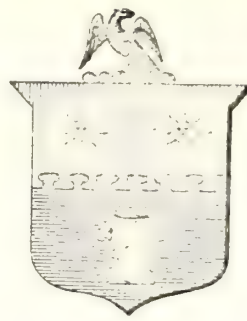
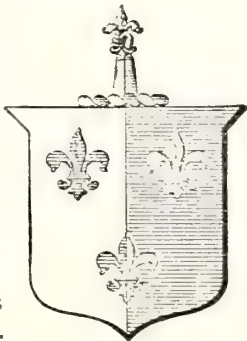
NELSON (U. S.) B. Per pale argent and azure, 3 fleurs-de-lys counter-changed. CREST: A cubic arm vested per pale, argent and azure, the hand proper, holding a fleur-de-lys argent.

NORRIS (U. S.) B. Argent, on a chevron gules between three birds' heads erased sable, a mullet or. CREST: A bird's head of the arms.

NORTON (Boston.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

OTTIS (U. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

PATRICK (N. Y., Scotl.) Argent, a saltire sable between a cinquefoil in chief, and a crescent in base; on each side a griffin's head erased gules; on a chief engrailed of the second three roses of the field. CREST: A dexter hand proper holding a saltire sable.



PEABODY (Phila.) Per fess nebulée gules and azure; the gules charged with two suns in their splendor proper; the azure charged with a robe or tunic argent. CREST: An eagle regardant.

PEASE (U. S.) Per pale argent and gules; an eagle displayed counterchanged.

CREST: An eagle's head erased proper; in its beak a branch of sweet-peas vert.

PECK (N. Y.) G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

PELL (Boston.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

PEMBERTON (U. S.) B. Argent, a chevron between three buckets sable, hoops and handle, or. CREST: A dragon's head vert, the necks or.

PENNINGTON (New Jersey.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

PEYSTER DE (N. Y.) G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

PHELPS (N. Y.) G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

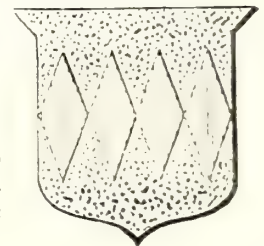
PHILLIPS (Boston.) B. Argent, a lion rampant sable ducally gorged and chained or. CREST: The lion as in arms.

PHIPS (Boston.) B. Sable, a trefoil, within an orle of 8 mullets ermine.

PICKMAN (Boston.) B. Gules, 2 pole-axes in saltire or, between 4 martlets argent.

PINKNEY (Boston.) B. Or, four fusils conjoined in fess, gules.

PLATT (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Argent, on a chevron sable between three ogresses (pellets), each charged with an escallop or, three mascles of the last.

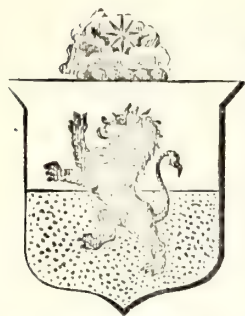


POLHEMUS (Holl., N. Y.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

POMEROY (U. S.) G.-M., B. Or, a lion rampant gules within a bordure invected sable. CREST: A lion sejant holding an apple or.

POOL or POOLE (Boston.) B. Azure semée of fleurs-de-lys or, a lion rampant argent; on the dexter canton a mullet. CREST: Out of a ducal coronet, a griffin's head argent.

PORTER (N. Y.) G.-M., B. (AMERICA HERALDICA D.) Per chevron sable and argent, three church bells counterchanged.



POWELL (U. S.) B. Per fess argent and or; a lion rampant gules. CREST: An estoile of 8 points, each ray per pale gules and argent; the estoile issuing out of clouds proper.

POWNALL (Boston.) B. Argent a lion rampant. CREST: A lion's gamb (paw) erect and erased

proper, grasping a key argent, from which a chain is reflexed of the last.

PRICE (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Gules, a lion rampant, argent.

PRINCE (Boston.) See AMERICA HERALDICA D. B. Gules, a saltire or, in chief a cross engrailed ermine. CREST: Out of a ducal coronet or, a cubit arm habited gules, cuffed ermine, holding in the hand proper 3 pine apples of the first, stalked and leaved vert.

RAPELVE or RAPELJE, formerly DE RAPALIE; (France, Switzerland, Belgium, New York.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

RAWLE (U. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

REMSEN (N. Y.) G.-M. Quartered, 1st argent, two arms in armor, the hands proper placed pale ways; 2nd and 3d: vert two swans proper, swimming in a pond; 4th argent, a garb vert. CREST: An eagle's head proper.

REMSEN, formerly VAN DER BEECK (Holl., N. Y.) Or, a fess wavy azure. CREST: A mullet or, between two ostrich feathers or and argent.

RENSSELAER VAN (Gueldre, N. Y.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

RICHARDS (Boston.) B. AMERICA HERALDICA D. Argent, four lozenges conjoined in fess gules; in chief and in base a bar sable.

RIPLEY (U. S.) B. Argent a chevron dove-tailed between three lions rampant gules, each lion holding an escutcheon azure with a bordure argent. CREST: A demi-leopard proper, ducally gorged or.

ROLLINS (U. S.) Sable, three swords argent ranged fessways. CREST: An arm in armor holding a scimitar.

ROOSEVELT (N. Y.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SALTONSTALL (Boston.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SANDFORD (U. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SANDFORD (U. S., Paris.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SAUER (N. Y.) Azure, a bend sinister wavy argent between three mullets or, two on the dexter side and one on the sinister side. CREST: A mullet or.

SAYWARD (Boston.) Gules, on a fess argent between two chevronels ermine, three leopard's faces of the field. CREST: A leopard's face gules.

SAVAGE (New Jersey.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SCHERMERHORN (N. Y.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SCHUYLER (N. Y.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SEWALL (Boston.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SHIPPEN (Phila.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SHRIMPTON (Boston.) Argent, on a cross sable, five escallops of the first. CREST: A demi-lion holding an escallop argent.

SIMS (Phila.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SMYTH (U. S.) B. Sable, on a chevron engrailed, between six cross crosslets fitchée argent, 3 fleurs-de-lys azure.

SOHIER (Jersey, Boston, orig. from French Cambrasis). Gules, a mullet argent. CREST: A cross or, between two stag's horns proper.

STANSBURY (U. S.) Per pale argent and or, a lion rampant sable, between three torteaux. CREST: A lion rampant sable.

STEBBINS or STEBBING (Engl., U. S.) Argent, a griffin azure, between three crosses gules.

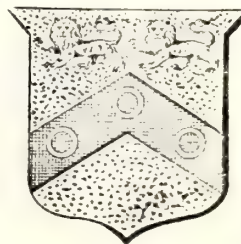
STODDARD (Boston.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

STREET (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Vert, a fess between three horses courant argent.

STUYVESANT (N. Y., orig from Frise.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SUMNER (Mass.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

SWELLING (Boston.) Gules, three griffin's heads erased, argent; on a chief engrailed ermine, a mullet gules pierced of the third.



TAYLOR (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Or, on a chevron sable, 3 annulets argent, in chief two lions passant guardant, of the 2nd.

TAYLOR (Boston.) Per saltire or and gules, an eagle displayed counter-changed. CREST: A demi-eagle displayed and double headed gules in each beak a cross or.



THATCHER (Boston.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

THORNE (Engl., U. S.) B. Argent, a fess between 3 lions rampant azure. CREST: A lion of the field.

TILESTONE or **TILLOTSON** (Boston.) B. Azure, a bend coticed, between two gules or. CREST: Out of a mural crown, a greyhound's head.

TILGHMAN (U. S.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

TOMSON (U. S., France). Quarterly: 1st and 4th, gules, a leopard between three cross crosslets or; 2nd and 3d, or, a fess between three martlets sable. CREST: A lion or gorged vert.

TYLER (Mass.) G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

TYLER (Boston). G.-M. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

WADE (Boston.) Azure, a saltire between 4 escallops or. CREST: An hippopotamus.

WAINWRIGHT (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

WAINWRIGHT (N. Y.) G.-M., B. Argent, a chevron azure between three hearts gules, each charged with a fleur-de-lys of the field.

WALTER (Ireland, Mass.) Azure, a fess, indented or between three eagles displayed argent. CREST: A lion's head erased argent.

WARD (N. Y.) G.-M., B. See AMERICA HERALDICA.

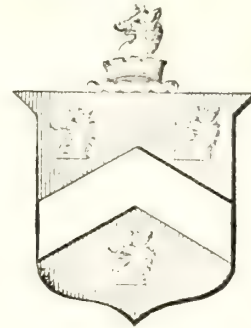
WASHINGTON (U. S.) Argent, two bars gules, in chief 3 mullets of the 2nd. CREST: Out of a ducal coronet or, a demi-raven sable, wings endorsed.

WATMOUGH (U. S.) Sable, a chevron or, between three fleurs-de-lys argent. CREST: An arm in armour embossed, the hand grasping a sword in pale.

WEBB (N. Y.) Gules, a cross coupé or.

WHEELWRIGHT (Boston). Ermine, on a fess azure, between three wolves' heads erased sable, 3 tor-teaux(?) CREST: A wolf's head of the 3d.

WENDEL (N. Y.) AMERICA HERALDICA. (*Quite different.*)



WHITE (Boston). B. Gules, a chevron between three boars' heads argent. CREST: Issuing out of a mural crown, a boar's head.

WIBOND formerly **WYBORN** (Boston). Sable, a fess or, between three swans argent, beaked and membered gules. CREST: A dragon's head.

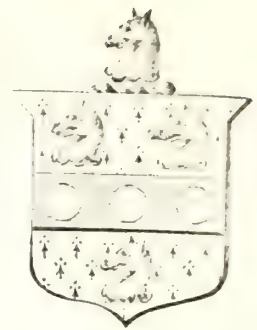
WILLIAMS (U. S.) Or (gules), on a chief azure 2 falcons rising argent. CREST: A falcon rising argent, its dexter claw placed on a globe argent, hooped or.

WILLING (U. S.) Sable, a hand grasping 3 blunt arrows point downwards; two saltireways and one in pale, argent.

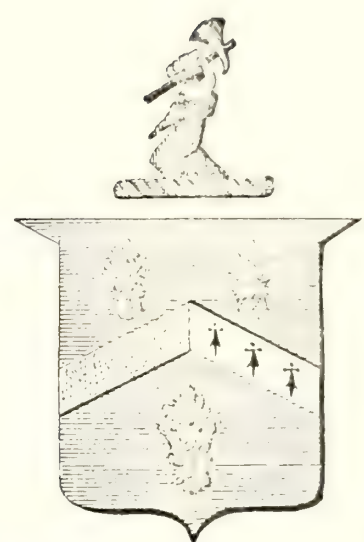
WINSLOW (Boston). See AMERICA HERALDICA.

WINTHROP (Mass.) See AMERICA HERALDICA.

WYCK VAN (N. Y.) Same arms as Van Asch van Wyck (Utrecht, En. Feby. 26, 1833). See AMERICA HERALDICA.



America.



ARMS: Azure, a chevron per pale or and ermine between three garbs of the second.
CREST: A dexter arm embowed, habited gules, in the hand proper a tomahawk.

Mary eldest Daur: of William MILES of St. Andrew's Parish Berkley County, Gent: Ob. May 1761 æt 34 circa, bur'd. the 25 Jan^y. the Parish of St. Bartholomew in province of South Carolina

HEYWARD of St. Andrew's Parish Co: aforesaid July 1769.

Anne, young^t. Daur of John GIGNILLIAT (Sister of Elizabeth HEYWARD) mar'd. 30 Jan^y. 1765 in Granville County, living July 1769.

3. John HEYWARD of St. Luke's Parish in Granville County aforesaid Esq^r. born 16 of May 1726, living July 1769.

Elizabeth Daur: of Thomas Wigg of the Island of Port Royal in South Carolina mar'd. there, living July 1769.

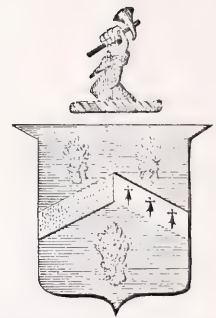
Thomas HEYWARD born 28 July 1746 in Granville County of the Middle Temple, unmarried.
Nathaniel. Hester. Mary. these three Died Infants buried in Granville County.

Other Children died Infants

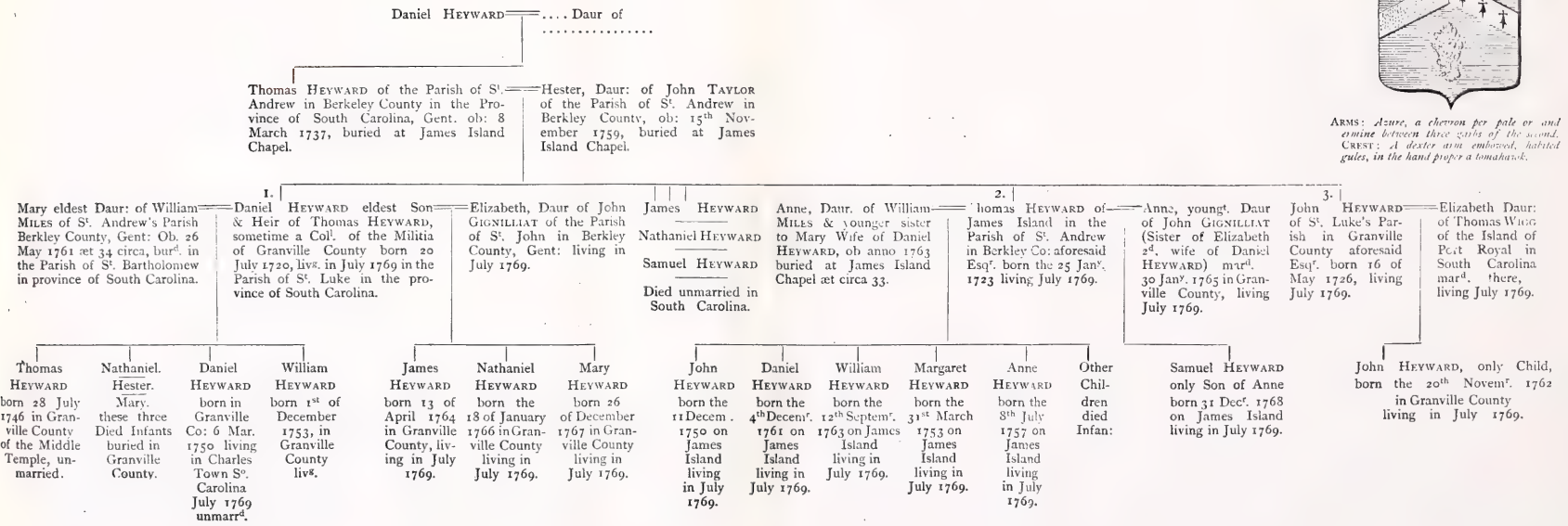
Samuel HEYWARD only Son of Anne born 31 Dec^r. 1768 on James Island living in July 1769.

John HEYWARD, only Child, born the 20th Novem^r. 1762 in Granville County living in July 1769.

Heyward, of South Carolina, United States of America.



ARMS: Azure, a chevron per pale or and argent between three crosses of the second. CREST: A dexter arm embowed, habited gules, in the hand proper a tomahawk.



LONDON HERALDS' COLLEGE

ROYAL LETTERS PATENT GRANTING ARMS TO THE HEYWARDS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

-1768-

TO all and Singular to whom these presents shall come, Stephen Martin Leake, Esquire, Garter Principal King of Arms, and Sir Charles Townley, Knt. Clarenceux King of Arms of the South, East and West parts of England from the River Trent Southwards, send greeting: Whereas those ancient Badges or Ensigns of Gentility commonly called or known by the name of Arms have heretofore been and still are continued to be, conferred upon deserving Persons, to distinguish them from the common Sort of People, who neither can, or may pretend to, use them without lawful authority: And Whereas THOMAS HEYWARD of the Middle Temple, London, Gent; Eldest Son and Heir of DANIEL HEYWARD, of the Parish of St. Luke in Granville County in the Province of *South Carolina*, Esquire, by Mary his wife, Daughter of William Miles of the Parish of St. Andrew in Berkeley County in the Province aforesaid Gent: and Grandson of THOMAS HEYWARD of the said Parish of St. Andrew, Gentleman, deceased, hath represented unto the Right Honorable Richard, Earl of Scarbrough, Deputy (with the Royal approbation) to the most Noble Edward Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England, That, his Family have long used a Coat-of-Arms and Crest, but not being able through the Incidents of Time and Distance from the Mother Country, to ascertain their connection with any Family of the name recorded in the Heralds' Office; and being unwilling to use any Ensigns of Honor without lawful authority, did therefore request the favor of his Lordship's Warrant for Our granting and Confirming to him and his Descendants, and to the Descendants of his Grandfather THOMAS HEYWARD above named, such Arms and Crest as he and they may lawfully bear and use: And foreasmuch as his Lordship did, by Warrant under his Hand and and Seal bearing Date the twenty-sixth day of November last past, direct and authorize us to grant and assign unto the said

DANIEL HEYWARD, Father of the aforesaid, THOMAS HEYWARD, such Arms and Crest accordingly, the same to be borne by him the said DANIEL HEYWARD and his Descendants, and also by the Descendants of his Father THOMAS HEYWARD before mentioned Know Ye therefore, that we the said Garter and Clarenceux, in pursuance of the Consent of the said Earl of Scarbrough, and by Virtue of the Letters Patent of Our Several Offices, to Each of Us respectively granted under the great Seal of Great Britain, have granted, and do, by these Presents assign unto the said THOMAS HEYWARD the Arms following, that is to say, Azure, a Chevron per Pale Or and Ermine between three Garbs of the Second, and for the Crest, On a Wreath of the Colours, a dexter Arm embowed, habited Gules, in the Hand proper, a Tomahawk, as the same are, in the margin hereof, more plainly depicted*; to be borne and used for Ever hereafter by him the said THOMAS HEYWARD, and his Descendants, by the said DANIEL HEYWARD and his Descendants and also by the Descendants of THOMAS HEYWARD, Father of the said DANIEL HEYWARD, with their due and proper Differences, according to the ancient Practice and Custom of Arms, without the Let or Interruption of any Person or Persons whatsoever. In witness whereof, We the said Garter and Clarenceux King of Arms have to these Presents subscribed Our Names, and affixed the Seals of Our several offices this First Day of December, in the Ninth Year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord George the third by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith &c.: and in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand, Seven Hundred and Sixty Eight.

S. MARTIN LEAKE, *Garter.**Principal King of Arms.*CARLES TOWNLEY, *Clarenceux,*
King of Arms.[*Specially communicated by the L. H. C.*]

* See pedigree

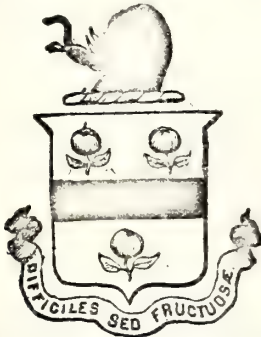
THE BOOK OF AMERICAN PEDIGREES.

Appleton.

APPLETON, WILLIAM CHANNING, LL.B., of Roxbury, Massachusetts, born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1812, succeeded in 1859 his brother, Charles Tilden Appleton in the Male Representation of the family of Appleton,* originally of Little Waldingfield, County Suffolk, England.

Mr. William Channing Appleton married Mary Ann L. Smith, daughter of William Smith, of Boston.

He had [at the date of publication of the last document concerning the family] no male issue, so that the heir presumptive to the Male Representation to the Appleton family will be found in the line of Mr. William Channing Appleton's grandfather's second son Charles Henderson Appleton, born in 1784.



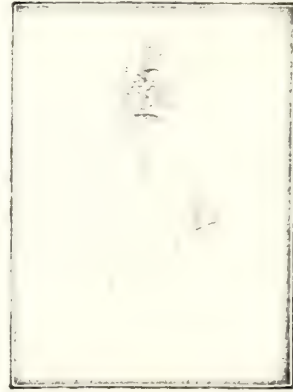
ARMS: *Argent, a fess sable between three apples gules, slipped and leaved vert. CREST:* *An elephant's head couped sable, tusked and eared or; round the trunk a serpent entering the mouth vert. MOTTOES:* Besides the one given above the following mottoes were used by various branches of the APPLETON family in America: *Ex malo bonum—Malis fortiter obsta—Ne cede malis—Sursum prorsum.*

LINEAGE.

This old family traces back its origin to the Appultons of Great and Little (magna and parva) Waldingfield, in County Suffolk, England. A number of inscriptions found in that

* This statement is based upon the latest published documents concerning the Appleton family in America. If any changes [deaths, births, etc.], have taken place since then (1874), it will be easy for the reader to complete this pedigree to date.

old book, Weever's "Antient Funeral Monuments" (London, 1631), furnish us with clear documents dating as far back as Henry IV. (1416). Gough's "Sepulchral Antiquities" con-



OTHER CREST used by the APPLETON family: *Out of a ducal coronet or, three pine-apples vert, the tops purpled gold.*

tains also several tombstone inscriptions referring to the early generations of Appultons or Appletons of Waldingfield. But Weever collected his inscriptions in 1630 or thereabouts, the latter book of inscriptions being mostly copied from him. At what time these monumental inscriptions were destroyed, it is now impossible to ascertain. Many of them used to be cut in brass inlaid in the stone, and at the time of the civil wars, when churches were converted into barracks, an immense number of these inscriptions were stolen for the value of the brass. Contemporary documents state that in June, 1644, the Earl of Manchester ordered all gravestones or brasses bearing the Romish inscription, *Orate pro anima* (pray for his soul) to be destroyed.

An interesting relic in Little Waldingfield church is the helmet part of a leather gerkin or apron, surmounted with a coronet with three pomgrenates as a crest (see illustration). It seems to date from an early period of the Appulton or Appleton pedigree.

The etymology of the name is explained as follows in most Anglo-Saxon dictionaries: AEPL, APL, APPEL—an apple; TUN—a hedge, garden.

The Harleian MS. No. 1196, folio 167 a., a folded sheet, written about the time of James I. or Charles I., furnishes us with dates confirming the "Antient Funeral Monuments" by Weever.

I. JOHN APULTON of Waldingfield Magna, gentleman, was living in the 19th year of Richard II. (1396) and died in the second year of Henry V. (1414). There is some discrepancy in the dates as given in the following tombstone inscription:

"John Apulton of Waldingfield magna. . . ob. anno 14 of Hen. IV. 1416; three apples gules, leaves and stalks vert."

II. JOHN APULTON of Waldingfield parva, son of the preceding, was living in the 37th

Margaretta obiit 4 die Julij anno dom. 1568. quorum. . ."

IV. JOHN APULTON of Waldingfield parva. This may have been a brother of the above (according to Mr. Almack's pedigree), but, following the Harleian MS., we find him to have been the son and heir of John (III.) and to have taken as his second wife Alice, dau. and co-heir of Thomas Malchier, of Waldingfield magna, and of Amy, his wife. He died in the 9th year of Henry II. (1493). His son and heir,



VIEW of the CHURCH of LITTLE WALDINGFIELD, Co. Suffolk, England.

year of Henry VI. (1459). He confirmed lands to his eldest son (III.) and to his son's wife. He was succeeded by said son,

III. JOHN APULTON of Waldingfield parva. He married Margaret, dau. of Richard Wel- linge, and died in the 21st year of Edward IV. (1481). Weever gives the following inscription concerning both husband and wife:

"Orate pro animabus Johannis Appul- ton, et Margarete vxoris eius, qui quidem Johannes obiit 9 die April- lis, anno domini 1481. et predicta

John, died without issue. The family Repre- sentation went over to the second son of John (III.),

V. THOMAS APPULTON of Waldingfield magna. He married Margaret Crane, and died in 1507. His brass reads as follows:

"Orate pro anima Thome Appulton de Waldingfeeld magna qui Thomas ab hac luce migravit, 4 die Octob. ann. dom. 1507."

The inscription upon his wife's tombstone reads:

"Orate pro anima Margerie Appulton, que obiit 4 die Nouemb. anno. dom. 1504. cuius anime proprietur Altissimus. Amen."

There was a third son of John (III.), Thomas Appilton, citizen and draper of London, who has no place in this pedigree. The line continues with the eldest son of Thomas (V.),

VI. ROBERT APPULTON of Waldingfield parva, who married Marie Mountney, and died in the 17th year of Henry VIII. (1526). Their brass reads:

"Orate pro animabus Roberti Appulton generosi, et Marie vxoris eius, qui quidem Robertus obiit 27 Augusti 1526. quorum. . . Amen."

In Little Waldingfield church is the portrait in brass of Mary Mountney, wife of this Robert (VI.), with two shields of arms, one bearing Appleton quartering Crane and impaling Mountney; the other bearing Mountney alone.

Robert was succeeded by the elder of his two sons,

VII. WILLIAM APPULTON of Waldingfield parva, who married Rose, dau. and heir of Robert Sexton of Lavenham, gentleman. He died in 1538. He was succeeded by his only son,

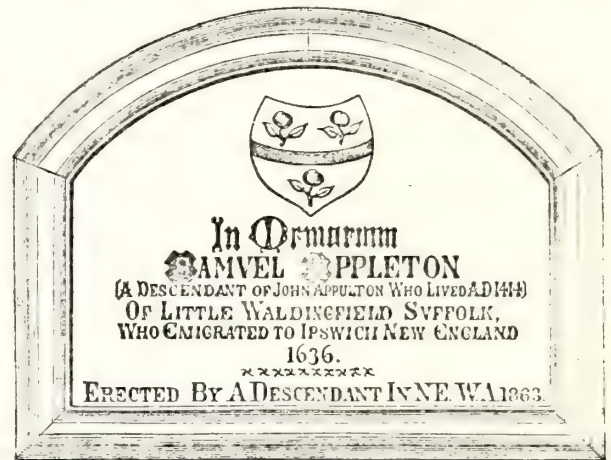
VIII. THOMAS APPELTON of Waldingfield parva, who married Mary, dau. and co-heir of Edward Isaack of Patricksburne, Kent. He died in London in 1603 (in Harleian MS., 1196, fol. 167, b.), leaving four sons and three daughters. Another daughter had died in 1587 (or 1578). He was the father of the founder of the American family of Appletons, of whom anon. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

IX. SIR ISAAC APPLETON, Knight, of Little Waldingfield, who was born in 1576. It has been asserted on tradition, that he received the honor of Knighthood on the field of battle, while in the service of Henry IV. of France at the siege of Paris, in 1590. But as he was then too young to have been thus engaged, he was probably the "Sir Isaac Appleton, of Essex," mentioned by Nichols as having been knighted at Whitehall by James I., July 23, 1603. He married Mary, the "unfortunate daughter" of Anthony Cage, Esq., of Longstowe, Cambridgeshire, in 1599, and died in Waldingfield, Sept. 14, 1608. His wife survived him and married a second time. Sir Isaack was succeeded by his eldest son,

X. ISAAC APPLETON of Holbrook, who married Mary Allington, widow of Sir Robert Crane. He died without issue and the Representation of the family went to the fourth son of Thomas (VIII.) and his descendance to this day. This fourth son of Thomas (VIII.)—the first American Appleton,—was

XI. SAMUEL APPLETON, born in 1586, at Little Waldingfield, Suffolk County, England. His name first appears, in this country, among the persons who took the freeman's oath, 25th, of 3d month (May), 1636. "He, with three others, Robert Keane, Henry Flint, and Daniel Maude, out of sixty-two persons then admitted, had the honorary prefix of *Mr.* The two latter were clerical."

The title of *Mr.* was then applied to the class designated by the appellation of *gentlemen*. There is probably no better definition of what has become a very indefinite expression, than that made by Sir Thomas Smith, L. L. D., Secretary to Edward and Elizabeth, in his "Commonwealth of England," written in 1565,



TABLET erected to the memory of SAMUEL APPLETON in the church of Little Waldingfield, Suffolk, England, by William Appleton, Esq., of Boston, U. S. A.

p. 55.; "As for gentlemen, they be made a good cheape in England, for whosoever studieth in the laws of the realm, who studieth in the Universities, who professeth liberal sciences, and to be short, who can live idly, and without manual labor, and will bear the port, charge and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called Master, for that is the title which men give to Esquires and other gentlemen, and shall be taken for a gentleman."

Samuel appears to have contemplated an earlier emigration, and we infer so from a letter of Governor Winthrop, to his son at Groton, dated August 14th, 1630, and written shortly after his arrival. Every circumstance shows conclusively that his emigration must have been prompted by religious motives, as a Puritan. He settled at Ipswich, where he had a grant of lands. A large portion of his original farm is still in the possession of his descendants.

He was Deputy at the General Court, 17th May, 1637, and was chosen with Captain Daniel Dennison to assist at the particular Court at Ipswich. He was also present at the Court on the 26th September, same year, but was not chosen to the new Court, which met on the 2d of November following. We are informed by Backus, in his "History of New England," of the cause of his being left out. The former Court refused to support the views of the Synod at Newton, which condemned eighty-two errors in religion, as connected with Mrs. Hutchinson and her party. A new Court was chosen, better disposed to sustain the intolerant views of the time, which banished Mrs. Hutchinson and several others. This dismissal from public life, under these circumstances, is honorable to him, and he does not afterwards appear to have been elected or appointed to any office.

Samuel Appleton married Mary Everard, or Everett, according to Farmer. Nothing farther is known of her, than that the family of Everard was a highly respectable one in the County of Suffolk. She accompanied her husband with their five children, to this country. He died June 1670, at Rowley, Massachusetts, where he was buried, and where it is probable he had resided with his daughter, Mrs. Phillips, during the latter part of his life. By Mary Everard he had the following children:

1. Judith, b. 1618, m. Samuel Rogers, of Ipswich, brother of John Rogers, President of Harvard College.
2. Martha, b. 1620, m. Richard Jacob, of Ipswich.
3. John (his successor).
4. Samuel, b. 1625. (Founder of the Senior cadet branch.)
5. Sarah, b. 1629, m. the Rev. Samuel Phillips, of Rowley.

He was succeeded in the Representation of the family by his eldest son,

XII. JOHN APPLETON, born in 1622, at Little Waldingfield, who came to New England with his parents, at thirteen years of age.

He was Deputy to the General Court, as Lieutenant John Appleton, from 1656 to 1664, when he received the title of Captain, and was Deputy by that title, during the years 1665-67-69-70-71-74-78.

In the year 1687, during the administration of Sir Edmund Andros, the town of Ipswich, determined to resist his arbitrary measures in "that ill mode of raising money without a General Assembly." This was decided on at a meeting of several of the principal inhabitants assembled at the house of Mr. John

Appleton, the evening before the town meeting called for the purpose of carrying the illegal edict into effect.

On the 17th September, a warrant was issued for the apprehension of John Wise of Chebacco, together with Thomas French, John Andrews, Sr., John Appleton (probably the eldest son of the John Appleton who is the subject of this paragraph), and divers other disaffected and evil disposed persons. These persons, were brought to answer for it without privilege of habeas corpus, to a Court at Boston, before Joseph Dudley of Roxbury, Mr. Stoughton of Dorchester, John Usher and Edward Randolph, Judges, where the parties were severally sentenced: John Appleton (the son probably of John XII.) not to bear office, a fine of 50. money, to pay cost, and enter into a thousand pound bond for good behaviour for one year.

John Appleton died in 1699. His will is dated February 16th, 1697-8. He m. in 1651, Priscilla Glover, daughter of Rev. Jose Glover, at whose charge was established the first printing press in America. The children were:—

1. John (his successor).
2. Elizabeth, b. 1654, m. Richard Dummer, Jr., in 1673. He was the son of Richard Dummer of Newbury.
3. Samuel.
4. Priscilla, born 1657. m. Rev. Joseph Capen of Tospfield.
5. Jose, born 1660. He was a merchant of Boston, where he died a bachelor in 1721, leaving his property to his nephew, Nathaniel Appleton, the minister at Cambridge.
6. Sarah, b. 1671, m. Daniel Rogers.
7. Mary, born 1673, m. Nathaniel Thomas of Marshfield.

John Appleton (XII.) was succeeded in the Representation of the family by his eldest son,

XIII. JOHN APPLETON, born 1652. It appears by the proceedings of Sir Edmund Andros vs. the Town of Ipswich, that he was town-clerk at the meeting above mentioned, on the 23d August, 1687, and some circumstances make it probable that he was the person imprisoned and fined, and not his father. He was Deputy to the General Court in 1697, with the title of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was of the Council from 1698 to 1702; from 1706 to 1715; and from 1720 to 1722. He was for many years Judge of Probate, and sustained through life a most excellent character. His death gave occasion to two funeral sermons, one by the Rev. John Rogers, entitled, "The Perfect and upright Man characterized and recommended;" another by the Rev. Nathaniel

Rogers, entitled, "The Character, Commendation, and Reward of a Faithful Servant of Jesus Christ."

He m. Elizabeth Rogers, November 23d, 1681. She was daughter of President Rogers, was born 1663, and died 1754. John Appleton died in 1739. His children were:—

1. Elizabeth, b. 1682, who m. the Rev. Jabez Fitch.
2. Daniel (who succeeded him).
3. Rev. Nathaniel, D. D. (whose descendants hold the family Representation).
4. Priscilla, born 1697, m. the Rev. Robert Ward of Wenham, died 1724.
5. Margaret, b. 1701, who m. the Rev. Edward Holyoke, President of Harvard College.

He was succeeded by his eldest son.

XV. DANIEL APPLETON, generally known as *Colonel* Daniel Appleton. He was born in 1695, m. in 1715, Elizabeth Berry, and was Register of Probate at Ipswich. He had three sons who died before him, leaving no male issue, so that the Representation of the family devolved upon his brother,

XVI. The Rev. NATHANIEL APPLETON, D. D., who was born at Ipswich, December 9th, 1693, and graduated at Harvard College in 1712. In 1717 he was ordained at Cambridge, and continued in the ministry there sixty-six years. He exercised a powerful influence in the church, the college, and also in the state, having been a strenuous whig during the Revolution. For more than sixty years, he was a fellow of Harvard College, and in 1771, received from that institution a diploma of D. D., an honor which it had never conferred, except on Increase Mather, eighty years before. He died February 9th, 1784.

Nathaniel Appleton married Margaret Bibbs, who was born 1700, and died 1771. Their children were:—

1. Margaret, b. 1720, m. the Rev. Joshua Prentiss of Holliston.
2. Elizabeth, b. 1725, m. Isaac Rand of Cambridge.
3. Mehitable, b. 1728. She married the Rev. Dr. Samuel Haven of Portsmouth.
4. Nathaniel (who succeeded his father).
5. Henry b. 1737, m. Sarah Odiorne, d. 1768. He was a merchant of Portsmouth.
6. John, b. 1739.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XVII. NATHANIEL APPLETON, b. 1731. He was a merchant of Boston. He was a member of the first Committee of Correspondence, and a zealous patriot during the Revolutionary struggle. From an early period of the Revolution until his death, he held the office of

Commissioner of Loans. He corresponded with most of the eminent men of his day, and, with James Swan, distinguished himself in writing against the slave trade, from 1766 to 1773. His first wife was Mary Walker; his second Rachel Henderson. He d. 1798. His children were, by his first wife:

1. Nathaniel Walker (who succeeded him).
- By his second wife:

2. John of Cambridge, b. 1758, m. Fairweather. He was formerly Consul at Calais. His son, John James, was employed in a diplomatic capacity in the service of the United States, and later resided at Havre.

3. Mary, b. 1760, m. Samuel Emory of Philadelphia.

4. Thomas, b. 1763. He was Consul at Leghorn, where he died unmarried, in 1840.

5. Charlotte, b. 1766, m. Thomas Perkins of Boston.

6. Elizabeth, b. 1768, m. Thomas Lane of London.

7. George Washington, b. 1775, d. 1795, on the North-west coast of America.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XVIII. NATHANIEL WALKER APPLETON, b. 1755, m. Sarah Greenleaf, d. 1795. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and a Physician of Boston highly esteemed, whose early death was the subject of general regret. By Sarah Greenleaf he had the following children:—

1. Nathaniel Walker (his successor).
2. Charles Henderson, b. 1784.
3. Mary, b. 1789, m. John Welsh Foster, of Portsmouth,
4. William Greenleaf, b. 1791.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XIX. NATHANIEL WALKER APPLETON, who was born in 1783. He married first Sarah Tilden, who died in 1816. From that marriage he had:

1. Sarah Elizabeth, b. in 1807, m. to Solomon P. Miles.
2. Charles Tilden (his successor).
3. Nathaniel Greenleaf, b. 1810, d. 1817.
4. William Channing (who succeeded his brother in the Representation of the family).
5. Emily Ellsworth, b. 1814, d. 1821.

From his second marriage with Mary Green, Nathaniel Walker Appleton had:—

6. Francis Parker, b. 1822.
7. George Herman, b. 1831.

He died in 1848 and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XX. CHARLES TILDEN APPLETON, born in 1809. He married, 1st: Catharine Lawrence and had from her three daughters. From his

second marriage with Mary G. Parker, he had four daughters.

Upon his death in 1859, the Representation of the Family devolved upon his brother.

XXI. WILLIAM CHANNING APPLETON, L. L. B., of Roxbury, Massachusetts. [*See first paragraph of this pedigree.*]

SENIOR CADET LINE.

APPLETON, JOSEPH D., born at Ipswich, Massachusetts, March 9th, 1819, succeeded in 1853, his grand-father Isaac Appleton, of Dublin, New Hampshire, in the Male Representation of the senior cadet branch of the Appleton family, issued from the younger son of the emigrant.*

Mr. Joseph D. Appleton settled in Amboy, Illinois. From his marriage with he had:

1. Samuel E. Appleton; 2 Abby R. Appleton; 3. Maria N. Appleton; 4. Isaac G. Appleton; 5. A daughter, born in 1854.

The heir apparent to the Male Representation of the Senior cadet branch of the Appleton family is Mr. Samuel E. Appleton, above mentioned.

LINEAGE.

[*For lineage until and including the Emigrant, see LINEAGE OF THE MAIN LINE.*]

XII. SAMUEL APPLETON, the second son of Samuel (XI.), (the emigrant) was born at Waldenfield, 1624, and came to New England with his father, at the age of eleven years. He was Deputy to the General Court, under the title of Lieutenant Samuel Appleton, in 1668; and in 1669-71, in company with his brother, Captain John; again, in 1673 and 1675, by himself.

In this last year, the Indian War, called King Phillip's war, broke out. On the Massachusetts files is the following record, 1675:—"On 24th September ordered, that a commission be issued forth to Captain Samuel Appleton, to command a foot company of 100 men." His destination was the frontier towns on the Connecticut river, where Captain Lathrop's Company was destroyed on the 18th September. On the 4th of October he was appointed "Commander in

Chief of the army in those parts, by whose industry, skill, and courage," says Hubbard, his neighbor, "those towns were preserved from running the same fate with the rest, wholly or in part so lately turned into ashes."

On the 19th of October, a violent assault was made upon Hatfield by 700 or 800 Indians, who were repulsed after a sharp conflict, as described by Hubbard, who says, "Major Appleton's sergeant was mortally wounded just by his side, another bullet passing through his own hair, by that whisper telling him that death was very near, but did him no other harm."

After placing small garrisons in the towns on the river, he prepared for the expedition then fitting out for the Narragansett country, in which he had the command of the Massachusetts forces, consisting of six companies of foot and troop of horse, in all 527 men. These were placed under his command at Dedham, December 9th, 1675; and with the Plymouth and Connecticut troops, making up the number of 1000 men, were under the command of General Winslow. Nothing could show the alarm of New England, at the deeply organized plan of Phillip, more than the undertaking this expedition at this severe season of the year. In the bloody action of the 19th of December, 1675, and the capture of the Narragansett fort, Massachusetts lost 110 men, killed and wounded. The troops returned to Boston, and Major Appleton seems then to have left the service.

In October, 1776, he was appointed to proceed to Piscataqua, with the full command of an expedition, then fitting out for that place, but he seems to have declined the appointment.

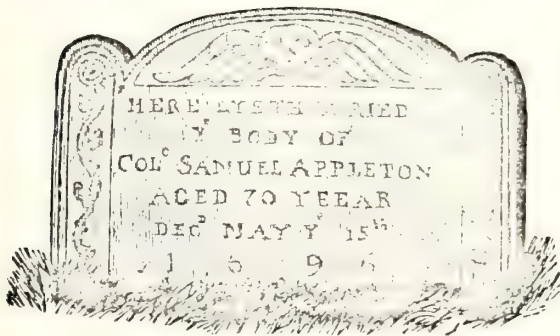
He was chosen to the Council as Assistant in 1681, in which office he continued until the appointment of Sir Edmund Andros as Governor-General in 1686. In Edward Randolph's letter giving the characters of the leading men of Massachusetts, he is placed amongst the factious: "in other words, the supporters of the rights of the colonists. On the deposition of Sir Edmund Andros, his name appears in the Council, called to the Provisional Government of the Colony. He was of the Council named in the charter of William and Mary, in 1692.

On the 19th of September 1687, three days after the order for the arrest of the select men of Ipswich, warrants were issued for the arrest of Dudley Bradstreet of Andover, Samuel Appleton of Ipswich, and Nathaniel Saltonstall, of Haverhill, as "persons factiously and seditiously inclined, and disaffected to his Majesty's government." On the 3d and 5th of October, two special warrants were issued for the apprehension of Samuel Appleton, by which it ap-

* This statement is based upon the latest published documents concerning the Appleton family in America. If any changes [deaths, births, etc.] have taken place since then (1874) it will be easy for the reader to complete the pedigree to date.

pears that he secreted himself, probably at the house of his son at Lynn. It was doubtless on this occasion that the scene occurred, referred to in Lewis's "History of Lynn" (1st edition), where he is represented as addressing the people from a rocky eminence, near the Lynn print and bleach works, which still goes by the name of Appleton's Pulpit.

At length, on the 19th of October, he was brought before the Governor and Council, by Thomas Larkin, Messenger, and "ordered to stand committed until he give bond in the sum of one thousand pounds to appear at the next Superior Court, at Salem, to answer what shall be objected against him, and in the mean time to be of good behaviour." This bond he refused to give; whereupon, at Council on the 30th of November, he was ordered to be imprisoned in Boston jail. Major Samuel Appleton was kept in prison till the Supreme Court at Salem, March 7th, 1688, when by giving bond for £1000 to appear at the next Court to sit there, and to be of regular behaviour, and pay reasonable charges, he was released. The bond was continued about six months longer, though nothing appeared against him.



TOMBSTONE of SAMUEL APPLETON, the second son of the emigrant, in the Ipswich, Mass., old churchyard.

Mr. John Appleton, of Cambridge, used to say that it was a tradition in the family, that on the imprisonment of Sir Edmund in 1689, and his confinement at the castle, Major Appleton was allowed the satisfaction of handing him into the boat which conveyed him off.

His will is dated April, 1695, and was proved May 25th, 1696. He divided the land included in the angle between Mill River and Mill Brook, embracing the whole original grant, between his four sons.

His first wife was Hannah Paine, daughter of William Paine, of Ipswich, afterwards of Boston, by whom he had the following children:

1. Hannah, b. 1752, m. William Downes, a merchant of Boston.

2. Judith, b. 1753, m. Samuel Wolcott, of Windsor, Conn.

3. Samuel, (who succeeded him).

Samuel Appleton's second wife was Mary Oliver, b. 1640, whom he married December 8th, 1656, when she was only sixteen. She was daughter of John Oliver, of Newbury, who was a Deputy in 1637, and died in 1642. Mary Oliver, who dying in 1698, survived him about two years. Samuel Appleton had from her the following children:

4. John, b. 1660.

5. Major Isaac. (In whose line the Representation of this branch of the family was to come later.)

6. Oliver, b. 1676.

7. Joannah, m. Matthew Whipple, of Ipswich. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XIII. SAMUEL APPLETON, b. 1654. From 1680 to 1688, he resided at Lynn, carrying on the iron works, called Hammersmith, of which three quarters were,—after a long litigation in which he resorted to the now obsolete process of attainting the jury,—awarded him by the Council in 1697. He afterwards removed to Boston, where he carried on the business of merchandise. He was chosen to the Council in 1703, and continued to be chosen to that office with some intermissions, until 1714, when it was filled by his cousin, John. In 1706-7-8-13-14, they were both of the Council, one of them being one of the two counsellors chosen for the Province at large.

He went as a Commissioner to Quebec, in 1706, for the purpose of bringing home the prisoners of war detained there. He returned to Boston, with the Rev. Mr. Williams, and fifty-six other redeemed captives. In 1707, he commanded a regiment in the unsuccessful expedition to Port Royal, under Colonel March. He dissented from the decision of the Council of War abandoning the enterprise. He married Elizabeth Whittingham, a descendant of the Rev. William Whittingham, Dean of Durham.

Samuel Appleton died October 30th, 1725, and was buried at Ipswich. His wife survived him and was subsequently married to the Rev. Edward Payson. His children were:—

1. Hannah, b. 1684, m. William Clark of Boston.

2. Martha, m. Joseph Wise, of Ipswich.

3. Samuel (who succeeded him).

4. Elizabeth, b. 1687, m. David Payson, of Rowley.

He was succeeded by his only surviving son,

XIV. SAMUEL APPLETON, who died in London, in December, 1728, of small-pox. He

married Anna Gerrish, daughter of John Gerrish. His will is on record in the Probate Office in Boston: By it, he leaves £1,000 to his wife, and his estate in Ipswich to his son if he arrives at the age of twenty-one years. The following obituary notice, appeared at the time:

"London, December 21st, 1728, on Sunday morning, died after eight days' illness, of small-pox, Mr. Samuel Appleton an eminent New England merchant, of ample fortune and great merit, and in the prime of life."

He was succeeded by the only son who survived him,

XV. SAMUEL APPLETON. He was born in Boston in 1726, m. Mary, daughter of John Wentworth, of Portsmouth, d. in London in February, 1769. His only son Samuel died at sea, before his father's demise and left no issue. Samuel (XV.) was succeeded in the Representation of his branch of the family by the great grandson of the Emigrant, son of Major Isaac Appleton (d. 1747) and of Priscilla Baker. This great grandson was,

XVI. ISAAC APPLETON, b. at Ipswich, 1704, m. first in 1730, to Elizabeth dau. of Francis Sawyer, of Wells whom he had:—

1. Isaac (his successor).
2. Francis, b. 1733.
3. Elizabeth, b. 1736, m. Samuel Bartlett, of Ipswich.
4. Samuel, b. 1739.
5. Thomas, b. 1741.
6. John, b. 1742.
7. Daniel, b. 1745.
8. William, b. 1747.
9. Mary, b. 1749, m. Mager Woodbury, of Ipswich.
10. Joseph, b. 1751.

Isaac Appleton (XVI.) married a second time. His wife was Hefhzebah Swain, widow of his cousin Joseph Appleton; from her he had no issue. He died in 1794 and was succeeded by his eldest son.

XVII. ISAAC APPLETON, generally called Deacon Isaac Appleton, born at Ipswich in 1731. He married in 1760, Mary, dau. of Joseph Adams, of Concord. Their children were:

1. Isaac (his successor).
2. Joseph, b. 1764.
3. Samuel, b. 1766.
4. Aaron, b. 1768.
5. Dorothy, b. 1770, m. David Everett.
6. Moses, b. 1773;
7. Mary, b. 1775, m. Joseph Barrett of New Ipswich.
8. Nathan, b. 1779.
9. Emily, b. 1781, m. Moses Jewett of Burlington, Vt.
10. Eben, b. 1784.

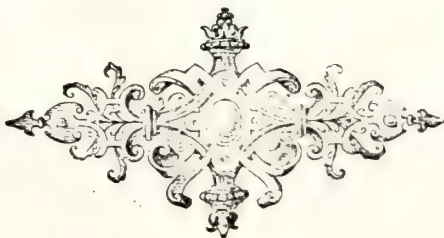
The deacon died in 1806 and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XVIII. ISAAC APPLETON, of Dublin, N. H., b. June 6, 1762, m. Sarah Twitchell, 1788. She was b. January 9, 1768, and d. March 28, 1828. Their children were:

1. Sarah, b. 1790, m. James B. Todd, of Byron, N. Y.
2. Joseph, b. 1791.
3. Emily, b. 1794, m. Samuel Estabrook, of New Ipswich.
4. David, b. 1796.
5. Mary, b. 1800, m. Cyrus B. Davis, of New Ipswich.
6. Samuel, b. 1803.
7. Isaac, b. 1806.
8. Harriet, b. 1811, m. Rev. Henry A. Kendall, of Dublin, N. H.

At the death of Isaac Appleton (XVIII.) in 1853, the Representation of his branch of the family devolved upon the descendants of his son Joseph, who had m., in 1818, Hannah, dau. of Elisha Knowlton, of Dublin. He had predeceased his father, who was thus succeeded by his eldest grandson,

XIX. JOSEPH D. APPLETON, b. at Ipswich, in 1819, settled in Amboy, Illinois. [*See first paragraph of the pedigree of this branch.*]



LEGENDS AND CUSTOMS OF THE TISMSHEAN INDIANS.

THE legends of any people are always of interest. Usually they represent unwritten history, and to them can be traced the origin of many curious customs. It is only within the past few years that the wonderful resources of Alaska have become known to the public, and as yet many of the queer doings and wonderful legends of the natives of that country remain as they have been for hundreds of years—unwritten.

Among no class can be found a richer store of peculiar beliefs, unusual customs and curious legends than those which are told by the *totem poles*, erected in the little villages of the Alaska Indians. They furnish an excellent opportunity for a study of the early history of these people; but as the limit of this article will not allow digression, I will confine myself to relating some of the unusual things observed among the people.

The Tismshean tribe is the oldest and best known. They occupy that little arm of the territory which runs down by British Columbia, and, for years, their stories have been listened to and enjoyed by the trapper or traveller, who has made his way among them. For hundreds of years the Tismshean tribe has

been looked upon as something to be proud of by the other tribes of Alaska, because they possess as perfect a system of heraldry as can be found in Burke. They do not go so far as to sport a *coat of arms*, but confine themselves to

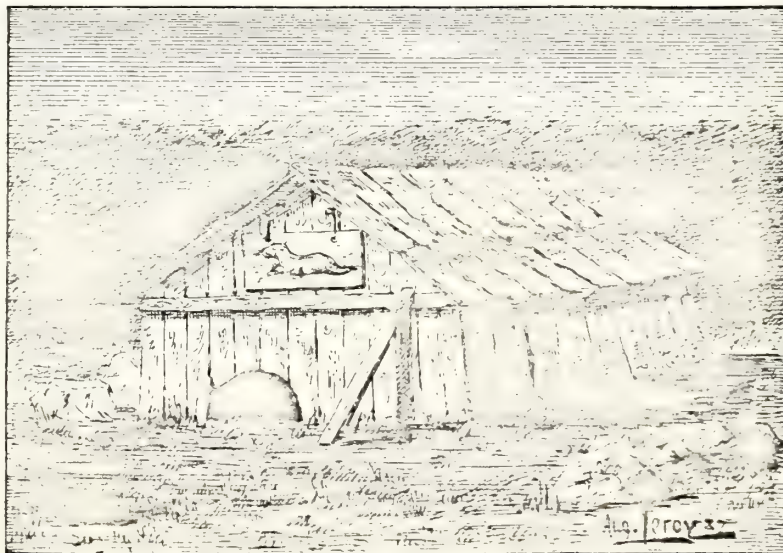
a *crest*, which is their distinguishing mark, their family bearing and pride. Usually this crest is some animal or bird; but occasionally there is met with a crest composed of hieroglyphics and figures which might be Egyptian, Pompeian or anything else. Every article which the Tismshean possesses is marked with his crest, and over the door of his tepee, hut or snow-house is fixed a large board bearing the crest of which he is as proud as any feudal lord of the armorial bearings over the entrance to his castle.

Their marriage customs are quaint and primitive. No person is allowed to marry one of the same crest, and the woman, although she is supreme in all other matters, has no voice in the matter of her marriage, and is

often the object of coercion when wealth or rank is concerned. By a peculiar custom, it invariably happens that each man during his lifetime has two wives and each woman two husbands. If a young man desires to marry, he must first take the aged widow of



INDIAN TOTEM.



TISMSHEAN CABIN WITH TOTEM OVER THE DOOR.

his uncle and the widower marries the young woman. Then when the old people die the young people, who are perhaps middle aged about that time, take new help-mates from the youth of the tribe. This is done, as an old medicine man told me, so that two fools will not be together. Bachelors are unknown. A woman may have two or three or even five husbands if their combined rank does not exceed hers. Rank is estimated and obtained by the exercise of charity. If a Tismshean desires to be advanced in the social scale, he collects a lot of blankets, skins and trinkets, which he gives to the poor, and he thereupon is advanced to a higher rank. If it should happen, as it often does, that one of the two, three or five husbands of the woman, by his charity obtains rank equal to the wife in which he has a joint interest, he tells the other husbands to "get out," and they do so without any ado. All children among the Tismshean tribe take the crest of the mother and go to her branch of the family as soon as old enough to work, and as each family considers it a matter of pride to be numerically large, the little Indian girls are cherished very fondly and married at a very early age. It is not an uncommon sight to see one of these children mated to a man old enough to be her grandfather or a stripling playing the husband to a haggard, wrinkled, ancient dame. This system seems to work admirably, for in happiness and content these

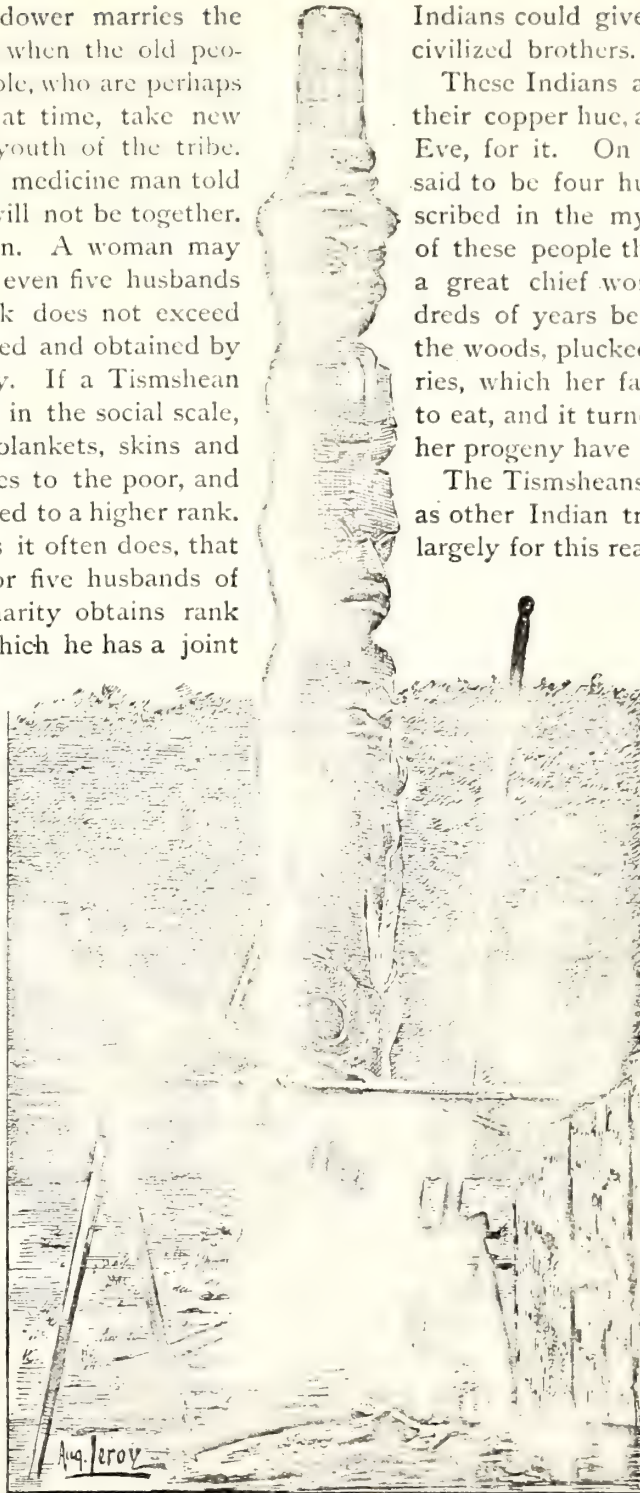
Indians could give many a lesson to their civilized brothers.

These Indians are very sensitive about their copper hue, and blame a woman, an Eve, for it. On a totem pole, which is said to be four hundred years old, is inscribed in the mysterious sign language of these people the story which tells how a great chief woman of the tribe, hundreds of years before, had gone out into the woods, plucked and eaten certain berries, which her father had forbidden her to eat, and it turned her skin dark and all her progeny have been the same.

The Tismsheans are not nearly so dark as other Indian tribes, and it is probably largely for this reason that they consider

themselves superior. The totem poles tell them that to own slaves is honorable, and these slaves are always members of some other tribe who have been captured. A medicine man is a brute who, by his very brutality and incessant incantations, keeps the other people in awe. If the daughter of a chief is taken sick the medicine man immediately picks out some one of the slaves, whom he accuses of being a bad spirit, and her life is often sacrificed by the horrible means of being torn limb from limb. After this is done the medicine man seizes one of the limbs with his teeth and carries it

about, followed by a howling mob; finally the limb is cast into the sea and if it sinks the



TISMSHEAN INDIANS TOTEM POLE.

charm is broken, but if it should be cast again upon the shore the horrible operation must be repeated and this kept up until the tides return no more to the land the ghastly remnant of the poor slave.

Cremation is universal and honorable, but the medicine men are not allowed to be burned. The totem pole story as to the origin of this mode of disposing of the dead tells that it must take place if the relatives of the deceased want him to be warm in the hunting-grounds; otherwise he must remain out in the perpetual frost. The Tismsheans are a superstitious set and have their devils of the dark, the light, the gorge, woman, in fact they have a devil who presides over everything, much the same as the gods of ancient mythology. The Jupiter of these devils is strangely enough known only by the name of "the gentleman in black." The totem poles say about the origin of this devil that he was the child of the great chief, weak and puny and refused to eat anything. One day a medicine man gave him a potion which caused him to eat so much that he was turned out of heaven and has lived ever since clothed in raven feathers. He is represented as being a wanderer, who is always hungry and who can never get food without employing craft and cunning. To this "gentleman in black" the Tismshean give the honor of introducing light into the world.

The story is interesting. It tells how that at one time, ages ago, the earth was wrapped in darkness and frogs were the only inhabitants. When Thaishum was turned out of heaven for his gluttony he wandered about the earth in the dark searching for food. Unable to get it, he went to the frogs and asked them for fish, but they, knowing who he was, refused him and taunted him with his gluttony; finally he threatened that if they did not give him something he would bring light and break it over their heads. The threat did not frighten the frogs and Thaishum went away hungry. As the legend runs, he returned to his Father's home, and went to the well where the only daughter of the Chief of Heaven came to draw water. Here he turned himself into the fine needles that grow on the pine trees and

spread himself on the surface of the water and waited. Presently the gifted daughter of the Great Chief came to the well with a cup in her hands to get a drink. She stopped and dipped her cup and as she lifted it she saw the needles of the pine trees. She threw the water away and then dipped again with a like result; she repeated this several times, but each time there were always some of the needles in the cup, until at last, becoming tired with her efforts to get clear water, she drank.

Shortly after, a child was born, who became a great pet of his grandfather because he was puny, restless and always crying. As the child's health did not improve, a council of the wise men was called to determine what was best to do for the uneasy infant. It had been noticed that in its wailings the child had made constant use of the words "ah ma" which in the Tismshean language mean light. It was finally determined to give him, to play with, the ball of light, which the legend says was hanging in the Great Chief's wigwam; this was done and the child ceased crying and played contentedly with it for several days. One morning, in his play, he rolled the ball of light along, outside of the gate of heaven where Thaishum,—for he had taken the child's form to accomplish his purpose,—resumed his natural appearance, and hiding the ball of light among his raven feathers, descended in darkness to the earth again. Going once more to the frogs who had taunted him, he demanded that they give him some fish, but they again refused and laughed at him, whereupon he took the ball of light and broke it over their heads.

This is the story told by the totem poles of the untutored Tismsheans to account for the existence of light.

In the northern part of the territory occupied by these peculiar Indians, where the nights and days are so long, they say, when the sun sinks in the southern horizon and darkness comes on, that Thaishum, the "gentleman in black," is hungry again, and that the frogs will not give him fish, and, for fear that harm will come to it, each little household places outside of the door of their dwelling, some food, so that if this chief of their many devils should

pass that way, he will eat the food and walk on and not enter and disturb the peace of the family.

Throughout all of their legends there is that indisputable factor which shows that at some time, no one knows how long ago, there has been told to the ancestors of these people, the story of civilisation, and it has become embodied in a crude way among the legends of the people.

Although the totem poles are held in reverence by these Indians, the frequent visits of the white man are beginning to be felt. Museums all over the country, have, among their curiosities, some of these totem poles at the foot of which the Tismshean child heard from his mother the legend of his tribe, and in time

grew able to read and understand it. It is to be hoped that before it is too late some one will take the pains to gain the confidence of these Indians, learn their sign language, and from the tall and rudely carved poles which are scattered throughout the territory, get the history of this wonderful people, which is as yet unwritten.

Instead of improving by commercial intercourse with the white men, the Tismsheans have retrograded until they have become almost as lawless and equally as immoral as any of the other tribes; and doubtless, in a few years, all that remains of their large stock of legendary law will be found only on the unintelligible totem poles in the different museums of the country.

Chas. E. Hamilton.

TO MY BOOKS.

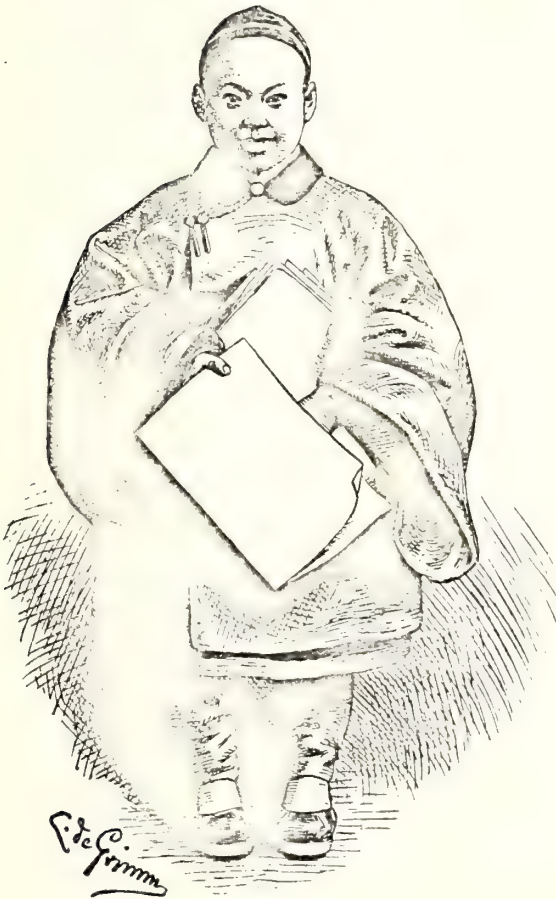
BRIGHT books! the perspectives to our weak sights,
The clear projections of discerning lights,
Burning and shining thoughts, man's posthume day,
The track of fre'd souls, and their milkie way;
The dead alive and busie, the still voice
Of enlarged spirits, kind Heaven's white decoys!
Who lives with you lives like those knowing flowers,
Which in commerce with light spend all their hours;
Which shut to clouds, and shadows nicely shun,
But with glad haste unveil to kiss the Sun.
Beneath you all is dark and a dead night,
Which whoso lives in wants both health and right.

By sucking, you the wise, like bees, do grow
Healing and sick, though this they do most slow,
Because most choicely; for as great a store
Have we of Books as bees of herbs, or more;
And the great task to try, then know, the good,
To discern weeds, and judge of wholesome food,
Is a rare scarce performance. For man dyes
Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flies.
But you were all choice flowers; all set and dressed
By old sage florists, who well knew the best;
And I amidst you all am turned to weed,
Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.
Then thank thyself, wild fool, that would'st not be
Content to know,—what was too much for thee.

Henry Vaughan.

[1621-1695.]

NEW YORK'S "MAISON DE MOLIERE"



DALY'S is justly admitted to be the representative and foremost comedy theatre of America. It occupies in the western metropolis the high position given to the "Français" in Paris and the "Burg Theater" in Vienna but, unlike these institutions, has been built up simply by the energy, the intelligence and ability of a single individual. Augustin Daly has written for himself, his theatre and his company, a very distinct chapter in the history of the drama in the United States. When he shall retire from active work, it will be found that by his managerial care and artistic ambition he has left American dramatic art, executive and creative, on a higher plane than where it was when he became interested in it.

Mr. Daly's artistic managerial career has been one of unwearying endeavor to attain something higher. Opposition has spurred him to greater effort. Knowing the public, he gained its confidence, and now he reigns supreme in the house and realm he created for himself. The reason of his success—or one of the many reasons—is that he has understood the spirit of the times. Since Wagner's influence has spread from the operatic to the dramatic stage, since the advent of the Meiningen Company, there has developed every-

where the striving-after perfection in ensemble and of artistic completion in *mise-en-scène* and stage management. The star system is being steadily extinguished, as it, in its time, extinguished true art on the stage. Now the one great Will rules in every department of stage work. The principles embodied by Wagner, that Painting, Music, Mimic, Architecture and Poetry be blended in stage productions, have been carried out, not only at Meiningen but in New York, and nowhere to greater completion than at Daly's from 1869 to 1888.

Mr. Daly brought to his work the training of literary life, on which his dramatic experience had a firm foundation. His work bears upon it the impress of a cultivated and critical mind. He is enabled to ward off criticism by having long exercised the critical faculty himself. Mr. Augustin Daly is nearly fifty. He was born at Plymouth, North Carolina, July 20, 1838. His childhood was spent in the South, mostly in Virginia, but his youth was spent and his experience

gained in New York,—first in 1859 as editorial and story writer for the *Sunday Courier*, dreaming, like all writers, of eventually being able to found a great newspaper himself. Fortunately, his first successful adaptation, that of Mosenthal's "Leah," which was given at the Boston Theatre in December, 1862, with Miss Kate Bateman as the Jewess, made an immediate hit and pressed him into the dramatic field, though he still lingered in literature, being appointed dramatic critic of the *Express* (now the *Mail and Express*) in 1864, and for the *Sun* in 1866, in 1867 for the *Times* and for the *Weekly Citizen*, being at one time reviewer of drama for five New York newspapers.

These positions, however, he gradually resigned as his plays and adaptations gained public applause. Among these were, in 1864, the adaptation of *La Papillone*, made in conjunction with Frank Wood, produced at the Olympic under Mrs. John Wood's direction; in 1864 three adaptations, "Leslie's Wedding," "Judith" and "The Sorceress;" in 1866 a play on the subject of Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt," and his original drama "Under the Gaslight;" in 1867 in conjunction with Joseph Howard, Jr., a play on the basis of Henry Ward Beecher's novel, "Norwood;" in

1868 a dramatic version of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," and an original drama, "A Flash of Lightning." On August 16, 1869, he became a manager, opening his first Fifth Avenue Theatre (then on the site of the present Madison Square

Theatre) with Robertson's "Play"; subsequently giving Olive Logan's "Surf," and French comedy, among which were "Frou Frou" and "Fernande," until the house fell victim to fire, January 1, 1873. Three weeks afterwards he opened his new Fifth Avenue Theatre in Broadway with Clara Morris in "Alixé" and "Madeleine Morel," conducting it until June 28, 1873 under the name of the Broadway Theatre. Meanwhile he obtained a lease of the St. James in Twenty-eighth Street, which, on December 3, 1873, he reopened as the Fifth Avenue, with an address by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Albery's comedy, "Fortune." Beginning August 26, 1872, he managed also the Grand Opera House, where

he produced "Le Roi Carotte," "Round the Clock," "The Cataract of the Ganges," "Roughing It," Sardou's "Uncle Sam," "Under the Gaslight," and "A Round of Pleasure," and presenting Mr. Fechter in "Monte Cristo," "The Corsican Brothers" and "Ruy Blas."



A. Daly

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

In the spring of 1877 Mr. Daly retired from the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and temporarily from active managerial life, until September 17, 1879, when he opened his present (Daly's) theatre, on Broadway and Thirtieth Street, with "Love's Young Dream" and "Newport." It is with this theatre that Mr. Daly's great work was begun and carried to its present state of perfection. The two years' rest was employed by him in traveling in England, France and Italy, and he returned full of new ideas and higher artistic aims. It had not been difficult for him to fight, up to '79. Then Wallack's was his only rival. Higher theatrical taste, the germs of which had been planted by him, had taken root and flourished. Higher class works were demanded and each play had to be better than the one which preceded it. For this reason it took Mr. Daly some years to establish himself and to build up the reputation which he now holds securely. He returned from Europe with the determination to build a theatre that should have all the cozy comfort of a drawing room and the luxury of a *salon*, where his audiences

should feel from the moment they entered the theatre the atmosphere of artistic endeavor. He determined to provide a company of excellent artists, each of whom should form part of a constellation. It is true that he could not prevent the development of brilliant stars among his company, in fact he would not have proved himself a great manager as well as an artist had he done so. He only demanded that even his best actors and actresses should always keep within the dramatic framework which he provided; that the artistic rendition of the highest dramatic productions

should be the guiding principle permeating one and all.

Mr. Daly's company has at one time or another included some of the brightest lights of the theatrical world. He introduced to the New York audiences Clara Morris, Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Sara Jewett, Emily Rigi, Bijou Heron and, last and best of all, Ada Rehan. With a splendid company, trained in his own ideas and working together

harmoniously for years, he has been enabled to make triumphant successes not only in New York but in Europe. His American work is well known. His Shakspearean revivals, in which Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Miss Davenport, Miss Ada Dyas and Miss Carlotta Leclercq appeared are matters of stage history; and his recent revival of "Taming of the Shrew," with Miss Ada Rehan as Katharine, belongs to his greatest successes. He produced "Love's Labor Lost" in 1874. He introduced "Yorick" to the American stage in 1874. He brought out the first of Bronson Howard's brilliant comedies, "Saratoga." He has revived the best of the old Eng-

lish comedies, such as "The Belle's Stratagem," "The Inconstant," "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer." He has contributed largely in original pieces to the American stage, among which may be named "Divorce," which had a run of 203 nights; "Pique," which ran 243 nights; "Horizon," which ran nine weeks, and is always to be remembered as the representative Indian drama of our stage as Cooper's novels are of literature. Besides, he has enriched the American stage from the rich field of German farcical comedy, from which he has produced "The Passing



MISS ADA REHAN.

Regiment," "Needles and Pins," "Big Bonanza," "Lemons," "Dollars and Sense," "Seven-Twenty-Eight," "Red Letter Nights,"



MRS. GILBERT IN THE "RAILROAD OF LOVE."

"Love on Crutches," "A Night Off," and last the "Railroad of Love," which has just completed its centennial performance. Mr. Daly has taken his company twice to England, once to Germany and once to France. His first visit to the Strand gave our English cousins just a taste of his quality. English audiences are adverse to showing appreciation of American talent; it takes them some time to throw off their insular reserve; but when they once do so they become charmingly enthusiastic. This was the experience of Mr. Daly and his company, which on their second visit created a sensation, the chief hit being made by Miss Ada Rehan. Mr. Daly's visit to France, and especially to Germany, was no less productive of artistic triumphs. Mr. Daly is on the eve now of his third visit to London, where he will open on the 3rd of May at the Gaiety. He is probably the only American manager who ever made any profit whatsoever out of his English performances.

It seemed very much like carrying coals to Newcastle when Mr. Daly ventured to present his company to the Berline. Yet the German audiences were surprised at the artistic character given to the well-known plays by their own authors. Mr. Daly is a skillful playwright. An original is for him the groundwork on which to build with artistic taste. He polishes, brightens, chastens, and the result is invariably fascinating. The effects which he thought out and which made successes for him years ago would neither suit him nor his audiences to-day. In his first original play, "Under the Gaslight," produced in 1867 at the New York Theatre, which had a run of thirteen weeks in New York, four weeks in Boston, seven weeks in Philadelphia, and five weeks in San Francisco, and since acted all over the country and in Europe, the chief stage effect was the passing of a train of cars and the rescue of a man who had been bound by his enemies upon the tracks. This effect has frequently been borrowed by American, German and French drama-



SCENE FROM THE PAVANE IN THE "RAILROAD OF LOVE."

tists, though original with Mr. Daly, who, however, would not dream now of presenting such a melodramatic effect to his audiences. To-day

he takes the Schoentan-Kadelberg "Goldfische" and virtually makes of it a new play, under the



MR. JOHN DREW AS LIEUTENANT EVERETT.

title of "The Railroad of Love," where American military and society life is presented with much charm and truthfulness, and a bewitching Pavane, a kind of gavotte, to music by Henry Widmer, the leader of the orchestra, and figures and movements by Prof. Marwig, in which all the principal characters take part, ends the first act most charmingly. Art in the poetry of dance and motions, and taste in costume and *mise-en-scène*, take the place of the earlier melodramatic effects, that would only serve now to amuse an East-side audience.

Such a play in its American dress reflects in its situations, in its language and in its charming rendition by an excellent company, the artistic and literary taste of Augustin Daly, under whose guidance the theatre becomes a school of manners and customs as they are, a reflection of society as it is and, in a measure, as it should be. For who can witness the stately measure, with its labyrinthic movements, and listen to its charming music, without wondering why such delicious dreams of the dance

are not found in our drawing-rooms. The piece itself, though not a great one, is made successful by the thoroughly artistic manner in which it is presented. The characters are well drawn and admirably interpreted. M. de Grimm has delightfully caught the characteristic attitudes of the principal actors and actresses; Mr. John Drew as the handsome Lieutenant Howell Everett, U. S. A., "with an unblemished character and a mislaid heart"; Mr. James Lewis, as Phenix Scuttleby, "a polished relic of wasted energies," provided with the scent bottle which he uses to give the finishing touches to the admirer of his fair goldfish relative; and Mrs. Gilbert, as Mrs. Eutycia Laburnam, "goldfish of much larger experience, not to be caught on the fly," dancing an old time measure with Mr. Lewis. Besides these, the portrait of Mr. Charles Fisher, who gives so natural an impersonation of General Everett, U. S. A., and of Miss Ada Rehan, the Goldfish, "for whom many are angling," who plays the part of Valentine



MR. JAMES LEWIS AS PHENIX SCUTTLEBY.

Osprey with inimitable naturalness and artistic finish. Miss Rehan gives us comedy with a

bewitching charm, though her powers would enable her to place herself among the great tragic actresses of the day. Nor should Mr. George Clarke, Mr. Charles Leclercq, Mr. Otis Skinner, Miss Phoebe Russell and Miss Cooke be forgotten. Their work contributes essentially to the artistic completeness of the performance.

Mr. Daly has tried the "star" system, but has found from experience that it would merge with his own as little as Rachel and Bernhardt could remain at the Théâtre Français. "The moment you begin to bolster up one actor or actress," says Mr. Daly, "the result is disaster to Art in its completeness. I demand a joyous working together of all, and pay an actor who has only half a dozen lines, yet who belongs to



C. de Grimm
MR. CHARLES FISHER.

the perfection of ensemble, as much as one who plays two hundred. But it was four years before I got credit for what I was trying to do."



MR. DALY'S COMPANION.

It may be charged against Mr. Daly that he has not yet developed an American comedy. People think he has adapted German to the exclusion of native talent. The charge does not hold good. America is still in a

transitional state, and dramatic writers like Mr. Bronson Howard (whose first works Mr. Daly introduced to our stage) are not yet plentiful. Says Mr. Daly, "I would produce an American play if American writers would bring me anything as good as French and German dramatists produce. I have had some very clever efforts, but the writers are yet too much wedded to their own notions. They do not catch the technical spirit of the thing, and as for American actors and actresses (he says) I am always looking out for new people. I carefully study theatres and companies. It does not take long to distinguish a good, intelligent man or woman from the crowd, from the noodles who are merely stage struck and (with a sigh) I have to keep on the look out all the time. Love and marriage have often robbed me of my greatest prizes, from Agnes Ethel and Clara Morris to Edith Kingdon and Virginia Dreher."

The most interesting records of Mr. Daly's managerial and artistic work are seen in the picture-gallery and the lobby of his théâtre, might be termed his "Salle des Triomphes." It is a pleasant place to linger in and is even now a valuable art collection. Besides



THE BABY ACTRESS.

noted actors and actresses of Mr. Daly's company, there are portraits of Nell Gwynne painted

by Sir Peter Lely, of Mrs. Cibber, painted by Hudson the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a Peg Woffington by Hogarth, a treasure secured at great expense from the sale of Lord Lonsdale's great collection. Mr. Daly is a hard worker. He may be found in his office every morning at eight, and as late as midnight, his companion an English bull-dog who, comfortably ensconced on an Afghan rug, patiently watches his master at his work, in the early hours of



the day writing and polishing a new play or arranging the *scenario* of a projected Shakespearean revival, and later on attending to the endless duties of managerial work. Mr. Daly can be proud of his position and his triumph in the great realm of dramatic labor, won by unwearying labor, by undoubtable energy and artistic endeavor, striving, always and successfully, to be not only in accord with the art-spirit of the times but to be ahead of it. *John P. Jackson.*

GREAT MEN AS BIBLIOPHILES.

“THE greatest men,” says Emerson, “have the shortest biographies.”

The greatest men, we can say, have the smallest libraries.

The creators in literature, art, science, politics, the men who make an epoch, draw inspiration from within.

They rely little on books.

Voltaire, Goethe, Humboldt, Comte, were such men.

Yet all famous men have been more or less collectors of books.

“In the name of our friendship,” Cicero, then collecting a library for his villa at Tusculum, wrote to Atticus, “suffer nothing to escape you of whatever you find curious or rare. Purchase for me, without thinking further, all that you discover of rarity. My friend, do not spare my purse.”

Demosthenes had a copy of Thucydides in his library, and, full of admiration for the historian, recopied it six times.

St. Jerome slept with Aristophanes under his pillow. Lord Clarendon cared especially for two volumes in his collection, Livy and Tacitus.

“Were I to sell my library,” wrote Diderot, “I would keep back Homer, Moses and Richardson.”

Sir William Jones was proud of his old edition of Cicero.

Lord Burleigh, Grotius, Bonaparte carried their libraries in their pockets. Burleigh was fond of Cicero. Grotius doted on Lucan, and Bonaparte often pulled out Machiavelli.

Lessing was a great collector of rare books, but he sold them when in financial straits.

DeWitt and Malherbe would have sacrificed any number of volumes in their collection for Horace.

The library of Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, was an ill-assorted lot, a mass of dust, calf-skin and old paper pitched wildly around on tables, chairs and the floor.

Leibnitz and Kant regarded books for their literary worth, and not for their bibliophilistic value.

Leibnitz died in a chair with the “Argenis” of Barclay in his hand.

Kant, who never left his native Königsberg, was surrounded by books of travel. He evi-

dently agreed with Xavier de Maistre that it was pleasant and safe to make trips around your room.

Rousseau was particularly partial to Plutarch.

Lord Chatham had a good classical library, but laid the greatest store by Barrow.

Chesterfield, if we are to judge by his letters, hated ponderous, prosy, pedantic tomes. His lordship apparently liked a fine coat for himself better than a fine binding for his books.

Montesquieu, for the composition of so large a work as his "Spirit of the Laws," of course collected a considerable library, but he was no bibliophile. His favorite volume was a Tacitus, small, portable and compact.

Gibbon tells us, in his autobiography, how carefully he selected his books, but we find no glow of bibliomaniac enthusiasm in his stately confession.

La Fontaine, who spent most of his time at his patrons' houses, had a portable library. It consisted of a Rabelais and a Marot.

We are pretty certain that the library of Shakespeare must have contained a Plutarch, a Stowe, a Montaigne and a Bible, but we are not certain that it contained more.

La Bruyère seems to have had a positive dislike of bibliophiles. "Of such a collector," he wrote, "as soon as I enter his house, I am ready to faint on the staircase, from a strong smell of morocco leather. In vain he shows me fine editions, gold leaves, Etruscan bindings. I thank him for his politeness and as little as himself care to visit the tan-house which he calls his library."

Great men in all branches of intellectual activity have always had an amused contempt for those amiable gentlemen who collect books but do not read them.

"What do you think of my library?" the King of Spain, one day, asked Bautru, as he showed him the collection at the Escorial, at that time in charge of a notoriously ignorant librarian.

"Your Majesty's library is very fine," answered Bautru, bowing low, "but your Majesty ought to make the man who has charge of it an officer of the treasury."

"And why?" queried the king.

"Because," again said Bautru, "the librarian of your Majesty seems to be a man who never touches that which is confided to him."

This anecdote, true or not, illustrates the attitude which the great producers of literature maintain toward the ignorant collectors of literature.

Garrick had an extensive collection on the history of the stage, but—Dibdin tells us—always carried Shakespeare in his pocket when on his travels.

Macaulay, in his quarters, at the Albany and Sainte-Beuve, in his rooms at the Mazarine, both indulged their bibliophilistic taste as far as their purses allowed.

Erasmus, sedentary by nature and necessity, loved a large collection of books. Melancthon, pensive and conservative, cared for but a small one. They say his library consisted of Plato, Pliny, Plutarch and Ptolemy.

The alliteration, by the way, throws an apochryphal air over this tradition.

Schiller had one hundred and fifty books in his library. Madame Dacier had little more than a Homer, an Aristophanes, a Virgil and a lot of dictionaries and grammars.

Charles Lamb, however, was a lover of bibliophilistically valuable books. He did not want many of them but he wanted them according to his individual taste. No man more than he despised your conventional utility library, your book that "no gentleman's library should be without." No one more than he loved an old folio, a rare quarto, a yellow-paged black letter, a book with associations.

Addison seems to have entertained about the same opinion of the bibliophile proper as La Bruyère.

You remember how, in the person of Tom Folio, he ridicules a man afflicted with bibliomania.

"He has a greater esteem," says he, "for Aldus and Elzevir than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the edition, and the year in which it was printed. Or, if you draw him into further par-

ticalars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning and substantial criticism."

Men of the stripe of Tom Folio are decidedly unpopular with the greatest men.

It is an old saying that you can tell a man by the company he keeps. It is another old saying that you can judge a man by the number and kind of books with which he surrounds himself. May not the proverb, especially in the latter case, be at fault?

Do you recall the remark which Sidney Smith once made when he saw a hollow-pated man in a fine big library?

"He is surrounded," said the wit, "by a cloud of witnesses of his ignorance."

Therefore I conclude, as I began, by affirming that the greatest men have the smallest libraries.

Men of second intellectual rank, a Janin, a Rogers, genial collectors like D'Aumale and Rothschild, and not a Goethe, a Spencer, a Descartes, are your enthusiastic bibliophiles.

Among the greatest men there are few who imitate the bibliomane so neatly described by Andrew Lang:

In torrid heats of late July,
In March beneath the bitter bise,
He book-hunts while the loungers fly—
He book-hunts through December freeze;
In breeches baggy at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these, he hoards his fees—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,
There soiled romanticists may lie,
Or Restoration comedies;
Each tract that flutters in the breeze
For him is charged with hopes and fears;
In mouldy novels fancy sees
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
Whose motto evermore is Spes!
But ah! the fabled treasure flees;
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

Lewis Rosenthal.

OLD SIGN BOARDS.

THIRD PAPER.

THE old American sign board emblems were mostly imitations of the English and in many instances, direct copies of those which swung over the doors of popular London hostels. The tavern keepers of Boston and New York brought their ideas of signs from England, reproducing, in the new country, the name of the inn they had kept or patronized at home.

The sign boards of old New York were extremely simple and the most celebrated taverns, such as "Black Sam's," where Washington said farewell to his generals, bore only the name of their owners.

The old Knickerbockers were not imaginative enough to care for an ornamented sign board, as they knew instinctively where good beer and ale was to be had without the aid of a guide. Their favorite resort was the sign of "The Gotham," on the Bouwerie road, a favorite highway in the old coaching days. Here, with long church-

warden pipes, a screw of tobacco and stone mugs of ale the city officials gathered, of an afternoon, to discuss the secrets of the municipality.

Out on the Kingsbridge road, there were two taverns across whose doorways swung the signs of "The Blue Bell" and "The Cross Keys." Lovers out for a drive from the city and coaching parties were wont to stop at these popular hostels to try a glass of home-brewed ale, or, if they were bent on something strong, the Jamaica rum and new sugar house molasses were much prized by travellers. At the time of the British occupation of New York and vicinity, General Howe utilized these inns as hospitals for the sick and wounded British and Hessian soldiers.

The sign of "The Indian Queen" was popular in nearly all the American cities of old times. It swung over the portal of a pleasure garden in Greenwich Village, in a locality now given over

to cheap boarding houses and lodgings. In the shadow of this sign board the good people of Gotham assembled to witness military evolutions, with the celebrated French General Moreau and Generals Stevens and Morton as inspectors.

The sign of "The Shakespeare Tavern" was well known to the men about town, actors and *bons vivants*, in the early part of the century. It was kept by Thomas Hodgkinson whose brother was a comic singer in the old Park Theatre. Famous was it for ale and chops and beefsteaks and indeed, for some years, the sign of a huge beef steak in painted wood swung



THE INDIAN QUEEN.

over the tavern's friendly portal. Here the famous Malibran troupe were entertained when they made their visit to New York and in the snug bar room such men as Fitz-Green-Halleck, the Kyles and the Coutants met and hobnobbed with the representatives of the stage and literature over a friendly glass. Here for many years the old Euterpean Society were wont to meet and hold their annual dinner, winding up with a ball at the City Hotel. The march of business and decline of custom were the reasons why the "Shakespeare Tavern" was torn down in 1836.

The "Indian Queen" was the sign of a favorite tavern in Washington, in the early part of this century, occupying the site of the present Metropolitan Hotel. Under the swinging board, upon which figured Pocahontas in glaring colors, the genial host, Old Jesse Brown, stood to welcome the expected guests.

Brown was a great character and always sat at the head of his table and would bawl out to his guests the bill of fare. As he knew most of the travelling public he frequently addressed them by their first names.

You might board for ten dollars a week at the "Indian Queen," and brandy and whiskey always stood on the table in decanters at meal

times, from which the guests were allowed to help themselves free of charge.

Old Boston streets were full of sign boards and the traveller who read them, in these days, might have imagined that he was in London; for in names and execution they resembled those famous productions of the painter in Harp Lane. In 1760, Anthony Brackett kept a tavern, at the sign of "The Cromwell's Head," in the neighborhood of King's Chapel, that was a favorite resort for the young men about town of that day. Here the Marquis de Chastellux stopped while on his way to pay his respects to M. de Vaudreuil, commander of the French fleet that was to convey away Rochambeau's army.

The sign of the tavern was an effigy of the Lord Protector Cromwell which hung so low over the street that people had to bow to the image, whether they wanted to or not, before they could pass under it on their way.

When the British occupied Boston the officers would not allow Brackett to keep the Cromwell sign over his door, but immediately after the evacuation he put it back again. In 1756, Lieutenant-Colonel Washington put up, while on his visit to Boston, at "The Cromwell's Head." He was accompanied by Captain George Mercer of Virginia, and Captain Stewart and his mission was to refer a question of command to General Shirley who had succeeded Braddock in the military control of the colonies. When Washington again returned to "The Cromwell's Head" it was with the commission from the first Continental Congress as Commander in Chief.

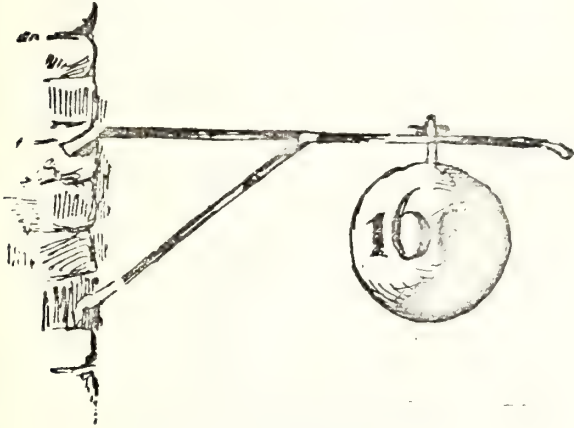
A very curious sign was placed over the door of the old Post Office on State Street. It was the figure of a winged mercury, springing from a globe, executed in wood by one Simeon Skillin, a north-end carver. The agile deity was represented with an emblematic rod in one hand and in the other a letter addressed to the president of the Branch Bank. A famous land mark of old Boston was the sign of "The Bunch of Grapes" which hung over the door of a tavern in Mackerel Lane. The sign consisted originally of three clusters of grapes but, when the inn was torn down, the sign was removed and two of the bunches now grace the front of a Market Street liquor store.

Many historic memories cluster about the old "Bunch of Grapes" Inn. Here, in 1776, the Declaration of Independence was read and a bonfire was made, in front of the door, of all the British emblems that could be found, and here Lafayette alighted when he arrived in Boston, in 1784. Here also the Society of the Cincinnati held their meetings during the last

years of the eighteenth century and heard orations in the "Old Brick."

The sign of "The Blue Anchor" in Cornhill was one of the oldest in Boston and it was a favorite resort, as early as 1664, for members of the government, juries and the clergy who were in search of refreshment.

The old "Hancock Inn," that is still standing with a weather beaten portrait of Governor Hancock swinging over its door, once sheltered in its shadow the great Talleyrand after his banishment from France, when he visited America accompanied by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt and Monsieur de Baumetz.



THE BLUE BALL.

The sign of Josias Franklin, the father of Benjamin, was a "Blue Ball" suspended from an iron rod from the front of his shop. In sight of that ball, young Benjamin practised the art of making tallow dips for his father, before the business grew so distasteful that he had to drift to his brother's printing office in Queen Street. The old sign is now in possession of General Ebenezer Stone of Boston, who caused a chair to be made out of the timbers of the house from which it swung and presented it to the Mechanics Charitable Association.

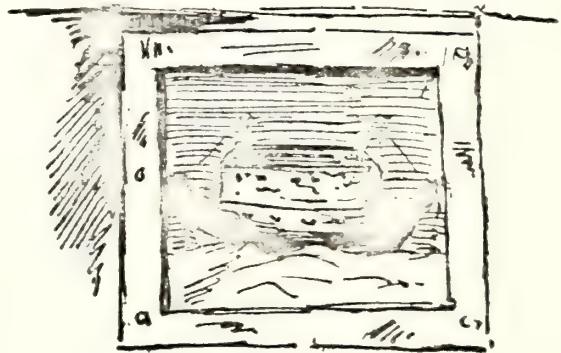
The sign of the "Blue Ball" was hung before the streets were numbered, when it was customary for the householders to chose some emblem. So it was that one could find the "Heart and Crown," "Three Nuns and a Comb" and "Brazen Head" in Cornhill; "Three Doves" in Marlborough Street, and "Fun and Bacchus" and "Three Sugar Loaves and Canister" in King Street. The sign of the "Green Dragon" hung over one of the most famous hostels of Old Boston. The tavern was two stories high with a pitch roof and above the entrance on a projecting iron rod crouched the mystical monster.

In sight of this creaking sign the first Grand Lodge of Masons held their reunions, and here a meeting of patriots was called together and the scheme of the Boston Tea Party concocted. Paul Revere wrote: "In the fall of 1774 and the Winter of 1775. I was one of upwards of thirty men, chiefly mechanics, who formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the British soldiers and gaining every intelligence of the movements of the Tories. We held our meetings at the 'Green Dragon Tavern.' This committee was astonished to find all their secrets known to General Gage, although every time they met, every member swore not to reveal any of their transactions except to Hancock, Adams, Warren, Otis, Church and one or two more."

The traitor proved to be Dr. Church, who was afterwards apprehended for corresponding with the enemy.

In 1663, John Vyal kept an ordinary at the sign of "The Ship," on the site of the present corner of North and Clark Street. It was known by the king's commissioners who found the tavern as private a resort as Noah's ark, from a fancied resemblance of the sign to the ark of biblical history.

This was the oldest sign board in Boston town of which there is record and it was known to have been hung, as far back as 1650, and by many supposed to be even older. The sign of "The Ship" was well known as a resort where most excellent ale could be had, as famous throughout the country as the Burton and Bass of to-day. It came from a brew house which Vyal carried on in connection with his tavern,



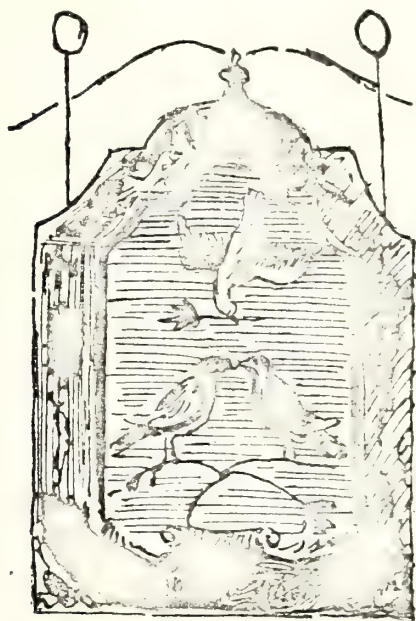
THE SHIP.

and, during the occupation of Boston by the British, it was utilized as a barrack for the troops.

In the neighborhood of "The Ship" and not far distant was the sign of "The Salutation" tavern, on the corner of Salutation Alley and

North Street. It was vulgarly known by the name of the "Two Palaverers," and represented two gentlemen in small clothes and cocked hats in the act of saluting each other respectfully. The Revolutionary Association, which was said to have originated with Warren, met at the sign of "The Salutation," and Dr. John Young was the first president. In the "Hundred Boston Orators" it is stated that the resolutions to destroy the tea were passed under the roof of "The Salutation."

"The King's Head" was a popular sign during the last years of the seventeenth century, and over the door of Thomas Fleet's printing house, at the north corner of Washington and Water streets swung the sign of "The Heart and Crown." After the printer died, the latter



THE THREE DOVES.

sign was changed to the "Bible and Heart," and here, in 1735, the publication of the *Boston Evening Post* was begun, a successor to the *Weekly Rehearsal*.

At the sign of "The Blue Bell and Indian Queen," a tavern was kept by Nathaniel Bishop in 1673, in the passage formerly leading from Washington street to Hawley, and very popular was it in those times with the officers of Province House and Old South. The sign of "The Sun" was as popular in Old Boston as in Old London. There was one in Dock Square

in 1724, another in Cornhill in 1733 and another in Battymarch street. The sign over the tavern in the last mentioned street was shaped like a grave-stone with a circular top, and underneath the gilt rays of the genial orb were written the words:

"The Best Ale and Porter
Under the Sun."

This sign was afterwards hung over a place in Moon street kept by a Mrs. Milk who sold much more harmful drinks than her name would indicate.

The sign of "The Bear" was the landmark of another popular ordinary. The *Boston Gazette* of 1759 advertised that:

"All able bodied fit men that have an inclination to serve His Majesty, King George the Second, in the First Independent Company of Rangers, now in the Province of Nova Scotia, commanded by Joseph Gorham, Esq., shall on enlisting, receive good Pay and Cloathing, a large bounty with a Crown to drink the King's health. And by repairing at the sign of "The Bear" in King street, Boston and to Mr. Cornelius Crocker, Innholder in Barnstable."

The sign of "The Lamb Tavern" swung where now the Adams House displays its gilded front. From the door of "The Lamb" the first stage coach to Providence put up as advertised by Thomas Sabin in the papers of the time.

Near "The Lamb" was "The Wite Horse." The sign was cumbersome and projected far into the street, representing a huge white charger in a theatrical pose. To the sign of "The White Horse" young Woodbridge repaired for his sword before meeting Philip on the Common.

The sign of "The Lion" hung in front of a neighbouring tavern and belonged to the Händel and Haydn Society who used it as a concert hall for the performance of their oratorios. It afterwards became "The Melodeon," where Jenny Lind, Sontag, Alboni, Macready, Miss Cushman and J. B. Booth acted and sang. The antiquarian who visits Boston to-day will feel a pang of regret that her old sign boards are no more. For, wandering among some of the quaint and narrow streets that so much resemble the by-ways of old London, they seem bare and unfurnished without the strange figures and emblems that swung over the doors in Good King George's reign.

Ernest De Lancey Pierson.



A JOURNEY WITH THE MOON MAN TO NORWICH.

WHEN Mother Goose by a wild flight of imagination depicted a lunar inhabitant descending with unwise precipitancy "to inquire the way to Norwich," she probably referred to Norwich, England, the birthplace of her grandmother and original home of the noble family of Goose.

There is, however, a possibility that this earliest of American poetesses was interested in the little frontier town in Connecticut, sixty years old at the time her immortal odes were first published, and founded by settlers, some of whom have been proved to be immigrants from the old English town of the same name, and possibly friends of her own family.

At whatever period we take up the history of Norwich it is full of interest. From small beginnings it grew rapidly being exceptionally sheltered from war, and carrying to its very planting the seeds of refinement and aristocracy as well as of enterprise. The settlers were, many of them, what Trumbull calls "Capital Characters" in more senses than the one of possessing capital, which was the idea he intended to convey. There were, he adds "gentlemen of estate and figure" in England, and they brought over with them the instincts and habits of gentle breeding, which were not starved out by the hardship of pioneer life but even in the life-time of Mother Goose blossomed into a limited degree of luxury and quite an unlimited amount of pride. A committee was early appointed to "dignify the seats in the Meeting House," *i. e.*, to appoint sittings in accordance with their social rank to each family. Later, dress and fashion reigned among the fair sex, and a pompous dignity shone in knee and shoe buckles and powdered wig on the person of the head of the house. There still remain carefully preserved by their descendants as souvenirs of the olden time, a good store of Silken Coats and Caps, golden rings and ruffs, cuffs and farthingales and things.

With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all that knavery.

There are silver cans and tankards, too, and family portraits of portly and dignified men and fair women, with old books, and now and then a spinnet or a harpsichord to bear witness to the refinement of social life. There was learning and solid worth in Norwich as well as wit and punctilious deportment, and graces of mind and heart as well as coquetry and the

lighter accomplishments. The names of Huntington, Trumbull, Lathrop, Leffingwell and others have won for themselves honorable distinction all along the line. Revolutionary legends cluster around the old war office in neighboring Lebanon, where Governor Jonathan Trumbull presided over the Council of Safety, collecting and forwarding supplies to Washington and earning from him the soubriquet of Brother Jonathan which he has since bequeathed to the nation itself. There are traditions of the French troops under the gallant de Lauzun, who wintered here, and were frequently entertained in Norwich. We can almost see the glint of their gay uniforms as they dash up the deep streets to dine at Colonel Jedidiah Huntington's. "They made a superb appearance" says a local historian, "young, tall vivacious men, with handsome faces and a noble air, mounted upon horses bravely caparisoned. The two Dillons, one a major and the other a captain, who suffered death from the guillotine during the French Revolution, were particularly distinguished."

Washington, LaFayette, Steuben, Pulaski, were fêted here. It was on the direct highway between Boston and New York. The time table of the Norwich Diligence in 1797 announces that the stage coach performs the run from Boston through Providence, New London and New Haven to New York in five days and runs twice a week. The fare was four pence half a penny per mile and passengers were allowed fourteen pounds of baggage. With such close communication with the principal cities the town could hardly be behind the times in any particular. Its history was in some respects the history of whatever was most advanced in this country, in morals, learning and manners, and an hour among the snuff-colored newspapers and crumbling MSS. that record the life and thought of early days in Norwich may not be uninteresting or unprofitable.

* *

Norwich town plat, a tract of land nine miles square, was purchased from the Mohegan Indians, in June, 1659, by John Mason, the famous Indian fighter, the hero of the Pequot War, and by Thomas Tracy of Salem, representing thirty original settlers. The deed of conveyance was signed by Uncas, Sachem of his tribe, a name inextricably entwined with the history of this country. So important was Uncas, the friend of the white man, to

the settlement, not only of Norwich but of Connecticut, that but for his presence the progress of civilization would have been delayed for fifty years or more. We think of Winthrop and Hooker, Eaton and Gardiner as corner-stones of the commonwealth, but the name of Uncas deserves to be placed upon the keystone of the arch which united not alone the state but the colonies of New England into one enduring edifice.

And yet, though all this may be truthfully said of Uncas, his was not a character to be admired. The early records are full of the annoyance which he gave the settlers, and without doubt he behaved better than he intended. At the time, the man was an enigma to his contemporaries, he has since afforded a study to historians, and from our vantage ground of distance it may not be uninteresting to probe his motives in inviting the English to take possession of his mountain eyrie, a spot sacred to him from having been the burial place of the Mohegan Sachems, and further endeared to his savage heart as the scene of his victory over the Narragansetts, and his revenge upon their chief Miantonomo. Even a savage must have appreciated the natural beauty of the place. In the old Saxon the name signified North Castle, and the castellated crags on which the town is built give it a right to the stately title.

The natural beauties of Norwich have been often celebrated. Mrs. Sigourney writes "I was born in beautiful Norwich. The earliest pictures of memory are of rude ledges of towering rock, which were to me as the Alps, and of the rushing and picturesque cascade of the Yantic." Dr. Holmes mentions two of its elms enthusiastically: "127 feet from bough end to bough end," and adds, "and that in a town of such supreme, audacious, Alpine loveliness as Norwich."

One wonders whether the thirty-five original settlers were moved by utilitarian views in the selection of the site of the town, or whether they had a just appreciation of the magnificent situation. Probably it spoke to them only as a high tower of defence against their enemies. Here was a fortification ready formed by the hand of nature, hardly to be scaled and impossible to be surprised by the wily savage. Moreover, it lay in the country of the friendly Mohegans, who would form a guard against the distrusted Narragansetts and the revengeful remnant of the Pequots. It was a vantage point in the wilderness whose importance was well understood by the home government, a frontier fortress which would prove a safeguard to the settlements already planted and a

pledge for those to come. To appreciate the situation let us place ourselves in the year 1636.

* *

Emigration to New England has become popular and Boston and Plymouth are so well settled that the inhabitants are pushing out to Springfield and westward. In 1630, fifteen hundred colonists came over from New England. Attention had been particularly called to Connecticut by the Earl of Warwick who, in 1631, granted a patent by which the state was opened to colonization. The land understood by the term Connecticut is thus described by the old patent—"all that part of New England in America which extends from the Narragansett River the space of forty leagues upon a straight line near the sea shore toward the southwest—toward Virginia, accounting three English miles to the league all the breadth aforesaid from the western ocean to the south seas!" In 1635 Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield had sprung up like magic and Gardiner had command of a little force at the outpost of Saybrook, while to the eastward Roger Williams and his band of free thinkers—"Quakers, Jews, or Baptists"—were living peacefully among the Narragansetts.

But the Pequots who form the most powerful tribe of Connecticut are not so well affected towards the English. They view the encroaching settlements from Massachusetts with distrust; and John Endicott's expedition to Block Island, burning every wigwam and slaying all the Indians that he can find, has not had the pacifying effect which was intended. The incensed Pequots descend upon Wethersfield, killing six men and carrying two girls as captives, they besiege Saybrook and at the date we have chosen we are in the midst of the Pequot War. It is the critical point in the life of the colony, either the Pequots must be subdued or Connecticut must be given up. Captain John Mason, whose name we find later on the deed of Norwich, now comes to the front. He is the Miles Standish of the period and from the different towns he gathers a force of ninety men—"nearly half the fencible men in the colony"—and with this insignificant little band marches to meet the foe. Perhaps the entire history of New England from this point might have been different if before engaging with the Pequots, Captain Mason had not been met with a powerful ally. Uncas and his band of Mohegan warriors occupied a "gusset of land" on the Thames between the Pequots and the Narragansetts. He was a crafty, ambitious and unprincipled man, with his own private injuries to revenge and ends to gain. The

English were nothing to him except as he might make them his instruments. Through his mother he was of the Pequot blood royal, and had aspired to the Sachemship of that tribe, but his cousin Sassacus had been preferred to him, and from his little fastness on the Thames, Uncas had plotted and rebelled, raided into his cousin's dominion, had been conquered and pledged allegiance, and had broken oath, plotted and striven again unsuccessfully to foment rebellion. He had measured his strength and found it insufficient to obtain his ends; but here were the English marching down against the Pequots and if he could make them fight his battles and assure him the governorship of the Indian tribes of Connecticut, that were a scheme worthy of a general and a diplomatist. The Uncas of history is confused in our minds with Cooper's Uncas, last of the Mohicans. The similarity in the names of tribes render the stories more perplexing; but the Mohicans, or more properly the Mahicans, were a New York tribe, and the hero of Cooper's imagination endowed with so many gentle qualities, though by far the more lovable and chivalric character, was not so powerful or successful a chief as the real Uncas, who resembled more nearly the wily and unscrupulous Magua in the same romance.

The Pequots were aware of the alliance made by their foes, and attempted to offset it by another and more important league with their old enemies, the Narragansetts. But Roger Williams having heard of the arrival of the Pequot ambassador "set off in a wretched canoe through a heavy sea, and at the hazard of his life reached the abode of the Narragansett Sachems." Three days and nights he labored with them in private and, at their council, openly opposing the eloquence of the Pequots with this calm reasoning and exposing himself to the danger of assassination as the angry ambassadors saw that they were foiled, and were obliged to return without securing the alliance which they sought. Miantinomo, Sachem of the Narragansetts, pledged his tribe to their assistance in the present struggle and repaired to Boston with a force of Warriors where he signed a general treaty of peace with the English.

Uncas with a band of from sixty to a hundred warriors met Captain Mason at Saybrook. The history of the war from this point was one of triumph to the English. The attack on the Pequot fort at Mystic was little more than a massacre. Four hundred Indians including women and children perished in the flames. The remainder of the tribe fled, but the larger part were overtaken and surrounded in Fair-

field Swamp, where seven hundred were killed or captured.

The captives were divided between Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Uncas. The colonists endeavored to make them serviceable as slaves, but finding them intractable, some were sold and shipped to the West Indies, and a letter exists written to Governor Winthrop setting forth the "gayneful pillage" which would ensue by exchanging them for Barbary Moors. About one hundred of the captives were assigned to Uncas as his share of the booty and with these, an enlargement of his lands and the assurance of the protection of the English he was obliged to be content. It has been aptly said that Uncas was the friend of the English just as the jackal is faithful to the lion, not because it loves the lion, but because it gains something by remaining in his company. He therefore pursued his ambitious schemes, so far as he could do so without offending the whites. Now that Sassacus was dead and the greater part of the remnant of the Pequots merged among his own followers, his only formidable rival was Miantinomo. He proceeded, therefore, to ruin the credit of the Narragansett chief with the English charging him with designs which were evidently in his own mind. "Miantinomo," he said, "wants to make himself Sachem of all the Indians in New England. Miantinomo is trying to bring all the Indians into a great conspiracy against the white men."

The Narragansetts, on the other hand, complained constantly of Uncas and on one of these occasions the commissioners record: "Because we know that Uncas, out of his pride and folly, is apt to speak that many times which he ought not; we shall let him know what we hear and how offensive such speeches and carriages are to the commissioners."

These reverend gentlemen, seem to have had their hands full, for their protégé continued his speeches and carriage until Miantinomo could endure it no longer and, in 1643, with nine hundred Narragansetts he invaded the country of the Mohegans determined to chastise his enemy. The meeting took place on the site of upper Norwich. Uncas knowing that his own force was less, called a parley and while the Narragansetts were off their guard his five hundred warriors threw themselves upon them, and having the advantage of the ground, they repulsed the invaders, driving them down the face of the cliffs and into the rapids of the Yantic. In the retreat, Miantinomo was taken prisoner and Uncas had his hated rival at his mercy. He acted with rare discretion, perhaps

fearing that he might be called in question by the English, whose friend Miantinomo had ever professed to be, if he took upon himself the responsibility of his death, and politic enough to see that such deference would certainly be regarded as a compliment, he carried his captive to Hartford and delivered him into the hands of the English authorities demanding their judgment in the matter. Our forefathers were in a great dilemma. So long as Uncas and his rival lived there was likely to be war between them. They had repeatedly promised and broken truce, and though Miantinomo was the attacking party Uncas had transgressed repeatedly, and was probably quite as much to blame; but Miantinomo was in their power, arraigned as a culprit, his truest friend was now in England and there seemed no one to speak in his favor. The case came up before the commissioners who met at Boston on the 17th of September, 1643. This body consisted of the most distinguished and honorable men of their time. John Winthrop and Thomas Dudley from Massachusetts, Edward Winslow and William Collin from Plymouth, George Fenwick and Edward Hopkins from Connecticut, and Theophilus Eaton and Thomas Gregson from the new colony of New Haven. These men deliberated long and concluded that policy dictated that Miantinomo should die, but that justice gave them no right to put him to death.

It happened at this very time a council of clergymen, men "set to illuminate the infant churches" was being held in Boston, and the commissioners in their perplexity asked council of these reverend gentlemen. This pious body found no difficulty in the situation. It had been the invariable habit of the early colonists, as expressed by a witty divine, to first fall upon their knees and then to fall upon the aborigines, and, after prayer, they composedly gave their voice for his death. The jesuitical excuse for this decision given in the acts of the commissioners was probably suggested by their spiritual advisers.

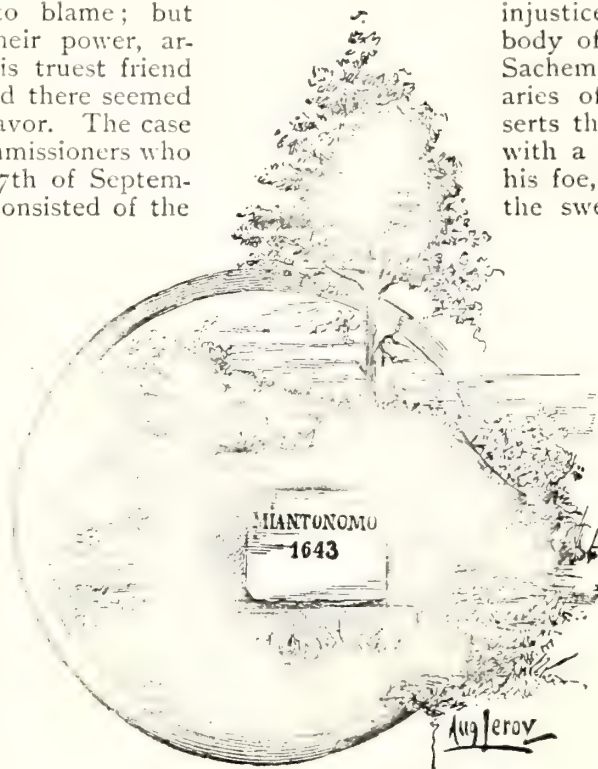
"Upon serious consideration of the premises, viz: his treacherous and murderous Disposition against Uncas and how great a disturber he hath bene of the common peace of the whole country we pswade ourselves however his death may be grievous at present, yet the peaceable fruits of it will yield not only matter of safety to the Indians but profit to all that inhabit this continent."

Miantinomo was accordingly handed back to Uncas with the order of the commissioners that he should be conveyed back to the territory of the Mohegans and there put to death in the presence of two English witnesses. This

flagrant and cold-blooded act of injustice was performed, and the body of the chief was buried on Sachem's Plain, within the boundaries of Norwich. Tradition asserts that Uncas regaled himself with a slice from the shoulder of his foe, and asserted that it was the sweetest meat he had ever

eaten and that "it made his heart strong."

A Cairn was raised on the grave of Miantinomo, and for years afterward every Narragansett that passed that way would add a stone to the heap with dismal howlings and frantic gestures. For a time the English compelled the Narragansetts to remain quiet, but their hearts burned to revenge the murder of their chief, and incursions were made at different times for this purpose. In 1645 Uncas was driven to his strongest fort on



MIANTINOMO'S MONUMENT.

Shantok Point on the Thames, and there surrounded. He managed, however, to send a message to his old comrade, John Mason, who had now charge of the garrison at Saybrook. "Upon this intelligence," says the chronicler, Thomas Leffingwell, "an ensign and an enterprising bold man loaded a canoe with beef, corn and pease and under the cover of the night had the address to get the whole into the fort." The Mohicans raised a shout of joy, and raising a piece of the beef on a pole, the Narragansetts saw that they had received succor and gave up the siege.

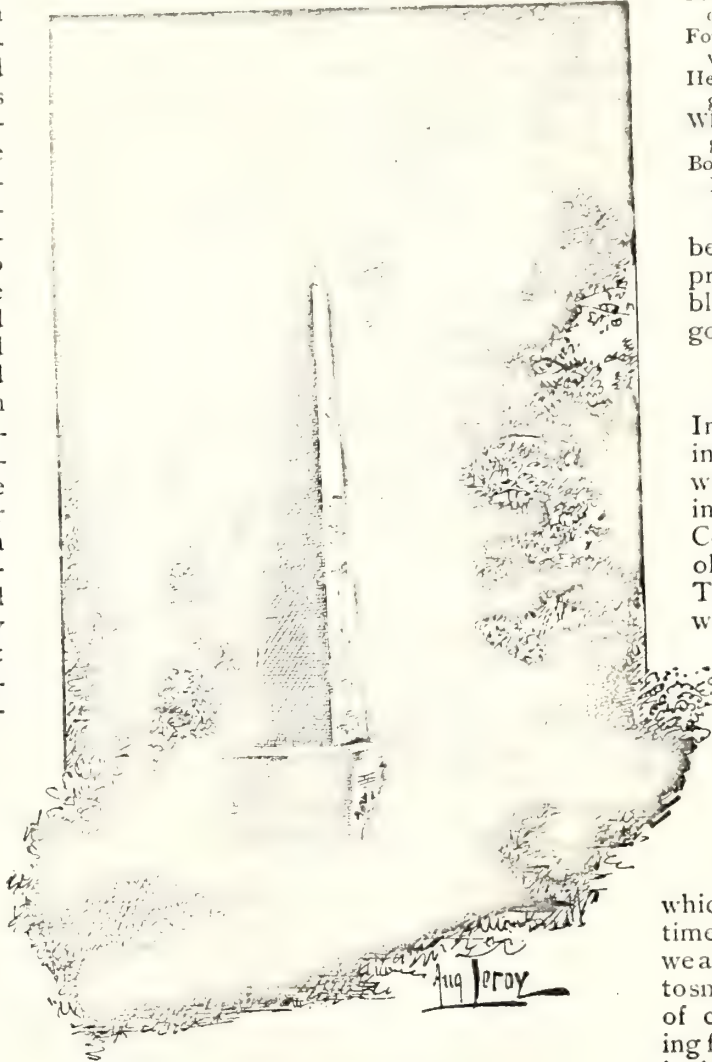
Uncas and the English were now completely

bound to one another, but it had become a complicity in crime rather than an honorable league, and the English had much annoyance to suffer in abetting the tyrannies and espousing the quarrels of their troublesome ally. Though the alliance was uncongenial to each it was regarded as more and more necessary by each. After his rescue from the Narragansetts, Uncas felt his dependence upon the whites, and the advantage of having them for still nearer neighbors, and he tendered the fairest site in his possessions to the English colonists, whom he had heard were desirous of settling in Connecticut. To the English the plan was no less desirable. Refugee Pequots had returned from the Mohawks and from Long Island and had settled again on their old lands. Although professedly submissive, it is not to be supposed that their hearts were filled with love and kindness toward the whites, and John Mason was gladly empowered to treat with Uncas for a settlement within his protection.

So Norwich was founded, not without wrong on the part of the whites, but where, except in the annals of the Quakers, have transactions with the Indians been conducted on the highest principles of honor? The new colonists, most of them recent emigrants, were in no-wise to blame for what had passed. They endeavored to live peaceably and justly with their Indian neighbors. They strove even to convert them, but Uncas had seen perhaps too much of the white man's religion, for he remained a consistent pagan to the last. With his death, in 1683, the Indian period of Norwich history passes away. His tribe had dwindled; but a few descendants still live at Montville, and may be seen by the summer

guests of New London, camping on Osprey Beach, not far from the Pequot House, selling their parti-colored baskets and plaything bow and arrows over the very ground where their ancestors fought the battles of the English.

The grave of Uncas at Norwich is marked by a plain obelisk bearing the following mendacious epitaph:



UNCAS' MONUMENT.

For beauty, wit, for sterling
sense
For temper mild, for elo-
quence
For courage Bold, for things
waureegan
He was the Glory of Mohe-
gan
Whose death has caused
great lamentation
Both in ye English and ye
Indian nation.

Waureegan has been variously interpreted; here it possibly signifies all things good or desirable.

* * *

Turning from the Indians to the white inhabitants of Norwich we find much to interest us both in the Colonial and the Revolutionary period. The old newspapers, with their garrulous chatter about the smaller as well as the greater interests of the time, let us into the secrets of all circles. These yellow leaves are magic doors through which we step into old-time society, and though we are frequently moved to smile at the differences of customs then existing from those of to-day, it is to be questioned whether they are in

all respects improved. People were very pious, in those early days, and carried the expression of their piety at least into their business, as witness the following bill of lading:

Shipped upon the good sloop Stirling whereof is master (under God) John Lamb, and (by God's Grace) bound for the West Indies. To say one Dark Sorrel Horse with a white Face.....
And so God send the good sloop to her desired port in safety.
Amen.

Was this mere hypocritical formality and the sorrel horse as likely to be foundered as if the business were less religiously set forth, or was there in reality a deeper faith in those than in the present? Crimes there were, for the great evil of slavery had not been blotted out. The yellow deeds bearing the names of some of the best families in Norwich lie before us. One "conveys a certain negro named Pharoah, of the age of about thirty years as a slave for life," the buyer "to have, hold and enjoy ye said negro man free from all rights and claims from any other person whatsoever." The second deed, between the same parties, reads as follows: "To all persons to whom these presents

placed later for the detection of incendiary fires supposed to have been set by the negroes. Slavery was abolished by the State in 1784, all negroes born after that period being declared free at the age of twenty-five. The practice of freeing slaves before the taking effect of this law, was somewhat discouraged by a young negroess who, on being told that she was to be free upon the death of her master and mistress gratefully and expeditiously murdered them both.

We gladly turn from this blot on the escutcheon to the old rigid Blue Laws (incorrectly so called). If they drew the line too closely they at least erred in the right direction.



SIDEBOARD at which GENERAL WASHINGTON lunched when visiting GEN. EBENEZER HUNTINGTON'S place, in Norwich, Conn.

shall come know ye that I, Andrew —, of Norwich, in consideration of the sum of forty-two pounds and ten shillings have bargained and sold and do deliver to William — a negro woman named Venus, aged about fifteen years, to have and to hold during the natural life of the sd. Negro, and will forever warrant and defend the said premise as I have a good write." Dated April A. 1771. This family have quite a record as slave holders, for another member of it owned fifteen slaves who received such Scriptural names as Tamar, Ziba, Jehu (probably the coachman) and Selah; while still another died in 1773 from lock-jaw occasioned by a bite on the thumb from a young negro whom he was chastising. An additional night-watch of "confidential persons" was

Not attending public worship was fined at five shillings. Profane swearing ten shillings. A young woman was arraigned for laughing in meeting but was dismissed with a reprimand. Her case and that of a young man who was fined ten shillings "for profaning the Sabbath in the gallery of the meeting house by talking in a merry manner to make sport," might stand as a special warning to our modern church choirs. "Four young people who did in Norwich on the evening being the Lord's Day meet and converse together upon no religious occasion, all which is contrary to the statutes of this colony," were arraigned before R. Hide, J. P. and it is recorded that judgment was satisfied. There was also a fine for selling liquor to the Indians, and drunkenness was

punished at five or ten shillings or "to set in the stocks a couple of hours." There seems to have been extraordinary temptation to this vice from the quantity of advertisements that appear of West India rum (often spelled wistinde), Tenerife wine, and "choice Geneva just from Amsterdam." The well-preserved old side-boards, with their engraved decanters and richly gilt liquor flasks, the silver tankards, Syllabub pots and high flip glasses, all tell their story of the bibulous habits that then prevailed. "Scotch and Rappee Snuff, Pig-tail and Smoking Tobacco" were also extensively used.

The advertising columns of a paper show us what articles were most in vogue in a community and those of the *Chelsea Courier*, (Chelsea was formerly the local name of lower Norwich) set forth many curious facts. In the list of dry goods we find mention of materials no longer in vogue as "Hum hums and striped India bugla-pores." Calimancoes russeletts and taffety, Janes and fustians were fashionable. "Green, pink and laylock umbrellas, were considered extremely genteel for gentlemen," "Pendals, aud Beeds with gold and gilt ear drops" caught the envious eyes of the girls. Fashions came rather from England than from France and were only two to three months behind the times. A local poet thus apostrophises the enormous bonnets, at one time in style, as the only covering which could contain the "Cockatooed heads" of the period.

Hail great Calash! o'er whitening veil,
By all indulgent heaven,
To sallow nymphs and maidens stale
In sportive kindness given!
Safe hid beneath thy circling sphere
Unseen by mortal eyes
The mingled heap of oil and hair
And wool and powder lies.

Gentlemen of fashion long retained the small clothes and stockings but the queue went out and whiskers came in with the French Revolution. A satirist of the day rather savagely remarks: "There is no reason in a smooth

chin and a queue as long as a modern hickory walking stick. Thanks to the genius of the French, all the long pig-tailed gentry, the autocrats and slaves of monarchy are shaved a head shorter."

Some dresses still carefully preserved as relics of these olden days are very beautiful. A brocade dress and a quilted petticoat which is a wonder of stitchery is in the possession of the Lathrop family. It has been generally supposed that our foremothers made one or two elegant costumes do the duty of an extensive modern wardrobe, but a daughter of Nor-

wich was sent to boarding-school in Boston with an outfit of twelve silk gowns, and another being desired for a special occasion it was forwarded to her. Perhaps it was of a boarding-school miss of the period that the following lines were written:

I mean she should wear
A crape cushion for her hair,
I mean she might spell
And read pretty well
That my billet she might not mis-
take,
And the skin of my dear
Be as smooth and as clear
As chalk eating can cleverly
make.

Nor was it absolutely necessary for the girls of Norwich to seek their education in some distant boarding-school. The following rather remarkable announcement of a home school appears in the *Courier* for March 15th, 1797:

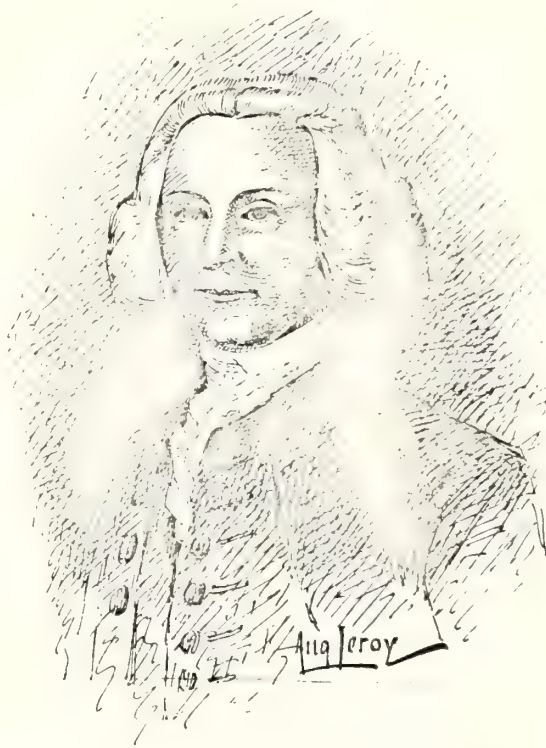
ATTENTION!

Young ladies of Norwich awake from your sleep, it is high time to rise and trim the lamp of life; it is now past day-light, and the morning school at the Landing has now begun. Look at the prize before you, it is no less than a silver or gold medal for the best scholar in Reading and Speaking. Those young misses who wish to run the race in this field of Ciceronian honor, will please to make application in season.

Your children and your children's children shall rise up and say—This gold medal was an honorary prize which my grandmother won at school when she was but a very child.

N. B.—Application may be made to the master at his lodgings at Mr. Snow's—the hours of morning school are from half past six to half past eight o'clock.

Miss Conkling mentions other schools in the history of Norwich, one in especial whose "exhibitions were deemed splendid, and great was the applause when Miss Mary Huntington



JOSHUA LATHROP, of Norwich, Conn.

came upon the stage dressed in green brocade, jewels encircling her brow, and reading a Plato to personate Lady Jane Grey while young Putnam, the son of the old general, advanced with nodding plumes to express his tender anxieties in the person of Lord Guilford Dudley."

Mrs. Sigourney mentions a dancing school, under an old Frenchman who taught the elaborate politeness of the days of Louis Quatorze, and "seemed to regard his elegant art as a joyless yet bounden duty incumbent on all civilized humanity."

The neighboring town of Lebanon which might almost be included in Norwich, so closely were the interests of the two places identified, had an early reputation for its educational advantages. The Nathan Tisdale School was so renowned that it attracted scholars from the Southern states and the West Indies, and, from 1743 to 1768, there existed in Norwich a famous Indian school which attracted the attention not only of all the colonies but of England. It was started by the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock who took into his family a young Mohegan named Samson Occom. This young man was so talented and zealous that the good clergyman was encouraged to enlarge his work, Occom himself devoting his life to it. He was ordained as a minister and, in 1765, was sent to England as a specimen of what could be done in the way of educating the Indians. He created a wild sensation, preaching over three hundred sermons in the best pulpits, many times in the presence of the Royal Family, and over ten thousand pounds were collected for the endowment of an Indian Seminary, which it was finally thought best to locate in New Hampshire where it was incorporated as Dartmouth College. It may be well for us to reflect now that the question of Indian education is agitating all minds that this stately college is one of the inheritances of which we have robbed our red brethren.

That the Norwich people were scholarly and intelligent is seen by a glance at the books read and advertised for sale. There were the same in vogue at the time in England. All the standard authors found their way across the water and were sold without thought of copyright, for native authorship was almost entirely confined to sermonizing. It is amusing to notice how few of the books advertised have survived the test of time. We note at random a few that are still known though little read. Dr. Mather "on Angels," Stoddard "on Saving Conversion," Bunyan's "Visions of Heaven

and Hell," Cotton Mather's "Day of Ruin," Erasmus "Colloquia Selector," "Blossoms of Morality" and Baxter's "Saint's Rest." Nor was religious literature the only mental pabulum offered. The novel reader could delight himself in Sterne and in the "Progress of Dullness" or "the Adventures of Tom Brainless," and there was "Sanford and Merton" and "Letters on Courtship and Matrimony." Bela Peck early founded a public library which has, through the additions of public minded citizens, and especially under the guardianship of the late Prof. Hutchinson, grown into the finest library in the State, that of



MRS. JOSHUA LATHROP, of Norwich, Conn.

Yale College only excepted.

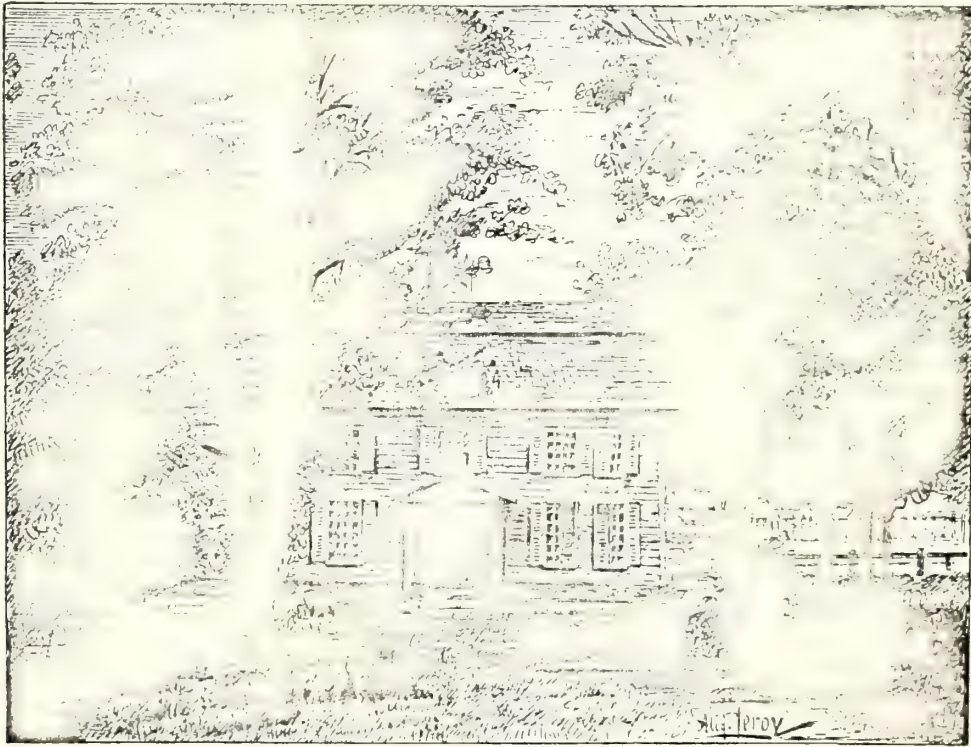
Art and literature walk hand in hand, and the old town has produced its artists all along, from Col. John Trumbull, pupil of Benjamin West, whose paintings are still preserved in the rotunda of the National Capitol and in the galleries, to Mr. Daniel Huntington, President of our National Academy. Art patrons and connoisseurs have always been plentiful in Norwich. No place of its size can probably furnish forth a more goodly array of old portraits. The portraits of Governor Jonathan Trumbull and his wife, Faith Robinson, among others in the possession of Mrs. Huntington, have artistic as well as historic interest, as have the Lathrop portraits in the Ripley Mansion.

VIRTUE.

The sale of Mr. Trumbull's pictures, says a London paper, has greatly excited the attention of connoisseurs. They have chiefly been collected during the unhappy distresses in France. The whole number in the catalogue, including two drawings by Le Brun, was ninety-one. There were several specimens of Leniers, and some of them were excellent, particularly "the Concert," with portraits of himself and family, and the "Chymist." The Pordenone was knocked down 580 guineas, the Berghem at 900, and the Raphael at 850. The entire collection produced the comfortable sum of £5,217. 17s.

Nothing tells so unmistakably the habits and manners of life of a community than the houses which they build. Many ancestral homesteads remain, like that of Governor Huntington's to

A large house in "the Plain" formerly known as "Huntington's Folley," is a picture gallery of family portraits. Prominent among them is a full length of General Jabez Huntington the first portrait painted by Trumbull when he was but twenty-one. General Jabez had five sons in the Revolutionary Army, one of the younger, Ebenezer, just before his graduation in 1774 ran away from Yale and joined the Continental Army at Dorchester Heights. He afterwards became one of Washington's aides. His portrait also hangs in the old mansion, and it is a little remarkable that it is the last



GENERAL JABEZ HUNTINGTON'S (1719-1777) house at Norwich, Conn.

painted by Trumbull as his father's was the first. Washington visited "General Eb." in Norwich and was regaled and toasted at the old sideboard represented earlier in this article. Other homes are equally rich in these testimonials to the wealth and elegant tastes of their ancestors, and although portraiture has always been that department of art first patronized in any community, other pictures have been handed down showing that collections were in favor. An account of a remarkable picture sale, both for that or any other time, is given in the *Courier* for April 26, 1797. It was the collection of Col. John Trumbull, the artist, and took place in London. It is thus chronicled:

tell of the state and dignity of their former occupants, mansions in which we may experience what Ruskin expresses as "that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay even of approval or condemnation which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the waves of humanity."

One apparently haunted house was the birthplace of Benedict Arnold. A curse seemed to rest upon it and trouble of some sort came to every occupant. Now it was insanity and again crime, or sudden death, as in the case of the unfortunate Malbones of Newport, who took refuge here during the war of the Revolution, and at last it was struck by lightning and finally

destroyed in 1853. There are other homes with happier traditions, from which the daughters tripped to minister to the sick French soldiers encamped on the Plain in 1778 and whose doors were opened for their reception. Houses a little later built in the style of Mount Vernon, with tall Ionic or Corinthian pillars giving them the appearance of Grecian temples, and which still grace their broad lawns and terraces, for their owners realize that,

We may build more splendid habitations,
But we cannot buy with gold the old associations.

Society formed of such elements was cultured and urbane. The Williams' Mansion, with its grand ball room, might tell its story of the stately figures performed on its spring floor and of sly flirtations in the sheltering recesses of its deep windows. The regulations of the "Union Assembly" state that balls began precisely at six o'clock. One of Norwich's most honored octogenarians remembers that in his youth dancing was the favorite amusement. Country dances were in vogue, generally consisting of fifteen or twenty couples. The music was a drum and a violin, with frequently a tambourine in addition.

During the winter, exciting sleighing parties were formed to some tavern not far from town. The three favorites were Hough's at Bozrah, Horton's at Montville, half way to New London, where an appointment might be kept with a party from the latter city, or—most popular of all—Sam Hyde's Tavern at Franklin. Of this latter hostelry a rhymester of the day thus sings:

What pleasure is greatest?
My fancy decides
A party select
And a sleigh ride to Hyde's.

The sleigh is described as long and wide, the back above the occupants' heads. Four seats of sufficient width to hold each three persons comfortably, while when more were of the party one highly respected informant shocks our idea of the proprieties by the assurance

that "it was considered a privilege to hold the dear ones!" A four in hand to each sleigh, then song and laughter and "the jingling and tinkling of the bells." The wayside inn might stand as a type of the tavern in its present state.

Built in the Old Colonial day
When man lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay
With weather stains upon the wall
And stairways worn and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

We have spoken elsewhere of these inns and how in their sheltering sheds might be found strange vehicles, but none more bizarre or quaint than Dr. Lathrop's chaise, resplendent with yellow body and red morocco top and taxed by the strict sumptuary laws of the State.

Here our revellers would find the window ablaze with candles and the chimney with logs four feet in length; and after the bustle of removing wraps and running here and there to engage partners, the orchestra would be heard striking up the "Fisher's Horn-Pipe," "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," "High Pretty Martin," or "Molly put the Kettle on." After vigorous dancing, in which the sweeping train of the ladies frequently took some awkward gallant off his legs, came the supper

of roast turkey, chicken-pie, turtle, tripe, sausages, mince-pies, doughnuts, cheese, apples, walnuts, butternuts, coffee and, we regret to add, flip or mulled wine. Home was generally reached by eleven o'clock with only an occasional upset in the snow to add excitement to the frolic. "The result," says our venerable friend, "was red cheeks, good health, lungs in full play and fine shoulders instead of wasp waists and fainting fits."

That balls did not always close at ten we are convinced by the order of dances at the wedding of Mr. Nat. Shaw, of New London, which included ninety-two figs., fifty-two contradances, forty-five minuets and seventeen horn-



GENERAL JABEZ HUNTINGTON. First portrait painted
by TRUMBULL.

pipes. This wedding had but one rival in gaiety, a famous Ordination Ball, which assures us that dancing was not at that time under the ban of the church. One of the favorite early dances was entitled "Love and Opportunity," a measure which to judge from its name has been handed down from remote ages.

Very curious old love letters are to be found among the yellow MSS. that tells of olden times in Norwich, letters tied with faded ribbon and sealed with two hearts (both broken); letters blistered with tears, hot with passion or cold with despair. One lover writes impetuously:

I'll cane the man that dares abuse me,
And hang myself if you refuse me."

Another, a clergyman, sends to Norwich a long treatise on love, eloquent and persuasive; it ends thus: "Love must be subordinate to God's glory; the which that mine may be so; it having got you in its heart, doth offer my heart with you in it, as a more rich sacrifice unto God through Christ, and so it subscribeth me, yr. true love until death.

EDWARD TAYLOR.

This for my friend and only beloved Miss Elizabeth Fitch, at her father's house in Norwich."

The only matter important enough to be mentioned after love is death. We turn from the old newspaper garrulous with business, with scandal, with party strife and society gossip, we turn from the old-fashioned gowns, limp ghosts of the forms which they adorned, from the musty love letters and the haunted houses, to the old graveyard, the last wayside inn in this life's journey, and linger a moment, with a half smile, over the quaint epitaphs. There one reads how

"Between these carved stones Rich tresuer lies, Dier Smith his bones."

and another inscription:

"In memory of an aged nursing Mother of God's New English Israel."

But possibly, the epitaph which strikes us as most applicable to Norwich ladies in general, both of olden and modern times, is the following:

"Here lyes ye Body of that worthy, virtuous and most injeneous and jenteel woman, Mrs. Sarah Leffingwell. May 9th, 1730."

Norwich may well be proud that her daughters in worldly position and in the nobler rank of heart and soul have been and still are "gentlewomen."

Elizabeth W. Champney.

UNTO MY LADYE.

Ye gracious Lorde, who reigns on Hie,
Concealed one sunnie day
Ye Or and Azur of ye skie
With Arche of Monkish gray.

But when my Hearts-ease quelled my care,
I had a gladde Surprise,—
He'd hidde ye Golde in her faire Haire,
Ye Blue in her sweete Eyes.

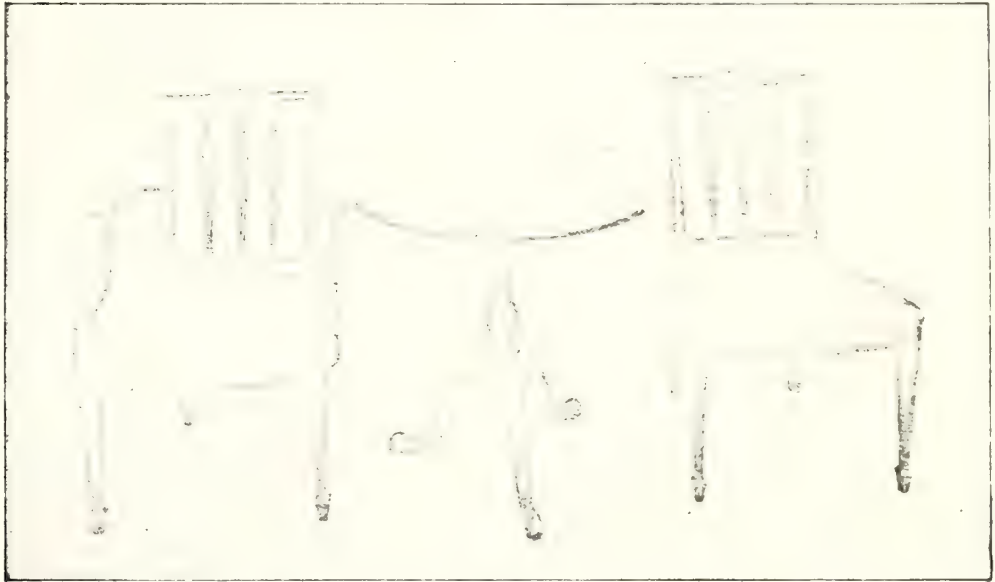
William E. S. Fales.

WASHINGTON'S LIBRARY.

IN the collecting of all "curios" the collector generally bends all his energies towards obtaining some special article which stands pre-eminent among all others of its kind, and without which his collection seems like a queen without her crown. Among American book-plates, the most prized example, but by no means the rarest, although it has been until now, the only one ever thought worthy of imitation is the one belonging to General George Washington. Nothing per-

with his handwriting. And the Mount Vernon library possesses but two books originally belonging there!

In the circular addressed to the public and written by the Rev. Andrew Norton, asking for subscriptions for the purchase of a portion of the Washington library then offered for sale, the reverend gentleman wrote: "In Europe these books would command prices which might seem incredible to one unacquainted with the sums given for objects associated with the



FURNITURE from GENERAL WASHINGTON'S LIBRARY, at Mount Vernon, now in the possession of MRS. J. V. L. PRUYN, of Albany, and photographed with her kind permission.

haps is more to be regretted by patriotic American citizens than the dispersal of the famous library of the great President. In the preservation of Mount Vernon efforts have been made from time to time, to gather once more and with some success, the articles of furniture and bric-à-brac once belonging to the Washington mansion, but the empty shelves in the library at Mount Vernon show no success as far as the dead hero's library is concerned. Mount Vernon is the Mecca of all patriotic Americans, and it receives the pious visit of many a stranger from foreign lands. Thus it is no exaggeration to say that few things would be of greater interest to the visitor than the books which formed Washington's library, the very volumes which have been read by his eyes and marked

memory of highly distinguished men. And by an American they should be still more proudly estimated. To no country has its history left so valuable a legacy than that which we have inherited in the character of Washington. Of such a man all the relics should be venerated. He rises higher in our estimation the better we become acquainted with history and human nature."

Standing here with these memorials around him the visitor's imagination would be filled with scenes connected with Washington's life. In the days of Washington the library room was one of the most attractive in the mansion. Let us picture if we can that chamber as occupied by the General. The room is in what is now known as the south extension. This part

of the building was designed by Washington, the library being so plain as to seem to have been built without the help of any design at all. The large windows opening to the floor lead to the south portico, and from here a magnificent view is to be had of the lawn, and gently flowing below is the broad Potomac (at this point nearly two miles wide) dotted with sailing craft while in the distance are seen the green fields of Maryland. Over the fireplace existed a high carved mantle and upon a bracket near by was a bust of Necker, the gift of Count D'Estaing to Washington. Not far from the bust of Necker was the bust of Lafayette, a copy of the one in the capitol at Richmond, made by Houdon, by order of the Legislature of Virginia. In different portions of the room were scattered several busts of Washington in plaster and marble, one by Paul Jones. On the walls were hung several pictures and a portrait of Lawrence Washington. The furniture of the room comprised a bureau, a dressing table, several small writing tables, a writing desk, a globe copying-press and a few chairs. There stood the Tambour Secretary of Washington and the circular chair which he devised by will "to my patriot in arms and old and intimate friend, Dr. Craik." Here were kept some of the rarest relics of the Revolutionary struggle; his swords, guns, pistols, canes, spy-glasses, and his "Velvet housing for a saddle trimmed with silver." Here his case of surveying instruments, his compass, theodolite staff and chain used by him as a surveyor in the wilderness of Virginia. Here was kept the Masonic apron worked so lovingly by the wife of Lafayette, and there also was kept the iron chest in which were stored the diamond badge of the Order of Cincinnati, the various medals presented him from time to time, his bonds, stocks, etc. Attached to the room were numerous closets; in these were stored the family plate and other articles of value now at Mount Vernon.

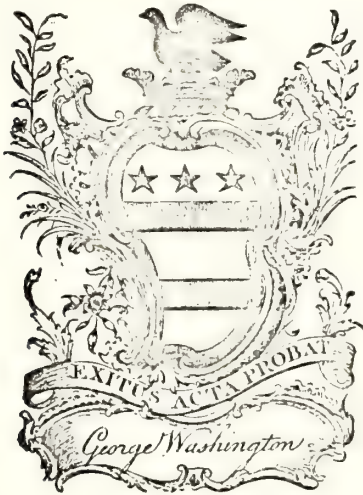
Apart from the interest connected with the great man's study, the interest centering in Washington's study is of a peculiar character. Here Washington, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, in 1774, discussed the great question then agitating the Colonists. Here Gates and Lee came and talked of the coming struggle with the Mother Country, and later, here also did Washington entertain the heroic Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Chastellux. In this room Washington received from Secretary Thomson the letter of President Langdon's, notifying him of his election as the first President of the United States, and, it was here that he completed the final draft of his immortal farewell address. In this room were probably penned the last

words he ever wrote, those recorded in his diary the night before his death.

Washington's habits were of an extremely methodical character. An early riser, whether as Chief Magistrate or a simple citizen, we find him seated in the library before daylight in winter and at daybreak in summer. General Henry Lee once observed to him "we are amazed at the vast amount of work you accomplish." Washington replied, "Sir, I rise at four o'clock, and a great deal of my work is done while others are asleep." No letter was left by him unanswered, and, in his diary, he records numerous instances of his spending the entire Sunday in answering private correspondence. After breakfast, after rising from the table, if there were any guests—and it was seldom otherwise—books and papers were offered for their amusement, and they were requested to take good care of themselves while the host proceeded on his daily tour of inspecting his farm. At precisely a quarter before three Washington always returned and dressed. He dined at three o'clock. The rest of the afternoon he devoted to his library; at night he would join his family and friends at the tea table (he never took supper, merely a cup of tea) and enjoyed their society for several hours, retiring about nine o'clock. When without company he frequently read aloud from the new publications of the day, the Sunday sermons and other sacred writings.

At the time of Washington's death according to the statement of the appraisers Thompson Mason, Tobias Lear. Thomas Peter and William H. Foote, the library contained a trifle more than nine hundred miscellaneous volumes, about 325 magazines and pamphlets and about one hundred maps and prints valued at \$2,338.20. In the catalogue given by the appraisers the titles are often incorrectly given, yet the errors of bibliography are far from being as numerous as might be supposed. The makers of the catalogue seem to have taken the titles simply from the labels on the backs of the volumes. The volumes were probably as Washington left them, the various books of a size being placed together. In the matter of appraising, size and outward appearance seem to have been the chief factors, the real merit of the book being of secondary importance. The books made no fine display, they being generally bound in the uniform sheep binding of that period. A large number bear the appearance of having been rebound, numerous volumes of pamphlets having the same general garb. As is the case for all distinguished men, Washington was the recipient of numerous presentation copies of books, some bound in quite an elab-

orate style. These lighted up to some degree the more than quiet dress of the books of Washington's own choosing. It was his habit as a general rule, to write his name on the right hand corner of the title page, and place inside his book plate, a representation of which we produce. It has been a matter of uncertainty as to whether that book plate was engraved in England or in this country. Washington, like other Virginia gentlemen before the Revolution, was in the habit of ordering goods every year from London: but we have searched the various orders to his agents in London and examined as far as practicable the items of his household expenses, without finding any such item. The strongest argument that can be said in its favor proving it to be American work is the poor heraldry displayed in its coat of arms, general make-up and drawing.



BOOK PLATE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

It will be noticed that the engraver has placed a wreath under the crown (an absolute heresy), and this, with the faulty drawing of the raven, makes the whole plate a very slovenly piece of work. No engraver with any knowledge of the fundamental laws of heraldry would be guilty of drawing such a Coat of Arms as this. The arms of Washington engraved on his seal and ring, undoubtedly cut in England, are correctly done. It seems more than probable, if the plate had been done in England, that the engraver would not have been guilty of making such blunders. We have seen a great many English plates, but have never noticed one bearing these peculiarities. From its general appearance, we should say that the plate was made in America somewhere between the years 1777 and 1781. Original examples

are noticeable for their sharp black impressions on dampened plate paper of a buff color mellowed by age. Those of the imitation are printed from a plate which has the appearance of having seen considerable wear; besides being printed on dry paper of a thin quality and a bluish color, by its modern appearance it is easily recognized, the engraving of the name being very poorly done. This imitation plate was issued about 1865 and put in a collection of books, advertised to be sold at auction in Washington, purporting to have been captured in Virginia. Mr. Poole, then librarian of the Boston Athenæum, attended the sale, with the intention of purchasing the books if they were of genuine origin. He immediately discovered the forgery and announced the fact to the buyers, so that the books only brought their value as books. Re-strikes from the original Washington Book-Plates are easy to find. These are on modern white paper, but the plate lacks the sharpness noticeable in earlier impressions, besides its modern appearance.

In the collecting of his books, Washington seems to have had no plan in view. He was no specialist or student. The books are such as would be found on the shelves of any well-to-do, intelligent Virginia gentleman. Having a large farming interest, books on this kind and its kindred subjects are quite numerous, and many bear evidence of careful reading. Although there are quite a number of books on the Art of War and Military tactics, they do not appear to have been largely read. Books of an imaginative character are not numerous and Washington's practicality is well illustrated in the fact that but few books of light reading are found in his library. He purchased his books for use, as a mechanic would purchase his tools. In a letter to George W. P. Curtis, he says, in regard to his reading: "Light reading (by this I mean books of little importance), may amuse for a moment, but it leaves nothing solid behind." That Washington did find time to read books of a lighter character is shown in his copy of "Peregrine Pickle," by Smollett, in three volumes. Few books in the library bear the appearance of having been more thoroughly read. Among the great man's letters little mention is to be found of the books he read. But in one he speaks of the evident pleasure and enjoyment he received in reading a work called John Bunclé (now in the Athenæum) a volume somewhat broad and Rabelaisian in its humor. Washington's literary qualifications were unquestionably of a superior order, his letters, his addresses to Congress, and his farewell address, are models of compositions; but few of his letters can be called strictly literary, and

rarely does he attempt the role of a literary critic.

In reading books, Washington adopted the practice of making abstracts whenever the subject interested him. He often in this manner transcribed whole chapters, numerous examples of that habit being found among his papers; and while he could hardly be considered a man of reading, or one who gathered his knowledge from the deep study of books, yet few were better informed in all the practical topics of life. With no college experience, educated as a country gentleman, he never studied the graces of language, but was more a man of action than of words, and what he wrote was of the highest common sense. It is noticeable to any one who has compared Washington's early and later letters, especially in their original drafts, that as time passed he became more fluent in expression. If in his first efforts he seems to hesitate, his later manuscripts suggest the thought that his ideas flowed faster than his ability to conscientiously write them. Clear, always appropriate, simple, earnest, sound and practical, entirely free from rhetorical embellishments, his letters are in exact accordance with his character. It was his habit to read with great care all dispatches or important papers which contained matter which might influence his opinion or conduct; in many cases he read, pen in hand, making extracts and summaries of such papers so that their contents might be more deeply impressed on his mind. This custom he followed not only in public affairs, but in the management of his farm and every kind of business. He thus gained two essential objects: thorough knowledge and time to act, and we may ascribe in no small degree to this habit, the accurate view he took of facts brought under his notice, and the sound judgment which invariably guided his decisions. As an example of Washington's taste in 1783, we print here an order from his hand to a New York bookseller. As it was sent about the close of the Revolutionary War, it will be noticeable how strongly his taste at this time ran to military biography. "Life of Charles XII."; "Life of Louis XIV."; "Life of Peter the Great"; Robertson's "History of America"; Voltaire's "Letters"; Vertot's "Revolution of Rome" and "Revolution of Portugal"; "Life of Gustavus Adolphus"; Sully's "Memoirs"; Goldsmith's "Natural History"; "Campaigns of Marshall Turrenne"; Chambeaud's "French Dictionary"; Locke, "On the Understanding"; Robertson's "Charles V."

During the latter part of his life he found little leisure for reading. In many letters,

whilst making acknowledgments for the various volumes presented to him, he speaks of the little time afforded him for reading. In writing to a correspondent and giving him an account of how he spent his time, he says: "It may strike you that in this detail no mention is made of any portion of time allotted to reading; the remark is just, for I have not looked into a book since I came home." It is evident, however, that Washington was a careful reader, as on many of the volumes, especially those on political subjects, the margins are covered, here and there, with comments and annotations.

We have not space to give any detailed list of the volumes which comprised Washington's library, but we will mention a few of the more prominent in the several departments of literature. In history: Gibbon, Hume, Robertson and Gordon. In Travel: Young, Volney, Chastelux, Anson, and Carver. In Poetry: Homer, Shakespeare, Burns, Pope, Ossian, Butler and Frereau. In Biography: Frederick II., Cromwell, Philip II., Charles V., Sully, Lee. In Politics and Letters: Wealth of Nations, Junius, *Federalist*, *Spectator* and *Guardian*. In Light Reading: Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Tom Jones, Gulliver's Travels, Peregrine Pickle and Humphrey Clinker. There is a noticeable lack of the works of the ancient authors, a copy of Seneca's "Morals," Horace, Homer, and the Travels of Cyrus comprising all his treasures in that line.

Washington bequeathed his entire library (with a few exceptions) and all his private papers to his nephew Bushrod Washington. During the life of the latter, it remained pretty well intact, a few volumes being given away by Judge Washington to his personal friends and prominent admirers of Washington. Judge Washington died in 1829. By will he devised "all the papers and letters devised to me by my uncle, General Washington, and a portion of the library to my nephew George C. Washington, the balance to be given to my nephew John A. Washington." The private and miscellaneous papers were afterwards purchased by the United States Government, and are now in the Archives of the State Department at Washington. In 1848, public attention was called to the fact that a number of volumes, purporting to have belonged to General Washington, were offered for sale by the late Mr. Henry Stevens. In Mr. Stevens' "Recollections of Mr. James Lenox" he gives an account of the transaction; as we shall have an occasion to correct Mr. Stevens' "Recollections," on several points, we give his version entire. He says: "In 1848, I bought Washington's library of about 3000 volumes with the autograph of the 'Father of his

Country' on the title pages, some rarities for Mr. Lenox, and many tracts and miscellaneous American books for the British Museum. Mr. Lenox declined the books with autograph, and there being a great hue and cry raised in Boston against my sending them out of the country, I sold the collection to a parcel of Bostonians for \$5,000, but after passing that old Boston hat around, two or three times, for \$50 subscriptions, only \$3,250 could be raised, and therefore, as I had used a few hundred dollars of the money advanced to me by the promoters and was in a tight place, I was compelled to subscribe the rest myself to make up the amount of purchase. I reserved to myself five volumes with choice autographs, two of which were sold to Mr. Lenox, one for £20 and the other for £50; the remaining three being presented to the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Royal Library of Berlin." We have no desire of accusing Mr. Stevens of willfully misstating the facts in this case, yet his lapses of memory in regard to the particulars of this transaction are so painfully evident and numerous as to excite remark.

Mr. Stevens purchased the volumes from Col. Geo. C. Washington. It having been stated in the newspapers of the time that they were purchased from Mrs. Jane C. Washington (the widow of John A. Washington, then residing at Mount Vernon), she authorized an explicit denial of such a statement, saying that nothing could induce her to dispose of those in her possession. They numbered about two thousand; of this number almost a majority were pamphlets, many of which formerly belonged to Bushrod Washington and other members of the family. Instead of offering the books first to Mr. Lenox, Mr. Stevens gave the British Museum the first opportunity to purchase the books. It seems singular that Mr. Stevens' keenness should not have told him, even if he was not actuated by patriotic motives, a feeling which seems later to have been awakened in him "by the hue and cry" raised at his giving the British Museum the first opportunity of purchasing the library, that to an American such a collection of books would be of far greater value, even in a pecuniary sense, than to an Englishman. As an instance of the feeling in regard to the matter at this time, a resolution was introduced into Congress, April 26, 1848, to see if the collection could not be saved for this country. When it had become known that Mr. Stevens had offered it to the British Museum a number of patriotic gentlemen of Boston and vicinity entered into correspondence with Mr. Stevens with the idea of purchasing the library, and steps were taken

to get the British Museum to waive their claim upon it. Most fortunately the British Museum declined the books. In correspondence with the committee, the first price asked was \$7,500, but, on further consideration, Mr. Stevens agreed to sell for \$5,000, and subscribed \$500 himself, leaving \$4,500 to be raised by the committee. The most active and earnest members of this committee were the Rev. Andrew Norton, Mr. Jared Sparks, Mr. George Livermore, and Prof. Chas. E. Norton. On May 15, the committee secured the refusal of the library, and on the following 19th advanced Mr. Stevens the first money on account, \$700. Strangely enough, the subscriptions came in slowly, although the committee used every endeavor and spared no personal efforts, being all that time, heartily seconded by the press. By the 30th of June following they had been unable to raise more than \$3,700. During this time Mr. Stevens kept calling for the balance, and talked of withdrawing the books and of offering them to Mr. Lenox or Mr. John Carter Brown. It being found that it was impossible to raise the amount originally agreed upon, Mr. Stevens was prevailed upon to take \$3,700 for the books. Subsequently \$100 additional was subscribed, and on July 25th, when the account was closed with Mr. Stevens, there had been paid him in various sums \$3,800, and not \$3,250, as stated by him. During the latter part of the transaction Mr. Stevens made a proposition to reserve for himself five volumes, but this was rejected, the matter being compromised by the committee allowing him five volumes of their own choosing.

The collection purchased of Mr. Stevens numbered, approximately, 444 volumes and a quantity of pamphlets. Of the volumes some 240 contained Washington's autograph; fifteen the book plate alone. Thirty were presentation copies, the balance having belonged to Bushrod, William Augustin Washington, R. H. Lee, etc. In the collection were thirty-seven bound volumes of pamphlets, containing 290 pamphlets, the majority of which bore the General's autograph. In two large book cases facing the visitor as he enters the library of the Athenæum these volumes have found their final resting-place. In the acquisition of these volumes, Bostonians, and all lovers of Washington in America, owe the committee a lasting debt of gratitude for the devotion and energy displayed in keeping the collection in this country. A large measure of praise is also due the late George Livermore, one of the most public spirited, generous and modest of men. As discretionary executor of the estate of Thomas

Dowse, he gave \$1,000 for the purpose of printing a catalogue and description of these books, a wish that has never been carried into execution.

John A. Washington, to whom Mount Vernon and the balance of the Washington library were devised by Bushrod, died in 1832, leaving the property to his wife and three children. Just before the property was purchased by the Ladies' Association, Mr. Lossing visited Mount Vernon at the invitation of the last proprietor, John A. Washington. At this time the family used the study for a dining-room; on the shelves there were to be found about 600 volumes, and of these it is extremely doubtful if more than 350 were a part of the original library. After the sale of Mount Vernon, Mr. Washington removed to Farquier County, Virginia, taking the books with him. At the commencement of the war he was a member of General Lee's staff, and was killed at the battle of Cheat Mountain, 13th September, 1861. His widow and children shortly afterward removed to West Virginia.

On November 27th, 1876, there occurred in Philadelphia a sale of a number of volumes formerly belonging to General Washington. As the genuineness of these books has been disputed several times we will give a brief account of them. They were consigned to Messrs. Thomas & Sons, the auctioneers, by Mr. Lawrence Washington, son of John A., the last proprietor. The volumes came to him as an inheritance, forming a part of those spoken of above as taken to Farquier County by John A. Washington. During the war the volumes were deposited in the attic of an old country house in Virginia, and the house rented to a German from Pennsylvania, who had possession of the key of the apartment in which they were kept. Curiosity seekers and relic hunters gradually became aware of the presence of the books and were allowed to inspect them, until it was discovered that a number had been taken away without the formality of asking leave, while quite a number which had been left were despoiled of their autograph. The volumes sold at this time numbered two hundred and twenty-two, realizing a total value of \$2,007.75, averaging a trifle more than \$9 per volume.

By a strange oversight no catalogue was sent to the librarian or trustees of the Boston Athenæum, and they were thus unrepresented at the sale. The sale attracted a company of about two hundred persons, which included many well-known persons, mostly residents of Philadelphia. The largest purchaser at the sale was the late Joseph Sabin, the Nassau Street bookseller, most of his bids being for orders.

He gave \$4.25 per volume for the New York edition (1775) in four volumes, of Chesterfield's "Letters;" \$26 for Parke's "Translation of Horace," (Phil. 1786); \$11 per volume for Belknap's "History of N. H.;" \$20 for a copy of the "Contrast," the first play written by an American; \$3.50 per volume for the London six volume edition of Gibbon's "Rome;" \$20 for the Hartford (1790) edition of Winthrop's "Journal;" \$9 per volume for "Laws of New York," (1789), since sold at the Frederickson sale for more than six times this sum, it being purchased for the Lenox Library for \$58 per volume. A "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences" published in London, (4 volumes, 1763) which was also sold at the Frederickson sale for \$16.50 per volume was purchased by Mr. Sabin for \$3.50 per volume. The largest individual buyer in this sale was Mr. John R. Baker, of Philadelphia, his purchases including some of the most interesting and valuable works in the sale. He thus became the possessor of a "Don Quixote" (four volumes, London, 1786) at \$5.75 per volume; of the New York, 1788 edition of the "Federalist," at \$50 per volume; of the "Life of Louis XV." (Dublin 1781) four volumes, at \$7.50 per volume, of Charles Lee's "Memoirs," (New York, two volumes, 1792) at \$12.50; of Sime's "Military Guide" for \$14; of Harte's "Gustavus Adolphus," (London, 1767) at \$12 per volume; of De Chastellux "Travels" (two volumes, London, 1787) at \$20 per volume; of Morse's "Geography," (1789) at \$10.50. He was also the purchaser of a copy of Leybourn's "Complete Surveyor," (London 1679) for \$2, although this volume contained neither autograph nor book plate, but it is from this work that Washington obtained the knowledge of surveying which he practised in his early days through the wilds of Virginia. Mr. Baker also purchased a volume which belonged to the mother of Washington, Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations," (London, 1685) for \$11. In Mr. Lossing's "Home of Washington," he says, in speaking of the books in the library "none appears more interesting, for it was from this volume Washington's mother drew many of those great maxims which she instilled into the mind of her son, and which had a powerful influence in moulding his moral character." Gen. Joseph R. Hawley was quite a large buyer. Some of his purchases are as follows: Volume 2 of Backus' "Church History," \$7.50; History of "Marshall Turrenne," (two volumes, London, 1735) \$8.50 per volume; Swift's "System of the Laws of Connecticut," (two volumes, 1795) \$11 per volume; De Chastellux "Voyages," in French, (two volumes) \$6. Of those purchased by miscel-

laneous buyers we give a few of the more important. Butler's "Hudibras," (London, 1775) \$14; Jefferson's "Notes," (Philadelphia, 1794) \$16; Locke "On Understanding," (two volumes, London, 1775) \$10 per volume; Washington's "Official Letters," (two volumes, London, 1795) \$13.50 per volume; Robertson's "America," (two volumes, Dublin, 1777) \$7.50 per volume; "Ossian," (Philadelphia, 1790) \$13; Robert Fulton's "Canal Navigation," (London, 1796) \$43; Freneau's "Poems," (Philadelphia, 1786) \$13. It should be borne in mind that the majority of these books contained Washington's autograph, and many, his book plate. In the latter part of this catalogue (No. 450 to 474 inclusive) were a lot of volumes belonging to Washington, which from the fact that they contained neither book plate nor autograph, were not placed with those of the earlier part of the sale; but that they formed a part of Washington's library we have not the slightest reason for doubting. In many cases the autographs had been torn off by some ruthless hand. These volumes did not average much more than \$1 per volume, showing that in the eyes of the buyers at this sale it was the autograph and the book plate which gave the volume its value. Toward the close of the catalogue a number of volumes, the titles of which are not given, were offered as a lot. These were purchased by Mr. Sabin for a small sum. A thorough examination of them proved that two or three contained Washington's autograph, Mr. Sabin thereby realizing quite a profit.

In the foregoing article we have given an account of what volumes we have thus far been able to trace belonging to the Washington

library. We have accounted for a trifle more than two-thirds; of the balance, many can never be identified or known. That Mount Vernon is the place where they rightfully belong we think our readers will readily agree, and steps should be taken towards placing once more as many as can be purchased at any future time. As a majority of the books can never be replaced, we would suggest that to fill up the empty shelves now at Mount Vernon as many as possible of these volumes be purchased as are called for by the appraiser's list. The editions can easily be known from the Athenæum Collection, the Philadelphia Catalogue and other sources. Most of the works are such that the expense of gathering a collection of the kind could not be heavy. Few of these editions have risen in value and most of them could easily be found.

It will probably be said (perhaps in a measure, rightly) that such a collection would be of little interest to the visitors, from the fact of Washington's hands never having come into contact with these volumes. But his mind has, and we can not help feeling that, if our suggestion was carried out it would undoubtedly awaken recollections of the highest order, and which are not now felt in viewing the library room in its present condition. Many of the articles now at Mount Vernon were not a part of the mansion in Washington's time, but their antiquity is in harmony and keeping with the place; the books once more on the shelves would restore to the study its original character, and their silent voices would speak eloquently of one who forever dwells in "the hearts of his countrymen." *Richard C. Lichtenstein.*

THE GENESIS OF A PICTURE.

A STORY.

I.

I WAS looking at Smith's picture of "The Accident," in Munneybagge's gallery the other evening. You remember the picture, of course, for it was the artistic sensation of the year '86, and translated Smith, who was living in a loft, to the finest studio in town, where he is now reveling in every form of affluence which comes to a fashionable genius in these days when there are fashions in brains as well as bonnets and French boots. Well, I was looking at his picture, with that sensuous enjoyment of the fine arts as a luxury that a good dinner is so wonderfully conducive to, when my host

came in crimson and heavy-eyed from overfeeding, but exuding his usual post-prandial joviality, compounded of natural good nature and an unnatural accumulation of dollars.

"Hah," said he, "you remember her, hay? I tell you, she's a hummer, ain't she now? I can take ten thousand for her any day I want to, and I figure that a hundred per cent. ain't so bad for a three years' investment. But she'll be worth more later on, and besides I haven't got any occasion to break up housekeeping just yet. But I say, X., those fellers get a living pretty easy, don't they now? Just think! All that chap had to do was to sit down and paint and get a cool five thousand for it. Why I can

remember the time when I worked like a dog, yes, like a dog, in a junk cart, by —, for a ——— sight less than a quarter that much a year."

I have the greatest respect for my friend Munneybagge—in the first place because he is rich; in the second, because he is a good fellow; and finally, because his dinners are the best I ever ate. But I must admit that his ideas of art are purely mercantile, not to say sordid in character. He is, so to speak, a collector for revenue only. He buys pictures because he has an idea that it pays. They represent money, not art, to him, and he never visits his gallery without reckoning up the profit it will bring him if he ever has a sale. I do not blame him for the frivolous view he takes of the profession of picture-making, but there are instances in which his levity galls me, because it is too flagrantly ribald, and Smith's pictures is one of these.

I speak from experience when I say that if Munneybagge ever worked as hard for one of his millions as Smith did to realize his "Accident," he deserves every copper of it. I have no idea how hard his millions were to get, remember, and I make no doubt he earned them. Far be it from me to insinuate that the man who gives such dinners as Munneybagge doesn't deserve the capital he gives them on. I have too much respect for myself as a guest and Munneybagge as a host, to hint at such a thing. It is for this reason that I propose to tell you the story of Smith's picture and let it speak for itself.

II.

To begin with, the idea for it.

We were together, Smith and I, late one winter night, in a drowsy little beer shop on South Washington Square, much frequented by the artists who have colonized in the neighborhood since fashion abandoned it, and by the dingy denizens of the communistic foreign quarter close by. Smith was, to put it politely, a trifle under the influence of the soporific atmosphere of the place, which a roaring storm without and a roaring stove within combined to make a perfect toper's paradise. Do not, I implore you, permit me to suggest that Smith was at that or any other period of his career a disreputable or dissipated fellow. On the contrary, he was as nearly a model of propriety as a man can be who does not pay taxes. But he was a young man, and a poor one; he had many friends but more pride, and his coat was shabby. So he went among the shabby coats of these brother Bohemians and exiles, and felt at home.

He was, on the occasion in question, dreaming over his pipe and his flat beer, when I read him a paragraph from an evening paper, de-

scribing, in a few lines, the return to his family in an East side tenement house of a poor laborer who had been killed in a street accident. The story was told in reporter's English, but there was a certain stirring vividness about it which led me to call his attention to it. He roused himself as I read, took the paper when I was through and read it over himself.

"What a picture that would make!" he said. "What a picture, what a picture!"

He cut the paragraph out with his penknife, read it again and again, and finally put it away as carefully as if it was the finest of gold filigree, in a pocketbook in which there were no bank bills to keep it company.

A couple of weeks later, coming up town, I made a short cut through one of the most wretched of our tenement districts, chasing an appetite for dinner with conquering feet. As I posted along I came up with Smith, walking slowly with his hands in his pockets and his thin overcoat dripping with the rain, his eyes alert to every passer-by and to every house he passed.

"I'm going to paint that picture," said he, "the accident, you know, and I've been putting in the day making sketches."

He had a book full of them; it looked as if he had explored the interiors of half the district. He was full of his subject, talked nothing else, and stopped twice in the rain to add to the stores of his sketch book. "I'll make a stunner of it, old boy," he said when we parted. "I feel it cooking in me. I believe I could go to work to-night, upon my soul I do."

A few days later I met him in a frame-maker's shop and asked him how the picture was getting on. He was very blue and told me he had done nothing further toward it. "The fact is, X.," he said earnestly, "I'm afraid it is beyond me. Besides it is an awfully dismal subject. Suppose I was to paint it and it did not sell?"

I left him grappling this dreadful possibility in the throes of despair.

III.

Ten days passed when, being in the University Building I called on Smith. I found him black to the roots of his hair, making pen and ink drawings for a juvenile magazine. "I've got her started X.," he cried joyously. "Wait till I finish this. The boy will be here for them this afternoon, and I'll put my bill in to-morrow and then go to work in real earnest."

He looked little more substantial or human than a ghost as he dragged his treasures out to show them to me. Smith never was an Adonis. You who know him now in his dress suit, or

that purple velvet coat he will persist in wearing, with his hair bristling up from his square head like a brush from which the rats have been lunching, and his gray eyes goggling at you from his nervous face, will admit that you have often wondered what made him so clever. Could you have seen him just now with his cravat twisted under his ear like a halter, and his lean hand waving as if in incantation over the revelations he made, you would have made sure of the location of the door, and asked yourself what madman this was, who went frantic over these dirty sketching pads, these begrimed sheets of wrapping paper, these canvasses defiled with incoherent smears. But to him this dirt and grime and smear meant something. It returned to him an echo of the story his heart kept telling to itself. He had run out of paper, and had made sketches in color, in pencil, crayon, charcoal, anything that would mark, on the backs of old pictures, on screens and on the wall. Indeed, the composition he finally chose and which you so well know, was sketched in billiard chalk over a half finished picture which hung over his easel, waiting for him to recollect what he had felt like when he started it. He had filled a couple of fresh sketch books with types of character, and told me in high glee of certain models he had picked up. "I'll get to work on them to-morrow," he said. "I took that job there to raise money enough to go ahead on, and at 9 a.m., sharp, the last bell will ring, you bet."

He brought out the canvas for the great work, and smoothed it over as lovingly as a mother would caress a sleeping child. He told me in detail how he had settled on that prize as the best, and why, and how he picked the canvas out, and what it had cost. He had laid in a special stock of colors, too—real French colors, such as he had used in Paris, and he squeezed them on his thumb nail to show me how pure they were, and compared them with those he commonly used.

"There's nothing like them," he cried, "if you want your work to last. Look at old Jenk's pictures now, though he hasn't been dead twenty years. He used to boast of never using foreign colors, and where will his work be when it's a hundred?"

From an inadvertent remark I believe that he had been living for some days with less than his usual number of meals in consequence of these investments, but he was as boisterously jolly as a school-boy at a fire, and I left him with his hat on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets, striding along, his coat flying wide in the bitter breeze and his eyes among the stars.

IV.

I was not astonished when I next met him, to find him under a cloud again. I knew him and his kind too well. This time the trouble was in his composition. He had tried all the twenty odd till he could hardly pick the outlines out on his canvas, but none suited him. He was walking in Central Park when he told me this, bite with cold, and his very voice frost bitten, and still no inspiration had come to him. We went to see a comic opera together that night, and by the time we separated his spirits were soaring gaily up again into the heaven of dreams.

"Do you know, X.," he said, as we grasped hands under the trees of the old park, with the moon riding high among the hurrying clouds, making a kaleidoscope of light and shade upon the snow, "I have an idea. I've been worried all along about selling my picture when I paint it, but, my boy, that's not the way to paint a picture, is it? I don't care whether I sell it or not. I'm going to paint it for John Smith, Esq., and if anyone wants to buy it when it is done let him make an offer. I want it myself, don't you see? Someone may outbid me for it, but I'm going to have it if no one else does. Isn't that the true philosophy?"

I felt now that though his dream was intangible, yet it had soul and could not help but grow; and I see his white face as I write, with the cold moonbeams playing on it, and his lean figure, all the leaner in his shabby coat, that looked thinner even than it was, and the bright eyes whose fire warmed me as I shuddered in the blast.

But I do not propose to follow him through all the inflections of his varying moods. It would make a long story and a very dull and dismal one, even for Smith himself. It is with the material vicissitudes of his work I have to deal. Indeed, I am writing of Smith's picture rather than himself, and if he turns up so often, it is because his picture is himself, and the man is inseparable from his work.

He had been at it about a month, only leaving his studio for his meals, and stopping work to sleep, when his money gave out. I don't like to think how he lived towards the end of that month, but I know he must have stinted himself to spin his slender store out to its extremest limit. It reached it at last, and one night I found him in the beer shop silent and despairing. "It's no use, X.," he groaned, "fate is against me. I can't keep the fight up. I could have put a knife through it this afternoon, I swear I could."

"But you didn't?" I asked somewhat anxiously, for I had come to take a personal interest in the work myself.

"Well, no, I didn't," he replied slowly. "but I put it in a corner and scraped my palette off."

I saw him night after night now, but asked him nothing about his picture and he volunteered no information. He absorbed his beer, smoked constantly, and played billiards, dominoes or cards with anyone who called on him for a game. One evening, finally, he did not appear, or rather was not there when I looked in for him. I asked the corpulent hostess who divided her time between the cash drawer and the noisy parrot, if she had seen him.

"He was in early this morning," she replied, "but he won't be back to-night. He is at work on his picture again. He began to-day, I know, for he paid his bill and took in bread and cheese enough to last him till to-morrow. Do you know sir," and she sunk her voice into a growl-whisper, "I believe if anything happened to that picture Mr. Smith would cut his throat, just like the cobbler around the corner last week."

V.

You must know that the picture had by this time become an old acquaintance with every one Smith knew. He would talk about it, tell stories of his models, and in one way or another make it the topic of conversation in the end no matter on how distant a subject the conversation began. It was his one passion, and as long as he talked about it you might know he was progressing with it. When he did not, it was safe to infer that the wheels of progress had become clogged. I found out, later on, how he had unclogged them this time. He had painted a lot of ornaments and figures on sign boards for a sign painter, whose advertisement he had chanced upon in *The Herald*. "And every time I went to work on one, and all the time I worked," he said, when he made the confession to me, "I despised myself. I used to jump up and kick the infernal things around the room, and then get back to work on them as mild as cold tea. I know you think I'm a fool, but I'm not. I've only got too many nerves for a beggar. But I always had sense enough to think of the picture, and while I cursed the job and raved at it, I kept pegging away until it was done."

You would, doubtless, find the list of expedients of this sort to which he resorted to be incredible. Indeed, I do not know myself all the devices he invented to feed the monster he had created for himself. There was scarcely one of the miserable creatures who served him as models who did not live in greater ease and comfort than he. Once I met him walking down town,

with the slush ankle deep, to deliver a batch of designs for valentines, to a publisher on Chatham Street; and at another time when I went to hunt him up with a trifling commission in the way of a portrait of a prize bull-dog for a sporting collegian of my acquaintance, I ran him to earth in a sign painter's cellar, painting portraits on political transparencies. He made caricatures by the dozen, of which he sold a couple here, and peddled a couple more there among the comic papers, the whole lot bringing him in about the week's wages of a longshoreman. He got a job at scene painting. He painted a couple of game panels for an eating-house. He decorated the walls of the basement in Washington Square with landscapes in oil, which transported the patrons of the house to the beery shades of their Fatherland. I am willing to take oath that I recognized his hand in the realistic ornamentation of the French sausage-maker's wagon, where he used to lay in his supply of cervelat, for sausage and dry bread made many a dinner for him. He wore his overcoat far into the spring, and might have worn it into season again if a lucky streak of magazine illustration had not set him on his financial feet.

You can, of course, imagine that the picture did not progress very rapidly among these interruptions. But it went on now, steadily and surely, and as it advanced in substantial form, the painter grew leaner, more haggard and white-faced. It seemed as if he was transfusing his own vitality into his work. In truth he was putting his whole heart into it, as all men must when great work is to be done. The summer sun transformed his studio into an oven. In winter he painted in his overcoat, with a recess now and then devoted to trotting the floor to revive his chilled circulation. Now he walked in his shirt with a wet towel around his temples. He was three months in arrears with his rent, he passed his laundry on the other side of the way, he ate, when he did eat at all, in the little beanery on Union Square, where the actors dine when the season has been unpropitious. But he no longer lost heart.

"I know it's a good picture," said he, "I feel it, and I'll finish it, unless I drop dead with a brush in my hand."

VI.

I was more than once afraid the end might come to pass, and yet I dared not offer to help him, for the man's pride was as sensitive as a fresh wound. I bought a couple of sketches from him once, and when I gave him the few dollars the transaction involved, his hand trembled so that he could not take them up, and he

walked into a dark corner and suddenly began to cry. Desperate as he was, it hurt him to tax the ready sympathy of a friend whose condition he suspected to be little better than his own. At another time I discovered that he had been to dinner at a relative's house. He had relatives in easy, if not opulent circumstances, but he commonly held no communication with them. It was a bitter stress of misery that sent him to eat their grudging bounty, you may be sure.

Yet while his condition was most desperate, and his necessities most clamorous, he almost threw old McGilp down stairs, when that worthy and speculative individual offered him \$500, to be paid in weekly installments, pending its completion, for his great work. The offer meant a comfort he had not known for months, but it was an insult to him, and he has not forgiven McGilp to this day. After "The Accident" made its hit, the dealer approached him for a picture a patron of his wanted. "If I couldn't sell a single picture again," said Smith, with an ugly glitter in his dreamy eyes, "except through you, I'd give up painting and take to driving a truck. Don't you ever come to see me again on business or pleasure." Poor McGilp, who had meant this offer for the best, and made it in the most friendly spirit compatible with business, speaks of Smith with tears in his eyes. "A great painter, sir," he will tell you—"a real old master, so to speak. Lord! the money I could make for him and me if he wasn't so sensitive."

The McGilp episode occurred in the latter stages of the picture. By this time Smith's nerves had been converted to fiddle strings. He no longer slept, except by snatches, and when he did sleep the figures of the canvas assumed life. One morning before the milkman had sounded his reveille under my window, I was aroused by a tremendous battering at my door. It was Smith, livid, without a collar, with his hair all over his head like a ragged terrier's. He nearly emptied my not over-full brandy bottle, and threw himself upon my lounge with a hoarse unnatural laugh.

"Don't mind me, old boy," he said "go to bed and leave me here, I'll get along all right."

"But what ails you?" I demanded, "are you sick or crazy?"

He brushed his eyes with his lean, transparent hand.

"I can't sleep down there," he cried, his words tripping one another up in their feverish haste. "It's like lodging in a family vault—nothing but ghosts and dreams. Do you know what I dreamed to-night, old fellow. I thought I had finished my picture and was looking at it,

and you all were there and a room full besides, and it was a great success and—"

He paused for breath.

"And?" I repeated.

"And a stroke of lightning came and melted it all up into smoke before our eyes." He almost screamed this climax at me, reaching out his hand like a claw, and driving the fingers of the other through the stout plush of the lounge. "Into smoke, and there was a devil's face leering at me in its place. O God! I only wonder how I got into the street without jumping out of the window."

I wondered, too, but I got him quiet and dosed him to sleep with a glass of judiciously doctored spirits. He woke in the afternoon greatly refreshed, for it was the first protracted sleep he had enjoyed for weeks. I had in the meantime consulted a physician, though I knew beforehand what his decision would be.

"The man wants rest," he said, "perfect rest, and if he doesn't get it he will go mad."

VII.

I resigned myself to the prospect of having to help poor Smith into a straight-jacket, for I knew the alternative was one he would not accept, when a singular chance arose to save him from the end to which I believe he was really being drawn. In the doorway of the University Building, half covered with snow, for winter had come around again, he found a poor starving cur. Disturbed in its final and merciful midnight stupor by his foot, the miserable brute licked the boot that had recalled it to the curse of existence. The man took it into his arms, this one living creature, poorer and more despairing than himself, and carried it up to his desolate room. He built for it the fire he stinted himself of, he shared his half loaf of stony bread with it, and it slept under his thin blankets with its battered head on his cold breast. He told me long afterwards, "I slept without a dream that night, and when I woke the poor creature had not moved for fear of disturbing me. And X." (there were tears in his eyes and voice that would have been an honor to any man), "it licked my face, and when I put my hand up to pat it, it held up its paw to beg me not to strike it. Strike it! By God, sir! I would as soon have thought of striking a baby."

The malediction of solitude was driven from the wretched studio by this poor, grateful cur. Henceforth the painter worked with company, and slept with another heart beating against his own. With its scarred and malignantly ugly head upon the man's knee, the brute would look sympathy into his eyes when the weary

hand faltered at its lonely task. When he worked, it stretched out on the floor and watched him. No voice could call it from his post, no bait could tempt it away. In every line of its gaunt and ragged body, in every gleam of its big, tearful eyes, it bespoke its affection for and its devotion to the one human being it probably had experienced the tenderness of true humanity from. Its fidelity was so close and so unswerving that the boys christened it "Smith's Shadow," and as Shadow it is known to this day. The name fitted it then in a realistic as well as a figurative sense, though people often wonder now why it was applied.

Smith and his Shadow put the finishing touches to "The Accident" at last, having literally divided their last crust at the same time. The picture was shown to a few of the elect, and pronounced the masterpiece it was. If you could have seen the painter and the place on the day he first exhibited that masterpiece to his friends you would have rubbed your eyes and asked yourself if it was real. Picture a room with the plaster rotting from the ceiling, veiled in cobwebs and lost in shadow; a few blotched and tattered sketches and prints on the damp, mouldering walls, for everything salable had long since gone; a grate full of ashes and the snow a foot thick on the sill. And in the bleak and bitter white light of the lofty window through whose loose frame the snow blew in powdery puffs, the thing wrought into life by the genius of that shabby spectre, with the gaunt cur squatting at his side and following every motion of his nervous and excited hand with vigilant eyes. When we entered that room we had shivered, for it was colder than the street. But there was that in it which warmed our blood with the fires of enthusiasm. It stood upon the rickety easel, and in it were embalmed a year of an honest man's life and all his heart.

Shall I tell you how we congratulated Smith, and shook his hand, which was hot with fever, though he was shuddering, and how he broke down, and the Shadow came between his knees, as he sat in the big chair, and looked up at him, weeping, with the tears making two ridiculous channels down his own hairy face? B-r-r-r! How the wind howled, and the loose doors in the great desert of a corridor banged like cannon, the Shadow, despite his grief, giving a growl at each detonation. But as cold as it was, and not a scrap to make a fire out of, we cracked a merry bottle, and admired and criticised, and admired again, till night came, and we groped our way out and got lost in the black passages, and were found again by the dog. We had a roaring dinner that night. For

once Smith's refusals of an entertainment he was too proud to accept, because he needed it, availing him nothing. As for the Shadow, I have his master's assurance that it took three days and nights of sleep to digest his feast for him.

We escorted Smith home, in the dead small hours, and sent him up to sleep in his garret with his two companions, the ideal and the brute, and with a fire which we had got the janitor to build, while we were banqueting, to take the ban of winter off their slumbers. Perhaps you will find such details as these ridiculous, but life is not made up entirely of dignified facts. Its most solemn and pathetic episodes, indeed, have often that touch of the absurd about them which poor Smith's probation of misery displayed, and these touches redeem them from absolute horror, and render them human where they would otherwise be revolting.

VIII.

The picture was done now, but the work was not. It had yet to be framed, and that meant a cash outlay of at least \$50. You will pardon the vulgar detail I am sure. I wish to show you how slight a trifle may interpose an almost insurmountable barrier between merit and its reward.

It was on New Year's Day that Smith showed "The Accident" to us, with his signature in the corner. He had two months to spare until the pictures for the Spring Exhibition were collected. It was not until ten days before the carts came around that Smith and the Shadow picked out a moulding in a framemaker's shop, and went forth prepared for the final ordeal. In order to pay for the frame for the picture, for which Munneybagge gave him his "cold five thousand," Smith had painted a couple of hundred bar-room show cards, those familiar Tom and Jerry bowls, and steaming tumblers of punch and overflowing beer glasses of gigantic stature, with pigmy toppers scaling them by ladders to partake of their lofty nectarian delights, which have become a necessity to our bibulous civilization.

How he and the Shadow managed to live between this period and the opening of the exhibition, they alone know. But twenty-four hours after the galleries were opened to the press their troubles were over. Munneybagge purchased "The Accident" on reception night, and the painter, who could not decently go to see his own picture on that occasion, slept worth what, was to him a fortune, and without a supper. He says he nearly fainted when the salesman, who knew his condition, came to his studio and announced the sale early next morn-

ing. He had set the price Munneybagge paid for it on the picture, with the absolute conviction that if he was lucky enough to sell it at all, it would be after a bargain, and at so large a reduction that mere speculation on it made him shudder. The catalogue figure had been meant to be impressive, not immovable. He found me dressing for breakfast, and I found him so white and shaken that I was afraid the end had really come. But joy does not always kill. He took my hands both in his own and said:

"Old man, Shadow and I are hungry and dead broke, so we will take breakfast with you, if you please. We'll take you to dinner, for—my God, X., I've sold it!"

And he threw his arms around my neck, and

his sobs and the Shadow's sympathetic howls made up the chorus of victory.

IX.

So, if you ever dine with Munneybagge, which I sincerely hope, for your own sake, you will, as he gives you his views of art, as an easy and profitable trade, as he is certain to do, remember the genesis of Smith's great picture, as I have told it you, and ask yourself, is it the only pearl our art has cast before our Munneybagges, or is it but a type of its kind? You need not tell your host what you are thinking about, however, for he will not understand you, and you might lose another dinner by your indiscretion, which would be a pity.

Alfred Trumble.

THE GREAT BOOKSELLERS OF THE WORLD.

EDMUND F. BONAVENTURE, OF NEW YORK.

ENGINEER, soldier, inventor and bibliophile. Such is the evolution of one of the most famous of living American booksellers and whose name heads this article.

Edmund F. Bonaventure is an Alsatian. His stock is as nearly pure French as can be found in the East of France, where Gaul and Teuton have battled for supremacy during half a thousand years. He is a Francophile, that is, he detests the Kaiser and the "Man of Blood and Iron," looking forward to the time when France will be again mistress of Alsace and Lorraine. He prefers the "Marseillaise" to "Die Wacht am Rhein."

Bonaventure was born at Reichshoffen some forty years ago. He is in the prime of manhood, with three decades to look forward to before the allotted time given him by the "Psalmist" expires.

The School of French Engineers at Chalons was the place where he imbibed that professional knowledge which for years made him a man of mark among those who follow in the footsteps of Watt and Fulton. He became a successful engineer. He did not pursue the beaten track, however, for where others were content with what had been accomplished, he

went ahead and invented for the benefit of his own ilk.

"Dietrich et Cie, Maîtres de Forges et Constructeurs," of Alsace had the benefit for many years of the engineering genius of the versatile Bonaventure. But "war's wild alarms" sounded throughout France and Germany. 1870 came. While Europe trembled and watched the contest of the Titans in their fearful struggles for supremacy, Bonaventure was serving in the Fourteenth Artillery, where he soon became "Maréchal des Logis-Chef."

After the annexation of his native country by Germany, he refused to recognize any other flag but that of France, which he left in 1871 for America, like so many of his compatriots.

Bonaventure's first shingle in the United States decorated 71 Broadway, New York city. It bore the legend, "Civil and Mechanical Engineer." In the New World

he pursued his original profession once more, and with signal success until 1873, when the panic came and swept away everything that he had acquired.

Among the amusements of his leisure had been book-collecting. He was an ardent bib-



EDMUND F. BONAVENTURE.

liophile, and had gathered on his bookshelves a choice, well-selected and valuable library. This he had gotten together from book stores and auction rooms. And that was where his treasures were dispersed after the troubles occasioned by "Black Friday."

From collecting books he took to selling them, and to-day stands at the head of his trade.

He had invented an iron dressing machine, a dental cutting machine, a fire alarm and a rotary machine for turning envelopes out from a roll of paper, counting and putting them together in packages of twenty-five. He had invented other machines, but ten years ago he began his proudest invention—a bookstore.

Bonaventure was cute enough to see that his hobby had money in it, and that business was more profitable than professional life. So under the Astor House, on Barclay Street, was started a new departure in books that soon rallied around it the bibliomaniacs and Grolierites of those days.

Bonaventure's soon became the place to go to if one wanted historical reliures or the best examples of the great European binders. He made a specialty, too, of what his business confrères had neglected. He imported from Paris rarities that the old time New York booksellers had only handled in the most superficial manner. He made periodical trips to Europe, and after keen book-hunts, purchased private libraries from descendants of the "Ancient Régime," whose impecuniosities forced them to dispose of their heirlooms.

After various changes of location, Bonaventure is now permanently settled at 332 Fifth Avenue, as well as at the old stand under the Astor House.

There will be found this erect, soldier-like bibliopole, whose determined features, blue eyes and light hair and moustache mark his Alsatian nativity.

At the "Maisons Bonaventure" are books in rare and priceless bindings, stamped with the arms of every sovereign and bibliophile of universal repute, such as Francis I. with his salamander, Henry II. and his lady love, Diana of Poitiers, with her interlaced crescents. Then Henry III., Henry IV., Louis XIII., the King-Sun-Louis XIV. and his cultured wife, the Marquise de Maintenon. Louis XV. and his favorites, Pompadour and Du Barry, hold their own in a wonderful display; and poor Louis XVI., and his lovely wife, and Madame Elizabeth, all furnish their quota to these unique collections.

Among the famed collectors, some of Bonaventure's books bear the arms of De Thou, of

the Comte d'Hoym, of Madame de Chamillart, of Rachel.

The bindings by Le Gascon, by Boyet, by Trautz-Bauzonet, by Chambolle-Duru and many others of the heroes of "the Grolierite," give the admirer a true and complete lesson in all the intricacies of lacing, interlacing, mosaic, inlaying, gilding, etc., etc.

For many, a visit to Bonaventure will be quite a revelation.

"The *Patissier françois*," a rarity of rarities from the Elzevir press, 1655, is there, the copy of Comte de Sauvage, far superior to the highly prized one of Paillet. Bonaventure hardly thinks he will be able to keep it on this side of the water, as it is clamorously asked for in Paris.

A "*Missale Romanum*," with the monogram and salamander of Francis I., may strike your fancy. It is bound in the Grolier style, and is in an extraordinary good state of preservation.

The Chamillart collection is represented by an "*Histoire du Schisme d'Angleterre*," bound by Boyet with that dainty and "*recherché*" ornament called the "*dentelle Chamillart*." No book from the same celebrated library is now to be found in the Parisian stores.

A lovely microbiblion, a "*Justini Historiarum*," which you could hold in the palm of your hand, bears the arms of the great Cardinal Richelieu.

Poor James II. is represented by an edition of the "*Mercure Galant*" of 1704, bound in red morocco.

One of the finest incunables seen in America, from the press of Schoeffer, Mayence, 1473, is there in the glory of early type.

Among the oddities Bonaventure is still so fond of collecting, he shows a precious marriage-box built of rare morocco, elaborately gilt as a book could be. Was it the Pandora's box of some long-forgotten bride?

A large work in four volumes contains all the fortified cities of France, described and designed for the First Consul Bonaparte in 1804. It is a manuscript of undoubted authenticity and real historic value.

There are heavy portfolios of etchings, engravings and water-colors.

There are the recent productions of modern French art in the book-making and illustrating lines. Both these branches are represented with perfect taste and immense variety at Bonaventure's two establishments.

Soldier once, soldier always. Bonaventure is the Commandant of the Garde Lafayette, of New York city.

Bibliophile then, bibliopole now, is he not also the commandant of the army of American book dealers?

Max Maury.

TO JAPAN AND BACK IN EIGHTY DAYS.

I.

THE journey to Japan is longer than the days it takes you to get there. The long trip by rail across the continent becomes insufferably monotonous. It is only six days on paper, but this means in fact six days of idleness and confinement, with nothing worth looking at out of the car windows from the time you leave Omaha till you reach California. You exhaust the resources of the train. You leave your parlor car to wander among the emigrants. You seize upon every opportunity to get out and stretch your legs, and hail even the miserable meals at the railroad restaurants, whose chief articles of consumption are artificial flowers and canary birds, as a relief. An old Irish emigrant once put it quite forcibly when asked what he thought of the journey.

"Faith," he said "'tis a long way down to the boat."

He was to be ferried from San Francisco to Australia.

The voyage across the Pacific is another four weeks of dullness. You eat and sleep and wonder what to do next, and are at the end of your wits and your patience when the captain points to a dim white spot in the sky ahead and says "Fusiyana."

II.

The biggest thing in Japan is Fusiyana. In approaching Yokohama by sea you may see it in clear weather a couple of hundred miles away. It is the first object you do see, looming up in the distance long before the land over which it towers is visible. A peculiarity of Fusiyana which renders it unlike any other mountain of note is that you see all of it. It rises out of the level, with all of its majestic bulk revealed, whereas most great mountains are surrounded by smaller ones that conceal all but their peaks.

The approach to Yokohama by the bay is a journey of some forty miles. The land is hilly, the vegetation is scanty. There is a growth of scrub oaks and pines, the latter being dwarfed and artificially misshapen, for one of the many queer Japanese fancies is to force their trees to grow into various and eccentric shapes. Fishing villages crop up along the shore in the most unexpected places, and the waters are alive with fishing boats. The people of the lowlands all live by their nets and lines, while the farmers in the hills subsist by raising that other Japanese food staple, rice.

The steamer is surrounded immediately after

her anchor is down by sampans manned by from two to six men, who scull in alternate strokes, keeping time as they work the oars. Only the commoner order of passengers adopt the native conveyance to reach the shore. The hotels send out steam launches which carry the travelers off to the houses of their choice. The hotels are all along the water front. There are three important ones and innumerable smaller affairs. The average rate is \$3.50 a day, for which you receive good rooms and ample attendance. Meals are served in the rooms. The beef is good. Game—particularly the pheasant—is abundant the year around, and the fish is fine. The stranger who visits Japan in the winter will be likely to suffer from cold in the hotels. The air at this season is piercing, and the rooms are only partially warmed with small fires of native soft coal, of which there are twenty kinds, all poor. An overcoat and plenty of flannels are indispensables for the winter traveler in Japan.

The Japanese themselves seem insensible to the low temperature so long as they can keep their finger-tips warm. In the bitterest weather you may see the jinrikisha men in the streets, bare-legged, with a shawl around their heads and gloves on. The Japanese houses are flimsy to a degree, and the winds pierce them at all angles. Yet the inmates are satisfied in midwinter with a tiny fire in a brazier, around which they squat warming their fingers. Their toes they appear to keep from freezing by the heat of their bodies, when they squat on them. The winter clothing of the better classes is, however, well wadded with silk and cotton, which makes the Japanese coat a sort of equivalent to an ulster.

III.

A peculiarity which the stranger notices immediately he commences to get about in Yokohama, is that the city never seems to sleep. At all hours of day and night there are thousands of people abroad, and trade goes briskly on. The street crowd in Japan is not a gay one to the eye, as is popularly supposed. The gorgeous colors Europeans are familiar with in Japanese costuming are applied in the house dresses, which are not seen out of doors. In the street the attire of the natives is plain and quiet.

The most striking figure in the streets is that of the jinrikisha man. He is the cab-horse of Japan. No one who has any pretensions to social consideration goes on foot. The jinrikisha is a light two-wheeled wagon, which is

hauled about by hand, and at a rate of speed incredible to the stranger. A single man will haul the heaviest load all day, over broken roads, at a trot. You will encounter a boy of fourteen dragging 1,200 pounds of iron in a handcart. And they perform this labor on a diet of fish and rice, itself so scanty that it seems scarcely better than starvation.

A jinrikisha hauled by two men has the right of way over a single manned vehicle. Travelers consequently always employ a double team. A double jinrikisha for a day's use costs less than a New York cab for an hour. The jinrikisha is used for long journeys of all kinds, and the cost of one with two men for a trip of fifty miles made in a day, is \$2. The horse in Japan is simply used as a beast of burden. He is a little, uncouth creature, a mere pony, in fact, but capable of carrying loads under which he disappears until all that is seen of him is his four little feet pattering along under a mountainous burden.

From the cheapness of jinrikisha travel it may be inferred that Japanese horses are not extravagantly valuable. After a race day (the races are a sort of horse fair) the horses are sold, and when the winner fetches \$75 it is considered a high price. But money means much more in Japan than it does with the Western races. The simple habits of the people render life inexpensive. The food of the laboring classes is rice and fish. They have no bread, butter or milk. Cattle are used as beasts of burden alone. The cost of clothing ranges from a suit at 75 cents to one at \$500. The upper classes indulge in great luxury in dress and in their surroundings, but even they preserve many of the simple traits of the laboring masses.

The endless courses of a Japanese state dinner would surprise an American epicure. Bread, butter and milk are unknown. There are a few soups, which are drunk like water from lacquer bowls, and some stews, with the smallest possible quantity of meat in them; raw fish frequently cut in flakes from the living fish, before your eyes, and eaten with soy sauce; fried fish, which includes a whitebait and a fish something like our sardine, that are specially savory; an omelette and sweet trifles. The dikon koko is a pickled radish that gives the foreign stomach a shock, but is a universal dish, and there is a sweet bean cake that is eaten for dessert with tea. Rice is a universal dish. Tea and saki, which latter is a mild rice brandy, are the national drinks. Knife and fork are replaced by chopsticks.

IV.

You find nothing familiar in the stocks of the

Japanese stores. All the objects exposed for sale are unusual to the European eye. But of one thing you may be certain, that wherever you go there are flower pots for sale and that a flower pot is the biggest object in the shop. Flower worship is a Japanese trait, and flowers are an invariable object of personal and household decoration.

The flowers that meet you everywhere is the camelia, which is the most common, the lily, the chrysanthemum, which has been given a wonderful variety of development, and the hydrangea. The cultivation of flowers is a passion even with the poorest Japanese, and with their limited number of plants, they have produced some extraordinary variations and eccentricities of growth.

Botanical medicines appear to be the Japanese cure-all. Homœopathy is the common practice. One of the characters of the towns is the Amma, or vagabond doctor, who parades the streets night and day, whistling the note by which he makes his presence known on a two-holed fife. A lantern at the end of a long pole is his greater badge of office, an apparent superfluity, as in most cases he is blind. His treatment consists of the massage. You call him in, when he gravely puts pole and lantern in a corner and proceeds to knead and pound you all over with knuckles and elbows till you cry enough. The fee of this practitioner is from a dime to a half a dollar.

The barber is another peripatetic craftsman. But indeed, half the trades you are accustomed to have practiced in shops, are in Japan carried from door to door. They seem to revel in reversing the order of things. They have a fish with three tails and cats and monkeys with none at all. The carpenter at work draws the plane towards him and saws away from him. They laugh when they are grieved and look dismal when they are merry. Yet they are a light-hearted people, easily elated, fond of small jokes and amiable under great trials.

Toil begins early with them, and hard work does not grant them long lives. The cultivation of rice is murderous labor. The bad drainage of the cities must also be a heavy tax on the public health. Cleanliness is a gospel with them. The public baths are always crowded. The first action of the Japanese on getting out of bed is to bathe. The poorest Japanese exercises an almost feminine care with his hands and feet. The jinrikisha man washes his body oftener than most rich men of the Caucasian race.

In spite of their scrupulous devotion to cleanliness, the women practice anything but cleanly fashion of hairdressing. Their hair is

dressed by a hairdresser in the most elaborate form, and when once put up lasts for any length of time, from a week upwards. They sleep with a wooden block for a pillow, resting on the neck in a hollow cut in the block, so that their hair does not touch the surface of the bed. In this way the marvelous structure can be made to preserve its form for days.

V.

The European shoe is not worn except by the more advanced Japanese. The sandal is the national foot gear. There is a very excellent reason for this. It is the worst of bad breeding to enter a Japanese house with your shoes on. Even in the theatre and other public places they must be laid off, and Europeans visiting Japan are expected to conform to this rule. The Japanese house is consequently never troubled with dirty floors, which it is indeed necessary should be the case, for the floor is at once their chair and table. Even in eating they use a table elevated only a few inches above the ground, squatting around it on their hams.

Hospitality is a universal rule, and tea is the chief medium of expression it finds. If you buy something in a store or ask the way of an old woman at the door of a hovel, you are given a cup of tea into the bargain. But the cups are small, so that the stranger usually avoids drowning. Although the act is one of hospitality, the poorer classes have a custom of expecting some trifling gratuity in return, and it is rarely denied them.

The national hospitality takes various forms other than this, however. The visitor or stranger is made the recipient of all sorts of presents from live fowl up to objects of personal utility and art. Eggs, fruit, flowers, even vegetables and living insects, kept in tiny cages like birds, are sent you, or more commonly delivered in person by the donor. Where inanimate objects are concerned, the fact that they are presents is denoted by the peculiar way in which the bundle is tied. Some offset, either in the form of business patronage, a gift or an invitation to dinner is expected in return.

The preservation of living insects for pets is a curious practice. In little cages, often of gold or silver, the cricket, the beetle and other odd examples of animated nature are held imprisoned. Even butterflies are thus caged. The Japanese artist keeps a supply of these living models always on hand, and all his drawings are made directly from nature. This accounts for the remarkable spirit and vitality which characterizes Japanese pictures of natural history.

The Japanese are the most polite of people. Everything is preceded by and wound up with

a compliment. Even in abusing one another they do it in complimentary phrases. The foreigner among them is wise who learns their code of manners as soon as he lands. A conformance to them will give him standing and greatly facilitate his relations with the natives either in personal or business matters.

Good temper is another native trait. It appears to be regarded as extremely bad form to get angry. The practice of taking life easily gives the Japanese an excellent control of their nerves. Besides, there is no such thing as alcoholic indulgence as we know it. The little drinking that is done is of saki or of native wine, and results in no great harm even when carried to excess. The use of tobacco is widespread and incessant. It is, however, consumed in such minute doses, the native pipe holding only about one whiff, that it is robbed of any evil effect it might have.

Tuesday and Friday are earthquake days in Japan. The shocks are slight, and no one seems to suffer any disturbance from them. Fires do much more damage, for when a fire starts among the flimsy native houses there is no telling where it will end. In case of a conflagration the Japanese watches his house being devoured by the flames without exciting himself, and as soon as the ashes are cool sets to work to build another. His philosophy is a constant friend and comforter to him.

VI.

As has been mentioned before, labor commences with the Japanese at an early age. The Japanese child begins to go to school as soon as it can toddle about. The schools are conducted on the kindergarten plan, and the lessons are sung or intoned in a peculiar monotonous chant. Until six years of age the child's head is shaved. Even at its sports, which consist chiefly in games of tag and top-spinning with the boys, battledore and shuttlecock with the girls, and kite-flying with both young and old, it carries some younger child, as there always seems to be one in the family, strapped to its back. By ten or twelve years it has become capable of working for its living.

The gravity of the race is impressed upon even the child's sports. To the stranger, the children engaged in their play seem less like children than dwarfed men and women.

The theatre in Japan is like the theatre nowhere else. The arrangements of the stage are unique. It projects into the auditorium, and the exits and entrances of the players are made by the front door, through the audience. No females are employed on the stage. The stage itself is set upon a pivot, like a railway turntable, and revolves, so that when a change of

scene is to be made the stage is turned half round and the actors in the next scene are found to be in their places. This device is centuries old in Japan. It was introduced into pantomime in this country some years ago and considered a wonderful invention.

The better places in a Japanese theatre, which are in the parquet, are divided into a species of boxes by low partitions. Eating, drinking and smoking goes on all the time in these boxes, which hold from four to six people and cost from \$1 to \$2.50. There is also a gallery, to which admission is had for two cents. But the spectator in the gallery is forced to go out and pay for another admission at every few changes of scene. The audience in the gallery wear shoes. Those in the boxes enter in their stockings.

The orchestra of the Japanese theatre consists of the flute, the samsam, the drum, which is played with the fingers, and bells. In addition to the noise of the orchestra, there are boys employed on the stage to make a clatter by banging blocks of wood together to indicate the clamor of battle and other noises incidental to the scene. They do the noise-making for everyone. The small boy is a very necessary adjunct of the Japanese playhouse. You notice them, with masks on their faces, running around continually snuffing candles, pushing on furniture, nailing up scenery and otherwise making themselves officious while the play is going on. They are always dressed in black from head to foot. A Japanese guide, when asked the reason they wore this costume, replied: "That is so they shall not be seen."

The use of the masks on the stage continues in Japan. As in the old Greek theatre the actors rely on masks for all changes of character and indications of emotion. What with the bizarre effects of the stage itself, the noise of the play, the perpetual giggle, chatter and dish clashing in the audience, the smell of food, tobacco and humanity itself, one dose of the Japanese theatre is usually sufficient to last a foreigner for a lifetime.

Outside of the games of the children and the theatre and the feats of the jugglers and athletes, both of which perform remarkably well, chess is probably the chief Japanese amusement. There is a severe law against gaming, but it applies only to native games. Foreign cards, as poker, euchre and the rest are not prohibited and are indulged in to a considerable extent among the more advanced and cultured. Billiards is getting to be a popular game with young Japanese swells.

VII.

No tour of Japan is complete without a

visit to the temples. These are often magnificent structures, as far as size and decoration are concerned. Some form veritable villages. Shintoism is the national religion, the Mikado being its head, but Buddhism is the prevalent religion among the masses, and the Christian missionaries have made some impression on certain districts.

The temple is arranged like everything else in Japan, upon a plan peculiar to the country. Approach to the arcanum is by successive stages, increasing in sanctity. The pathway is lined with religious symbols. There are the bells, which the worshipper strikes to arouse the Gods and call them to listen to his prayer. Some of these idols are literally covered with wads of paper chewed up in the mouth and thrown at them. The practice has a meaning, of course. Persons who are ill make a spitball and cast it at the part of their favorite deity in which they themselves are affected. If it sticks they will recover. If it fails to adhere to the image they will not.

Some of the images of the deities are of vast size and magnificent construction. The precious metals and jewels are lavishly employed in the construction of the idols in the richer temples. The contribution box is quite as important a feature as the effigies of the deities to whom the temples are erected. It is a pit in the floor, varying in size, according to the area of the floor. Some are as large as 10x12 feet. The worshippers toss their contributions into this pit and they are daily collected and absorbed by the priests. In some of the greater temples as much as \$1,000 is said to be sometimes gathered in a day.

The worship of the sun is an impressive daily ceremony with one class of the Japanese. The natives observe a great number of religious holidays, on which feasting and games of wrestling, the national sport, enliven the rites of religion. They manifest the utmost regard for the dead. The family shrine with the household gods is sacred. Some of the finest Japanese art is shown in the monuments in the cemeteries. The dead are buried in square or circular coffins, sitting, or rather squatting, as in life, and with their hands folded in an attitude of devotion.

Marriage is rather a social than a religious rite. The Chinese custom, which forbids a meeting of bride and bridegroom previous to marriage, is followed to some extent. It often happens that the husband gets a wife he never saw before. The families of both parties meet to celebrate the event. There is much eating and drinking, and the guests carry away portions of the wedding feast. Indeed, it is customary after any meal of any pretensions for the guest

to be presented with a remnant in a box to carry home with him. This is supposed to testify his appreciation of the bill of fare.

VIII.

The town life of the Japanese is, in most particulars, repeated in the country. The sports of the peasantry are fewer and their labor different. But there is the same incessant industry and humble enjoyment of small benefits. The agriculture of the country is not very varied. After tea, rice and silk, the cultivation of rape seed is probably the most important. It is used for oil to burn. Kerosene is largely in use among the better classes, and the poor use fish oil and candles made from fish fat, whose smell is eloquent of their origin. The electric light is in use in some public places, notably in Kobé and Yokohama.

The Japanese are very careful farmers. In fact their farm is a garden to them. They can do wonders with little patches of soil, closely observing the rotation of crops as they do and applying endless care and ingenuity to getting all they can out of the ground. Wheat is raised. So are potatoes, cotton, beans and most European cereals and vegetables. But rice is the staple and tea and silk the chief commercial product.

The production of metals in Japan is rich. There are valuable mines of gold, silver, copper and iron in most of the islands. Some of the finest sulphur in the world is found in Yesso, and the supply is said to be inexhaustible. Coal is abundant, but the quality is not high.

Everywhere you travel in the country you meet the same humble and attentive hospitality. The courtesy and honesty of the country people is invariable. Even in the humblest there is a strong sense of pride and a great admiration and thirst for knowledge. The imitative quality is strong in them, and while the highest standard of education does not equal the European, there is none of the dense ignorance of the Caucasian peasant. The brutality of the European lower classes is unknown.

The fruits of Japan meet you everywhere in traveling. The native favorites are a pear as hard as a brick, peaches that are eaten so soon that they have no opportunity to ripen, oranges without seeds, the *biwa*, which is a crabapple like affair with a stone as large as the fruit itself, and most of the small fruits known to America. But in no sense does the Japanese fruit equal our own, and the Europeans in the cities import their fruit like their butter from America, via San Francisco.

Country travel is, as far as native service is concerned, ridiculously cheap. The jinrikisha is at command everywhere. Ferriage over the

rivers is at the rate of a few coppers the boat load. Entertainment by the way is inexpensive. But the universal attentions of the people renders tips constantly necessary, and the small coin which the careful traveler provides himself with melts rapidly.

The roads are, as a rule, good. You everywhere encounter the chain gang, busy at road-making—a dozen convicts in each gang, in charge of a policeman with a sword longer than himself, and that is evidently intended rather as a badge of office than an object of use. These convicts are also rented out by the day and make good laborers.

In the country, as in the cities, the odd and often childishly primitive methods of labor strike the stranger with a keen suggestion of the ridiculous. It seems like play instead of work everywhere. At some bronze foundries, where pieces ten and twelve feet high were being cast, the only power for the blast is provided by a couple of small boys jumping up and down on a board and apparently enjoying it very much. The workmen in the shipyards go about their labor as if they were doing fancy work, yet they build fine ships, staunch, swift and handsome to look upon.

IX.

A few words in regard to an itinerary of Japan may be of use. Assuming that the traveler is off across the Pacific on a flying visit and that he lands at Yokohama, he will naturally go to a hotel and exhaust the curiosities of the city. When he has accomplished this, he can take steamer to Kobé, sail down the inland sea to Nagasaki, and returning to Kobé take rail to Kioto. The building of railroads is being steadily pushed in Japan. It is in the hands of the well trained Japanese. Though the first road was built by the Government and run by the English, and one, from Tokio to Maibashi, was built by Americans, Japanese companies control the roads, and the equipment is on the English plan.

From Kioto the tourist can go on to Otsu by rail, and thence by steamer across Lake Biwa to Hamamatsu. Thence there is a railroad to Ogaki where jinrikisha may be taken by the Nakasudo road (though a railroad is in progress of building, if not already completed) and so on to Yokohama. This trip is through some of the most characteristic scenery of Japan, by sea and mountain, and is calculated to give the tourist an excellent general idea of the country. There are numerous other routes that can be laid out, according to the length of time the tourist can afford, and side journeys on the route given may be made to places of great interest.

The Collector.

THROUGH THE WORLD OF BOOKS, ART AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

AUTHORS.

George Meredith's 1851 Volume of Poems.

In the library of every genuine book lover there is a corner set apart for his choicest treasures. Here are to be found the volumes dear to him, either on account of their rarity as editions, or by reason of the autograph marks they bear. Such evidences of affection or friendship enhance their value to such an extent as to cause their happy owner to reiterate the sentiment once uttered by one of our greatest lovers of books, upon whom misfortune had swooped down, handing over his household goods to his creditors: "The books in the catalogue" he says "comprise my entire library without reserve. All that I keep out are such books as have been given me by my friends, and these I shall not part with until my grasp is released by death or the law."

It is generally considered now-a-days that the novels of George Meredith are amongst the greatest in our language; his poems have, however, met with but a limited sale; and this undoubtedly is one of the reasons which make his most ardent admirers count them as treasures worthy the keeping and the gloating over. A writer in *The Athenæum* for July 25th, 1885, positively revels in the possession of "the very scarce little collection published in 1851 by J. W. Parker & Sons;" and Grant Allen, in a recent number of the *American Magazine*, in a list of prizes of this kind, numbers "'The Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth,' 'with my wife's name inscribed on the fly leaf by the very hand of our dear neighbor at Box Hill, George Meredith.'"

On my study-table as I write, are piled up a complete set of Mr. Meredith's poems, some I must confess, in duplicate on account of the autograph marks of the author scattered through their pages.

Here for instance is a copy of "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside," with "Poems and Ballads," published by Chapman Hall in 1862. It is a corrected copy in the autograph of Mr. Meredith, and has upon the title page the inscription "T. A. Trollope from the author." It is, however, of this other little volume—a first work—I would write. As it is now extremely rare, and difficult to be met with, I have taken the trouble to transcribe its little page entire.

"POEMS."

BY

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Eos! blest God of the Morning, hear
The blind Orion praying on thy hill,
And, in his odorous breath his spirit steep,
That he, the soft gold of thy gleaming hand
Passing across his heavy lids, sealed down
With weight of many nights, and night-like days
May feel as keenly as a new-born child,
And through it, learn as purely to behold
The face of nature

His blind eyes wept.' — R. H. Horne's "Orion."

London,

John W. Parker and Son,
West Strand.

As also its dedication:—

"To

Thomas Love Peacock, Esq.

This volume

Is dedicated with the profound admiration and
affectionate respect of his

Son-in-law.

Weybridge, May, 1851."

To the student of literature it is, of course, a matter of regret that this little tome has not been reprinted; but to the lover of scarce volumes it is the cause of intense satisfaction—provided he has the book in his possession.

We are inclined to consider the fastidiousness of Mr. Meredith about what the world should have of his verse as about equal to that of Matthew Arnold (whose first volume of poems, by the way, was published two years previous to that of Mr. Meredith). In this he offers a notable contrast to such a writer as Swinburne for example, who, with startling rapidity, has put forth volume after volume since his pen first broke poetic ground. It would prove interesting to many of Mr. Meredith's admirers to know how far the influence of his father-in-law, Thomas Love Peacock, is answerable for the transfer of his powers from poetry to novel writing. This influence we believe to have been extensive, for their careers are somewhat analogous. Peacock and Meredith both started with the idea that poetry was to be their principal form of expression, and both afterward transferred their attention to prose as a fitter medium for their life-work. Of Peacock's influence in some form or other upon the early experiences of Mr. Meredith it is needless to dilate: that such influence really did exist can be gathered from the dedication of the volume now occupying our attention. What makes us all the more regret that poetry has been to our author but the occasional flowering of his genius, is the fact that his first published production of this kind were full of a promise that made true lovers of poetry expect magnificent things from his muse. In 1851, Tennyson had published only his collected "Poems," "The Princess" and in "In Memoriam;" and Wordsworth had been dead a twelve-month: surely there was a poetic position for Mr. Meredith had he stretched forth determined hands to take it. But the very peculiarities of temperament which constitute a man a poet seem in most cases antagonistic to any such "stretching forth determined hands;" and despite the realistic criticism which has been put forward of late years as touching especially the individuality of men of genius, we must be content in many particulars to suffer a poet to be a law unto himself.

Now, more than thirty five years after its publication, upon careful examination of Mr. Meredith's earliest volume, and minute comparison of its many excellencies with those of first volumes of poets who at present occupy positions in the foremost rank of those who sing, we are bound to state that it con-

tains poems which any living author might well be proud to own. It is folly either to affirm or deny that here and there throughout its pages are to be discovered echoes of Keats and Wordsworth.

Was ever volume of poetry free of lines that could unmistakably be palmed off to somebody's or something's influence?

Who is really original and self-poised in everything he does or gives utterance to? Mr. Meredith's echoes are not mere echoes; they are rather instinct with a life which comes from his own rich individuality. To make clear our meaning let us refer to the dainty little poem, *Violets*, to be found in its first issue:

"Violets, shy violets!
How many hearts with ye compare!
Who hide themselves in thickest green,
And thence, unseen,
Ravish the enraptured air!
With sweetness, dewy fresh and rare."

"Violets, shy violets!
Human hearts to me shall be
Viewless violets in the grass,
And as I pass,
Odors and sweet imagery
Will wait on mine and gladden me!"

as well as to a song: *Spring*, further on, in the same volume:

When buds of palm do burst and spread
Their downy feathers in the lane,
And orchard blossoms, white and red,
Breathe Spring delight and Autumn gain,
And the skylark shakes his wings in the rain,
O, then is the season to look for a bride!
Choose her warily, woo her unseen:
For the choicest maids are those that hide
Like dewy violets under the green."

A flippant critic would undoubtedly dub this first poem an imitation of Herrick's verse, and the second an imitation of the imitation. Yet upon candid examination it will be evident that "*Violets*" is a true flower of its author's genius, having, it need not be denied, the grace about it that we find in some of Herrick's delicious trifles; but its individuality is certainly that of George Meredith, and no other author living or dead. The same remains to be said of the "*Song*." That our author had an early and definite appreciation of the peculiar and distinctive beauties of the masterpieces of poetry is evident from the following unrhymed quatrains:

The Poetry of Chaucer.

"Gray with all honours of age! but fresh-featured and ruddy
As dawn when the drowsy farm-yard has thrice heard Chaunticleere;
Tender to tearfulness—childlike, and manly and motherly;
Here beats true English blood, richest joyance on sweet English ground."

The Poetry of Spenser.

"Lakes where the sunshen is mystic with splendour and softness;
Vales where sweet life is all Summer with golden romance;
Forests that glimmer with twilight-round revel-bright-palaces;
Here in our May blood we wander careering 'mongst ladies and knights."

The Poetry of Shakespeare.

"Picture some isle smiling green 'mid the white foaming ocean:
Full of old woods, leafy wisdoms, and frolicsome fays;
Passions and pageants; sweet love singing bird-like above it;
Life in all shapes, aims, and fates, is there, warm'd by one great human heart."

The Poetry of Milton.

"Like to some deep-chested organ whose grand inspiration,
Serenely majestic in utterance, lofty and calm
Interprets to mortals with melody great as its burthen,
The mystical harmonies chiming forever throughout the bright spheres."

The Poetry of Shelley.

"See'st thou a skylark whose glistening winglets ascending
Quiver like pulses beneath the melodious dawn?
Deep in the heart-yearning distance of Heaven it flutters—
Wisdom and beauty and love are the treasures it brings down at eve."

The Poetry of Wordsworth.

"A breath of the mountains, fresh born in the regions majestic,
That look with their eye-daring summits deep into the sky,
The voice of great nature! sublime with her lofty conceptions,
Yet earnest and simple as any sweet child of the green lowly vale."

The Poetry of Keats.

"The song of a nightingale sent thro' a slumbrous valley,
Low-lidded with twilight, and tranced with the dolorous sound,
Tranced with a tender enchantment; the yearning of passion
That wins immortality even while panting delirious with death."

That this little 1851 volume of Mr. Meredith's should of late years have been comparatively, if not altogether, ignored by the sapient writers, who have undertaken, with almost mechanical exactitude, the division of our modern poets into distinctive groups, tracing at the same time their subtly interwoven influence each on the other, is to us but another proof of the narrowness of outlook and superficiality of reading of many of our critics. It has been gravely asserted that Rossetti's "*Jenny*" bears signs of having been suggested by some of Robert Buchanan's "*London Poems*;" we go a step beyond this, and affirm that some of the "*London Poems*" bear a much more decided evidence of having been "suggested" by "*London by Lamplight*," which Mr. Meredith gave to the world, fifteen years previous to the publication of Buchanan's volume, and which is really known to but a limited number of his admirers. This, however, is, at the best, but a fruitless topic; of far more value is the fact that in "*London by Lamplight*" Meredith joins issue with all earnest souls in recognising the twin responsibility which attaches itself to our great social evil. How definite is the blast he blows:

"I will not hide the tragic sight;
Those drown'd black locks, those dead lips white,
Will rise from out the slimy flood,
And cry before God's throne for blood!"

"Those stiffened limbs, that swollen face,
Pollution's last and best embrace,
Will call as such a picture can.
For retribution upon man."

This is realism with a vengeance—realism which nevertheless has manliness enough about it to drive, if need be, even the poetry out of the verse, so that truth might live and breathe. By way of contrast to such a subject, as well as to show what music is to be found in Meredith's early poetry, we quote the concluding lines of

The Death of Winter.

"O Winter I'd live that life of thine,
With a frosty brow and an icicle tongue,
And never sing my whole life long,—
Were such delicious burial mine!

"To die and be buried, and so remain,
A wandering brook in April's train,
Fixing my dying eyes for aye
On the dawning brows of maiden May."

In this volume is also to be found the first draft in eleven stanzas of *Love in the Valley*, which has been happily extended to twenty-six in the revised form it has taken in the recently published "Poems and Lyrics." Its early beauty was noteworthy, but its added sweetness, and subsequent improvement of construction have shown Mr. Meredith to possess the rare faculty of being able artistically to criticise his own productions, and, at the same time, to supply with unstinting hand what their deficiencies call for. How often with unsuccessful literary workers the cry has been, and still is: I see, I know; but alas I cannot do!

But we are descending to criticism, and must lay our pen aside.
J. Rogers Rees.

BALLADS AND POEMS OF TRAGIC LIFE by George Meredith.—George Meredith's last volume of poems was placed in our hands before we had obtained knowledge of the foregoing paper by that most debonair of bibliophiles, Mr. J. Rogers Rees. That the writer who had given in his youth such promise of poetic genius should have fallen, in his latter years, so far short of his early achievements, is to us a matter of almost personal regret, since our disapproval of his present poetry is only equalled by our admiration of his first. The "Ballads and Poems" are not of George Meredith, poet, but of George Meredith, versifier. The singer of yore has become the thinker of to-day, and alas! his thought has lost the secret of song. Mr. Meredith's verse reminds us somewhat of Emerson's with little of the latter's mellifluous verbiage, and none of his constant humanitarianism. Most aptly might the Englishman have inscribed as epigraph to his present volume, under the symbolical mace and battle-axe, that decorate its cover, these lines of the American:

Thy trivial harp will never please
Or fill my craving ear;
It's chorus should ring as blows the breeze,
Free, peremptory, clear.
No jingling serenader's art,
Nor tinkle of piano strings,
Can make the wild blood start
In its mystic springs.

Nevertheless, it is the "serenader's jingling art" which alone can wing for immortal flight the messages which Emerson and Meredith would both convey to humanity. If it is true that the poet should be a prophet, how much truer that the prophet should be a poet! And yet Mr. Meredith ventures to couch his lessons in verse almost as unintelligible as it is uncouth. Milton's prescription that poetry should be simple, sensuous and passionate, he heeds not at all; his own poetry is complex, speculative and cold. He plays upon the brains of his readers, not upon their eyes and ears. He knows little of Shelley's magic suggestiveness, less of Keat's voluptuous coloration, nothing of Swinburne's elemental melodiousness. Per-

haps he strives rather to awaken emotion through thought than thought through emotion. His constant effort is to weigh every verse with meaning, even if it move on claustric feet. For the sake of a fictitious celerity of expression, he suppresses articles and adverbs, and rejoices in exasperating ellipses. He is so absorbed in his abstract conceptions, that he remains blind to the concrete images whereby he seeks to symbolize them. Thus, in the following stanza, Corinth is successively metamorphosed, within the space of three lines, from a pipe to a bird, from a bird to a horse, from a horse to a dog:

His Corinth, to each mood subservient,
In homage, made he as an instrument
To yield him music with scarce touch of stops.
He breathed, it piped; he moved, it rose to fly;
At whiles a blood-horse, racing till it drops;
At whiles a crouching dog, on him all eye.

But here is a piece more characteristic of Mr. Meredith, when he is neither at his best nor at his worst:

WHIMPER OF SYMPATHY.

Hawk or shrike has done this deed
Of downy feathers—rueful sight!
Sweet sentimentalist, invite
Your bosom's power to intercede.

So hard it seems that one must bleed
Because another needs will-bite!
All round we find cold Nature slight
The feelings of the totter-kneed.

O, it were pleasant with you
To fly from this tussle of foes
The shambles, the charnel, the wrinkle!
To dwell in yon dribble of dew
On the cheek of your sovereign rose.
And live the young life of a twinkle.

We are little disposed to whimper at the thought which inspires the above lines, since it is as inexorably true as the very laws of nature, but we decidedly whimper at the expression thereof, having learned, thanks to Mr. Rees, what a master of melodious words George Meredith might be, if only he chose to exert over them the divine right of his poetship.

The Meredith craze, however, which has so suddenly spread from London to Chicago, should not be utterly derided, as it proves at least on the part of the public, a desire for a more sincere virility in both the form and substance of our poetry. The idle variations "on flute and viol" of our younger poets have ceased to tickle the fancies of our literary *dilettanti*, and now the Dobsons and Lockers give way to the Brownings and Merediths. Is the present fashion any saner than the first? We doubt it. Form without substance is perhaps poor art, but substance without form is assuredly worse art. [*Roberts Bros.*]
Stuart Merrill.

The volume reviewed above by Mr. Stuart Merrill has just been issued, in an authorized American edition, by Messrs. *Roberts Bros.*, of Boston. The same gentlemen have charge of the standard and complete edition of George Meredith's novels, ten in number. We propose shortly to give a special article to George Meredith, *novelist*, than whom we know of no stronger writer of fiction among the living masters of English prose. Of course such determined opinion needs some logical and well backed reasoning to make it acceptable to the general public; and such a plea in favor of the author of *Sandra Belloni*, it will be our great pleasure to present to our readers at a very early date.—[*Ed.*]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE OLD TRAIL.—This is the age of imitations, and since the craze for decorating every home, be it the princely mansion or the twenty dollar flat, with what is called art furniture, the Pseudo-antique has taken formidable consistence.

The fact is, that now-a-days more than half of the objects of art, relics and curiosities sold to the aesthetic *geh-mueche* are as false as the rouge on the cheeks of *Madlle Entre chat* or the beautiful teeth of one's mother in law's aunt.

It is now more than a quarter of a century, I fear, since I first began to hunt Bric-a-brac.

Brought up in a house where Elzevir Editions bound in vellum and gold lettered, tables adorned with rose Du Barry plaques and pictures by Paul Veronese and Claude Lorraine were household gods, at a time when few Englishmen thought of art for home consumption, my eye was early educated to learn what was beautiful: so that afflicted with a craving for artistic parturition, it was not astonishing if I took the curio fever with enthusiasm and pursued it with the frenzy common to all discoverers.

In those days the collections of Soulages, Sauvageot and Bernal had become public property, and the French had begun to turn their taste to artistic archæology both in painting and on the stage. The pleasure of surrounding oneself with the work of artists who had shone respectively in every branch of industry, as glass workers, metal gravers, wood carvers and porcelain painters, not to mention the Benvenuto's, the Lucca Del Robbias and the Maestro Giorgios of Italian Renaissance, was even finding its way into Germany, and it was in the Bavarian Residenz-Stadt of Munich that the fever began with me.

In a public place out of the usual run of travelers was the Tändel-Markt or Rag-Fair to which, when other art-students were having their dinner, I used to resort to pass an hour or more among the old rubbish which coagulated there. Old clothes, old boots, old locks and keys, old firearms, not fit to use or calculated to attract anyone but a miser hating the sight of clean household furniture, were here piled in a dusty, rusty, mouldy, mildewed chaos.

There I would ransack with a pair of old gloves I kept on purpose, and over and over again have my researches been rewarded by finding gems of the *Moyen-âge*, or treasures of the days of ruffles or powder.

Now, it would be some quaint old iron safe with more bolts to the fantastic lock than there were days in the year; its sides engraved with stolid looking German nobles in trunk hose and steel cuirass attended by impassable spouses in stiff farthingales and stiffer ruffs.

Then again I made quite a collection of hand-worked keys and dolphin door-knockers with a whole heap of *repoussé* clasps and corners of torn-up missals. Sometimes I discovered the missals themselves; that was rare, as the priesthood cling to their illuminations with jealous care, but I have several pages covered with the most delicate miniatures in gold and colors bought for a few cents on that Rag-Fair of München.

At certain periods, the Dult Platz, in this same city of Kaulbach and Piloty, Wagner and Lola Montes, became alive with a pleasure Fair to which pedlers and hawkers of all kinds added their wares.

I was delighted to find among the most important stalls here a Book-Pedler.

This pedler was a Jew, with the traditional gaberdine, pointed

black beard, hooked nose bridged with horn spectacles, and "shocking bad hat" that the German Volks-Theater still preserves.

When I had chattered with him for a Crucifix which was really Byzantine and he had sold the Savior for much less than Judas did, I turned my attention to his books.

No "Histories of America," "No New York Encyclopedias," no vamped up steel engravings called "Beauties of Art" or "Galleries of the World." But old, old volumes, and bits of volumes as brown as molasses, much sweeter to me and the few bibliomaniacs who desultorily found their way to his store.

I first became the owner of a large folio in black letter much torn and by no means interesting, either for its type or its subject; but the cover was a beauty, great brass bosses on the centre and four corners of each side with double clasps representing gothic angels reading books. The whole as brown and smooth as the deepest mahogany relieved by the lights on the brass work where constant friction had polished the salient points.

Next I opened a large volume of that priceless work (when perfect) "The Voyages of Bry." This represented three volumes out of seven. Inserted were the maps of Amerigo Vespucci, the portrait of Columbus and several beautiful tail-pieces by Theodore de Bry, the engraver who gave his name to the work.

Needless to say that this was laid aside for my particular self with delight, but I did not stop here. On further search I found a copy of Albert Dürer's "Manual of Human Proportion" in excellent preservation and a plain white vellum cover. All netted in ten minutes!

For this lot, as far as I can remember, I gave something like a dollar, more or less; but then the amateur was almost unknown and the Bric-à-brac hunter not even under-todd.

Once on the trail I did not stop at markets. In course of various excursions on the Munich war path I found, not only some eccentric merchants in a small way who collected and were willing to part with their collections for a trifle, but a dear, fat old *aâbê*, who was under the influence of the same fever as myself, with this difference that, whereas I went in for all I could get in every denomination of *bibelot*, his fancy led him to collect pictures under the firm conviction that some day he would discover a Titian or a Correggio which would make his fortune as a man of taste and discrimination.

It was impossible to attack this worthy prebendary (who lived in a dirty old house in the back streets of old Munich, with a masculine looking housekeeper and some dozen pet dogs of no breed or breeding whatever) as one would a Jew-dealer or ragged pedler.

His kitchen was a picture. All the metal ware, the coffee pots, the warming pans, the kettles and fire-irons were at least a century and a half old; in some cases, as their ornamentation proved, of much greater age.

Hanging on hooks around his walls and standing in pompous rows on his shelves were numbers of jugs and beakers of Grès de Flandre or old Italian pottery, great dishes of *repoussé* brass, in the centre of which the favorite subjects of the Crucifixion and the Return of the Spies out of Egypt were prominent, caught the sun's rays and sent a shimmer into the smoke-dried corners of this room.

The jolly priest himself in his black *soutane* sitting in an old carved chair caressing his dogs; the stout gray-haired housekeeper, with a twinkle in her eye that reflected her master's

jollity, filling two small glasses with some rare old Kirschwasser, completed a picture which, if they would have sat to me, I would like to have painted. All his other rooms, some five or six, including his own small dormitory and his cook's garret, were crowded with rare vases and panels of all sizes brought in by members of his faithful congregation from time to time during his long service in the church. Among these were many *croûtes* fearful to look upon, but here and there peeped a panel on which Mieris or the younger Teniers must have laid a brush while second-raters were numerous and well kept. It was difficult, even by addressing him with formal humility as "Your High Reverence," to persuade him to give up a picture if it was really good, but the frame he cared not for and with these he would part for a holy consideration.

Many perfect beauties in carved fretwork of the Italian Renaissance or later German Rococo have I bought of him. One day I called on him and after asking after his Reverence's health and that of his dog and housekeeper, I looked around for loot. Standing right before me I saw two large oval mirrors in very elaborate foliage frames, carved in high relief and covered partly in gold and partly in silver, by which I mean that the foliage was silvered while the scroll work was gilt. There were sconces in these *girandoles* for brass arms to hold candles, and altogether they were striking enough to have pleased a prince.

Would his High Reverence let me have them if I gave a sum to his church? This little fiction was always kept up.

His High Reverence feared I would not feel disposed to give the price he felt he ought to ask. He could not possibly allow them to go for less than two Carolines and *that* he knew was a large sum.

When I mention that a Caroline was worth eleven gulden or five dollars fifty, for each glass and frame, you will not be surprised if I tell you that these two superb ornaments graced one side of my Paris *Atelier* for many years.

When I could find time to leave Piloty's studio (where I was studying painting) for a short vacation, I would run over by train to one or other of the numerous old towns, Ratisbonne, Nuremberg, Bamberg or Ulm, all of which are so intimately connected with the history of the Middle Ages, and ransack the antique shops and even the palaces for additions to my collection.

Nuremberg was the best hunting ground. Not only was there, and probably still is there, a rag-fair, but, in the middle of this delightful old town which is so crowded with Gothic work that one is surprised to see the burghers and apprentices dressed in modern guise, there lived a confectioner.

What a confectioner who bakes pies and cakes and makes candy has in common with antiquities which suggest all that is dry, dusty and stale to the unsophisticated mind I cannot say; but this baker and cake-maker was a man of taste in other things than tarts and pies so that sooner or later his knowledge would bring back a thousand fold what he invested from his oven savings in Bric-à-brac. Anyhow, over his shop, where pretzels and *kuchen* of all kinds were in great demand, he had some three or four rooms which disclosed a perfect little museum of artistic lumber.

Among these, tapestries, carved furniture, pottery, old Dresden, steel arms and armor, ivory combs, boxwood nutcrackers, Venetian glass and Nuremberg watches—there was not then a single sample of imitation.

Had I known the intrinsic value of his genius, or been a closely acquainted with the marks on china or the trade signs of workers in wood and iron as I am now, I might have collected a fortune. Fifteen gulden, that is seven and a half dollars, was a high price for a chair which now would fetch \$100 in Paris, and forty gulden, or twenty American dollars, the top price for a cabinet inlaid with enamel panels and brass work on ebony.

Such a chair of the Titian *curule* pattern, carved and covered in old stamped velvet with huge brass nails studding the work, did I purchase for that sum in that confectioner's parlor, and that same chair was sold some years after, in Paris, to Meissonier who was much struck with its beauty and coveted my property.

On another occasion I visited the *Schloss* or palatial castle at Bamberg. Here I found a valet in livery perfectly willing to sell me several pieces of furniture, and I succeeded in capturing a handsome marquetry cabinet and a large mirror of early seventeenth century the frame of which was most delicately carved in flowers and birds.

The flunkey was not robbing his employer and I was not purchasing stolen goods, but the old Royal or Episcopal residences would get so full of such rubbish and the revenues were so small that the money made by the transaction was acceptable and correctly applied.

At the Archiepiscopal Palace at Salzburg near Vienna—to me a much more picturesque city than Nuremberg—I found the head valet in charge quite a connoisseur, and with more advanced knowledge of remunerative barter than John Thomas of Bamberg. He offered me, among other things, a marvelously carved sleigh shaped like a winged dragon surrounded by cupids, which I have since seen in the Kensington Museum in London. It was too big for me to carry away, but its price was certainly not more than \$30 or \$40.

In these days one was sure to get the value of his money. All that was sold was genuine, though of course inferior articles were sold to the innocent amateur at double their value. Then as now, in Italy and Germany, chaffering or beating down was a positive necessity. If you gave the price asked for you were only stamped in German as a fool and an *ignoramus*.

Au jour qu'il est the buyer is afraid to purchase if he knows but little about true Bric-à-brac, but wants the little he goes for, genuine.

Not only is the market overrun with imitations of all kinds, but genuine antiquities are made of bits from all sources and it is rare to find a real article in perfect condition that is what it represents itself to be.

Added to this, more especially in New York, the salesman in charge as well as the proprietors themselves are so perversely ignorant that they will insist on talking about styles and periods of which they know less than nothing and simulating a knowledge which is only a proof of presumptuous ignorance.

It does not follow, mind, that an imitation is less beautiful than an original, though it cannot have the same value for the collector of original works; nor does imitation demand in all cases contempt or disregard.

But the collectors of Bric-à-brac, like the amateurs of pictures, prefer to have a piece which is unique to an object precisely similar existing in a dozen other collections. In France, notably at Lyons and in Paris, reproductions of carved treasures of the best period of the Renaissance are made with a

care and artistic finish that defy competition and delight the most experienced eye. In Italy, inlaid ebony and ivory carved Venetian goods are turned out by dozens of surprising beauty, and often sold for sets that have been taken from Florentine palaces, for the express benefit of Mr. Daly and American connoisseurs.

In Holland and Belgium brass chandeliers, dishes, plates, fire-dogs *et hoc genus omne*, are made by the hundred and sold for so much a pound.

In Brussels and London, old oak carvings are turned out by wagon loads and not a dealer in New York but possesses some of such goods. The Wardour street furniture is much superior to the Malines and Brussels work, for it generally has some old panels of fine carving in it; while the Belgian stuff is badly carved and worse joinered.

In another number, if I am allowed, I may have to tell you about china and glass, or lace and needlework. I have said enough perhaps to put the young American amateur on his or her guard against the spurious coin in circulation among all the dealers in antiques on this side of the Atlantic. There is as much false ware in Europe; but there is still a chance of finding the real thing when you know what you are looking for.

Alfred Thompson.

ART AND ARTISTS.

—The Salmagundi Club has set up housekeeping in a snug and convenient floor on Fifth Avenue, near Nineteenth Street. It is a fact worth noting that so far every art club that has been started in New York with sociable intent has either gone to pieces or lost its artistic character. The Century is a mixed club, stronger in laymen than in artists. So is the Lotos. Both these were started with artistic foundations. The Palette, the Arcadian and the Charcoal Clubs are dead and the Tile Club is moribund. The more recent Renaissance has also succumbed to an overdosing of managerial egotism and bigoted narrowness of personal policy. The Salmagundi remains a comparatively prosperous and healthy club. There are only a couple of laymen in it and these are identified with the interest of art by family connections or amateur practice. Moreover, the club constitution forbids the introduction of lay members. This makes the artists themselves sure of their footing. Whether they can expand on the social idea without allowing personal or professional jealousies to interfere remains to be seen. One fact must not be overlooked. The continuous prosperity of the Salmagundi is, no doubt, due to the interest aroused by its annual exhibitions of black and white art. With these to look forward to the members held and worked together. Now that they have been suspended, the club will have to provide something in their place. The social idea is a good one. It is also proposed to hold monthly exhibitions of the members' work in the club rooms. This is a better idea still. These exhibitions would attract an interested portion of the public and serve as an excellent advertisement of the club. They would also make it attractive for other artists, not yet members but desirable as such. Depending as the club must, under its constitution, on the artists alone for support, it should exercise the most liberal policy towards these and exhaust its ingenuity to render its rooms attractive to them. There is no reason why a club of artists should not succeed as well as one of lawyers or of press men. Whatever weaknesses have killed them heretofore have proceeded from the members themselves.

—To a man to whom art is something more than a whim,

adopted for fashion's sake or taken up as a matter of variety there can be no more interesting study than that offered by the growth of a talented young man into consideration and success. One finds upon the walls of an exhibition a work that has a touch of originality and that sympathetic feeling that indicate the artist above the painter. One notes the picture before one endeavors to decipher the name it is signed by, and henceforth from year to year, one looks about the exhibitions hoping the promise of this informal introduction confirmed. Sometimes it is. Quite as often it is not, for nothing is more unreliable than the beginnings of art. It is often the case that men whose debut is the most brilliant fade into insignificance without a second effort, and that others whom one has passed by grow steadily and imperceptibly into power. But there is always that element of excitement about it that belongs to games of chance. One's interest is piqued, and human nature does the rest. I would recommend to any one who has not tried it, a *flyer* at this sport. There is a lot of gratification in being able to say in time to come that Smith and Jones were discoveries of your own before the collectors and the critics found them out. And they are by no means tiresomely difficult to discover if you will but use your eyes. You may make a few mistakes to commence with, but before long you will be able to spot a new man as unerringly as a sportsman discovers a hare in its form, when you have only to mark him down for future reference.

—Among the prizes I have recently drawn in this lottery is the landscape painter, Frederick W. Kost. In the first exhibits that he made in the Academy some years ago, pictures in themselves full of weaknesses and the affectations of imitativeness, it seemed to me that I discovered a virility that would outgrow the defects of its beginnings. And such has been the case. From year to year the painter has developed, coming nearer and nearer to nature, reading her secrets with clearer eyes and rendering them with a more certain hand. Like all men who paint nature best he seeks in her for subjects last of all. Any motif is sufficient for him. Some haystacks in a summer field; the edge of a maple grove in the blaze of a midsummer midday; the dunes of the New England coast patched with brown grass and stagnant pools. He sees these things with clear eyes that discern in them the subtleties of color and of atmosphere that invest nature with poetry. In rendering them his touch has acquired a cunning with practice that has made its results extraordinarily interesting. The development of an artist is, in itself, a pleasing and significant subject of study. When this is added to the measure of his development it doubles the charm that naturally belongs to him and his productions. Among all the young men in our art whose growth I have watched with a critical eye, I know none who have so sustained the pledge of their beginning, and few who have carried it forward so well. It is always a good sign when a young painter's art has a suggestion of size entirely independent of the area of his canvasses. When, as in Mr. Kost's case, he advances from suggesting this to accomplishing it, there can be no fear for his future. Patronage must sooner or later climb his stairs, and with the American craving for variety and novelty in art as in all else, this consummation will not be long waited for.

—Another painter of landscape for whom a day of recognition is dawning is Richard Pauli. Among painters of a naturalistic tendency his canvasses have become noted for a curiously poetic and at the same time gravely imposing character, the double result of a sympathetic investigation into the organic traits of

nature and a simple breadth of technique in their rendition. That Mr. Pauli is a painter of great creative ability his existing work evidences, though he has evidently been hampered by the necessities that at once handicap and inspire talent to its fiercest struggles for freedom. In a large moonlight shown by Mr. Pauli at the American Art Galleries last year, a good deal of the stuff that is in him manifested itself. It was a strong picture, which the delightfully incompetent criticism of the daily press damned with the faint praise of being an imitation of Daubigny. That the painter's old master does influence his methods of artistic thought is true. In this picture, however, and in all his more recent ones, there is no trace of imitation. Mr. Pauli has outgrown the manners of his school and made a manner for himself. He is a strong and original talent with that serene honesty of purpose which in art means inevitable triumph, because it halts at no obstacle, yields to no temptation to swerve from the duty it has set itself, and worships its ideal with the unflinching devotion that the Parsee gives to the eternal orb that warms him living and consumes him dead.

—There are some painters who attack their canvasses like soldiers with drawn swords, and some who approach them suavely, like diplomats. It is all a matter of feeling. To the one nature is a mistress to be conquered: to the other she is to be wooed. Among the latter class of the new men whom it has been my pleasure to watch, is Horatio Walker. There is, in all our art, nothing more charming, more truthful or more instinct with the delicate poetry of nature than these gray canvasses of Mr. Walker's, in which Acadian swineherds guard their wallowing charges, and peasants turn the black soil with the old Norman plow, and cattle graze among mist-sodden meadows under humid skies and are driven and foddered and milked after the quaint fashion of a forgotten time. Mr. Walker has found among the Canadian habitants a range of subjects perhaps as unique, and certainly as pleasing as any to be discovered in the world. Nature and humanity combine in this unprogressive region to produce motifs that art would have to be blunt indeed to find no inspiration in. The artist's methods lend a special charm to his translation of these living facts. The problem of light rather than that of color, is what he sets himself to solve, though as a colorist he displays a tender and appreciative eye. In effects of atmosphere and illumination he is especially felicitous. Yet his interior of an Acadian stable, shown last year at the American Art Galleries, with its mysterious depth and luminosity of color, was one of the canvasses of the exhibition, and before any public but the stolid American, which must be led, and whose leaders fear to discover new names, lest they should proclaim their own ignorance, would have won the painter the foundation of a reputation. As it was it gained him a medal and the applause of his *confrères*, both of which have since served him in good stead.

—The Fall Exhibition at the Academy of Design gained its deserts. It closed its door at a sale of less than \$10,000. The display at the American Art Galleries has done much better. The sales by auction have, however, been practically put a stop to by the enforcement of the law against selling pictures by gaslight, which the dealers are to make an effort to have repealed. Until the law is done away with we shall not see another great picture auction in New York. The dealers have been bringing in some good work. The collection at Boussand, Valadon & Co.'s will be found to possess the attraction of

freshness as well as native excellence. Mr. Durand Ruel has opened a gallery on Fifth Avenue and Mr. Avery's gallery has been removed to the building of Ortgies & Co., next to the Stewart Mansion. Here, as at Mr. Durand-Ruel's, new and excellent pictures are to be seen, and Messrs. Knoedler & Co. have added a fine Lefebvre to their collection. The collection of Mr. Haseltine contains also some novel canvasses of an attractive character and excellent quality. All of the dealers have enjoyed a share of the holiday trade, but no heavy sales of pictures have been reported, though it is whispered that Mr. George I. Seney has been in the market again and has left some handsome checks there. Mr. Seney must have, by this time, as valuable, if not as numerous, a collection as he sold. He has learned how to buy pictures since then.

—An interesting addition was made to the collection of Mr. Haseltine this month, though only for a short time. This was a magnificent example of Jules Dupré, which is now the property of a Philadelphia collector. It is one of the most superb works that the master produced, and by all accounts the most important that has come to this country. But Mr. Haseltine's galleries are always rich in works of this order and school. Here may one constantly find examples of Jacque, Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau, Troyon and Courbet, not mere dealers' pictures, but canvasses showing the painters at their best, artistically and creatively. In pictures of the order popular with American collectors, the galleries are always well provided too. It is safe to count on finding a good Gérôme at Mr. Haseltine's. The latest is "The Vapor Bath," in which there is some exquisite painting of female form and flesh. Henner is another painter certain to be found in all his charms; Roybet, Alfred Stevens, Josef Israels, Cazin, Jules Breton, de Nittis, Tissot, Constant, Schreyer, are other names one finds in the current list, in all cases with worthy examples to do them credit. Since Bargue has come into fashion with us, he is not absent from Mr. Haseltine's walls, you may be sure. Next to the French, the collection is especially strong in pictures bearing German names. Munkacsy can hardly be called a German any more, but there are numerous painters as to whose nationality there can be no dispute. There is also always a good Galofre or two, and representative still lifes by Lambert, Vollon and Roybet. The admirable arrangement of the galleries, and the specially capital disposition and lighting of the large gallery in the rear render Mr. Haseltine's settlement in the metropolis worthy of more than passing notice.

—The exhibition of Munkacsy's "Death of Mozart" has lent new interest to Mr. Sedelmeyer's exhibition at the Tabernacle in Twenty third Street. This picture was, it may be remembered, purchased by Governor Alger in Michigan, last year, and taken West without being shown in New York. Mr. Sedelmeyer, however, who is determined evidently not to have his Munkacsy cyclis in the metropolis incomplete, effected an arrangement with the owner by which the "Mozart" was secured for a brief period as part of the exhibition in which the "Calvary" has succeeded the "Christ before Pilate." The "Mozart" is shown in the private gallery in the rear of the big picture and is itself of sufficient size to fill one end of a quite commodious hall. It is a simple but adequate composition in which, especially in the upper portions of the principal figure, and in the sorrowing female behind it, is certainly shown some of the strongest painting the artist has given us. There is a

fine dramatic feeling and expression in the emaciated figure of the maestro, beating time with the hand death is already palsy-ing, for the "Requiem" his friends are singing for its composer. The other figures, grouped without affectation are strong characterizations strongly painted. The picture is sad in color, without being gloomy. The solemnity of the subject is carried into the chromatic scheme, but there is no attempt to exaggerate the relation between subject and sentiment. The handling is broad and simple, running in some portions to an unnecessary disdain of detail and throughout the work there is a certain absence of that quality which goes with many pictures to represent solidity of form but which spirited the touch of Munkacsy supplies by suggestion. There are many to whom the "Mozart" by Mathey is promised by M. Sedelmeyer. Mathey is one of the best etchers in France. He recently won the Salon medal in his art and should make a plate worthy of its original. The superb plate by Koepping after the "Christ on Calvary," a plate far superior to the Waltner transcription of the "Christ before Pilate" has been received by collectors and connoisseurs with the favor it deserves. The etcher has excelled himself in the rendition of this almost impossible subject before which any talent, however intrepid, could have been excused for quailing.

—Apropos of Koepping, the general public is probably not aware of the masterly work this great etcher has produced for M. Sedelmeyer. His copy of one of the greatest of Rembrandt's "The Syndics" is a plate to be criticised upon the same lofty plane as the original picture. In it he has seized the technique of the subject with an amazingly firm grasp. In portions of Waltner's "Night Watch" the etcher achieves reproduction of some of Rembrandt's handling. In "The Gilder" which is a truer etching Waltner gets very little of the brush feeling. But in the copies of Koepping after Rembrandt which M. Sedelmeyer has published, the etcher follows the painter with the sympathetic devotion and the instinctive appreciation of a true devotee. Anyone who has studied Rembrandt's technique, its massive quality and regal breadth of handling and the exquisite suggestiveness that lurks in its luminous shadows and slumbers in its glowing lights, must to a certain extent comprehend the enormous difficulty of rendering this large art in little scratches on copper. Yet M. Koepping has managed to do it. In "The Syndics" above all, the interest he has given to the large and sombre masses of drapery and the almost unmodulated planes of wall and tapestry is wonderful. The plate which is a large one, has the bigness of a painting. The details of its mechanical treatment are all subordinated to the general effect. In time to come, when masters are to be judged by their work, "The Syndics" will establish Mr. Koepping's title to a place in the immortal front rank of the great etchers of the world.

—We shall to all appearances have a brilliant water color exhibition this year. The little hand of naturalists at whose head stands H. W. Ranger, has already shown some extraordinarily good work and on every hand the pictures that are in preparation promise well. The Etching exhibition which shares the Academy with the Water colors will run more to published works than ever, I fancy. The etchers appear to be all busy with reproductions of their own or other people's pictures, and the decline in the popular demand for artist etchings of the lighter order has put a limit upon their productiveness. One of the most interesting plates that I have lately seen is published

by Mr. Keppel. It is a very able dry point by Mr. Manry after a monotype by Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the actor, who is also an amateur of the easel of some ability. The Bulletin exhibition at Mr. Keppel's will be ready for inspection some time next month and ought to attract extensive attention. As it will get an excellent advertisement by the translation of Philippe Burty's article on the artist in Harper's Magazine for February it will doubtless secure the notice that it deserves.

—Art is so rarely associated with the murky romances of New York politics that the connection that was represented by Cephas G. Thompson who died recently in this city is worth noting. Mr. Thompson was a portrait painter and not a very good one. He painted pictures of impossible subjects that were no better than his likenesses. Of course he was a N. A. He will be chiefly remembered, if he is remembered at all, however, as the father of Hubert O. Thompson, the Boss Tweed of the County Democracy whose sudden death caused such an explosion in municipal politics. He was a brother also of Jerome Thompson who won the reputation of painting the worst and in the popular sense most successful pictures that chromo lithography ever duplicated.

—The taste for bric-à-brac having begun as a fashion and culminated as a craze has settled to its legitimate level. The purveyors of rubbish still find patronage. But it is from a very different class to that which originally paid the tribute of ignorance to commercial shrewdness. That class having outgrown its errors and educated itself out of its ignorance has commenced to collect intelligently and with taste and judgment. Such a collection as that of Mr. Bing, for instance, would not have been dreamed of here, ten years ago. The sharpeners of the trade supplied the market with what they could foist upon it, and true experts, respecting themselves and demanding recognition for the merit of their collections, held aloof. That this has changed is one of the good signs of the times. That cabinets that would appeal to the cultivated taste of Paris can be profitably set up on Fifth Avenue means much more than a mere commercial event. We accord, as a people, too little honor to such dealers as these, who are in effect evangelists of good taste among us. The appreciation of bric-à-brac is one of the refinements of an education in esthetics.

—No one in whom any taste is latent could visit a collection like that of Mr. Bing, with its gems of crystal, its marvels of jade, its single color glazes and decorative pastes, examples of that great era of porcelains which has become a wonder in the history of art, its carvings, its inlayings, its priceless lacquers, its enamels and bronzes and embroideries, each specimen of which presents some perfection peculiar to itself, without experiencing a growth within him of that fire which sways the enthusiast. I note that in the New York department, over which Messrs. Getz and Thomas preside, the quality of the collection is quite as high as in the Paris house which Mr. Bing himself keeps in charge, and that there are even more costly and precious rarities in it. But money is easier in America than in Europe just now. When we buy over here we do not count the price.

—The Herts establishment is another in which the bric-à-brac hunter may revel in the indulgence of his taste. Its stock is of a very different order from the Bing collection, being more indiscriminate in character and not as precious in quality by any means. It has indeed, more of a mixed character of a

museum than the orderly charm of a collector. It is, however, rich in objects of interest and of often high antiquarian and decorative value. Another mine for the collector is Lanthier's, always well stocked with ancient silver and gilt plate, furniture and tapestries, and where just now may be seen a collection of porcelains of Oriental and European origin, whose beauty only actual inspection can do justice to. It is an attestation of the advancement of public taste that at none of these or other similar establishments is to be seen the inferior order of wares that a few years ago the demand forced all of them to keep in stock. Even at those houses, famous rather for high prices than for the immaculate quality and authenticity of the objects they dealt in, an appreciable improvement is evident. In one of these shops where it was commonly averred no man could deal, if only to the extent of a ten dollar note, without being forced to pay a heavy premium to proprietary rapacity and dishonesty, there has been, I notice, such a reduction in prices that one might be almost safe to patronize it.

—Mr. Heromich Shugio has in contemplation, he tells me, a little book on the Japanese application and arrangement of flowers for decorative purposes. Now that our florists have about exhausted their ingenuity in this direction such a work should be a god-send to them. No race has brought the decorative application of flowers to the perfection the Japanese have. It is the refinement of the art, besides which the beauty and sluggish methods of the Caucasian florist are barbaric child-play. That we seriously need something new in the floral line must be evident to anyone who has done any dancing or dining out this season. The decorations, though extraordinarily luxurious, often to a disgusting degree, have betrayed only the maximum of lavishness and the minimum of taste. We have got so far that the orchids are called into use, not to make the ensemble prettier, but merely to make it cost more. When bad taste arrives at this pitch it is time indeed to call a halt, which Mr. Shugio's book is likely to do.

—A good word is due to the second, or rather the re-arranged and amplified, exhibition of pictures at the Eden Musée. The interest of the display and its quality are equally advanced. It is a collection that no art lover or picture purchaser can afford to miss; and it is part, moreover, of the most interesting entertainment given in the city to-day, not excepting the theatres and the circus. [A. T.]

—Our readers will have doubtless remarked the finished execution of Mr. Bonaventure's portrait, as inserted in the article of our contributor, Mr. Max Maury. This pen and ink sketch can give them a fair idea of the merit of the artist who kindly consented to contribute this design to the present number of THE CURIO. Mr. Barthélemy Grenié has been in this country a few years already and always actively at work; but his productions, very limited in number, having been placed at once into the hands of a few of our cleverest collectors, Mr. Grenié has thus been deprived, to some extent, of that approval of the public at large which had followed him from France to England where he obtained several medals over celebrated competitors. This young artist not only succeeds in giving a highly interesting resemblance to his portraits, but his invention of painted tapestries is gaining for him,—in America as it did in Europe,—a wide and deserved approbation. His training is perfect, his technique prudent and sure, his inspirations of

the most delicate order and his good taste infallible. With such qualities, no wonder that the English press unanimously accepted him as the foremost among the "decorators of the great modern school." We propose to give our readers, in a later number, some more detailed particulars concerning this artist whom we are proud to count among the friends and the mainstays of our art department. [E. de M. F.]

NEW BOOKS.

PRE-GLACIAL MAN AND THE ARYAN RACE, by Lorenzo Burge.—The scope and nature of Mr. Burge's work are more clearly indicated in its elaborate sub-title, "A History of Creation, and of the Birthplace and Wanderings of Man in Central Asia, with a History of the Aryan Race, their Rise and Progress, and the Promulgation of the first Revelation; their Spiritual Decline, and the Destruction of the Nation; the Inroad of the Iuranians, and the Scattering of the Remnant of the Race, as deciphered from a very ancient Document," etc. Mr. Burge neglects to tell us in his title that the "very ancient document" in question is Genesis, which he interprets allegorically, after the fashion of the mystics of various schools. Mr. Burge adheres closely to the Mosaic order of Creation, and does not even once refer to the great Huxley-Réville-Gladstone discussion of the same question. It is difficult to give any critical estimate of Mr. Burge's book, as it is above or beneath criticism, according to the views of the reader. [Lea & Shepard.]

THE VOIAGE AND TRAVAYLE OF SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE, KNIGHT, edited by John Ashton.—In these days of travel and exploration, when the fascinating words, *terra incognita*, have been almost obliterated from our maps, it is quaintly delightful to revert to the time when Sir John Maundeville gravely entertained his contemporaries with relations of lands where men "have no head ne eyen and theyr mouth is in theyr shoulders," and of islands "where are foule men that have the lippes aboute the mouth so greate that when they sleepe in the sonne, they cover all theyr face with the lippe." These are among the most credible of the marvels which good Sir John is so fond of relating. But who does not love, in his heart of hearts, the *splendide mendax*, be the latter traveller, fisherman or warrior? Mankind is always ready to be fooled, even knowingly, and it is this sceptical credulity which explains the undying popularity of the Maundevilles and Marco Polos. But Sir John, it should be said, has a higher title to fame than that of his splendid mendacity, he disputes with Wyclif the honor of being the father of English prose. Unfortunately Mr. Ashton has not seen fit to give us the original text of the *Voiage*, or rather the contemporaneous translation of the primitive Latin text, but has preferred the less archaic language of East's edition (*circa* 1570), which is itself a reprint of Pynson's edition (*circa* 1493.) The value of the present volume, however, is enhanced in the eyes of the bibliophile by the reproduction of the wood cuts which adorned Pynson's edition, also by a carefully compiled bibliography, in the appendix of Sir John Mandeville's great work. [London, Pickering & Chatto.]

OLDEN TIME MUSIC, by Henry M. Brooks.—Mr. Brooks has diligently rummaged among dusty piles of olden time masters in order to collect information about olden time music. The term "olden-time" should be taken in the American sense, as Mr. Brooks' unpretentious volume is chiefly a compilation from Boston, Salem and Newport newspapers. As we finger its pages

we hear once more the tinkle of the spinnet in the shady streets of Colonial towns, and once more we tread, hand on heart, the mazes of old minuets. But it requires a touch of sympathetic imagination to conjure up such scenes beneath the dry, although quaint advertisements of the book. Mr. Brooks has shown admirable taste in not obtruding unnecessary comments between his excerpts. In two words he has provided an anthology which will prove invaluable to the antiquarian, and fascinating to the sentimentalist. [*Ticknor & Company.*]

HANDBOOK OF VOLAPÜK, by Charles E. Sprague.—It has been our pleasure, a few years ago, to meet the worthy author of this curious little book. We had been touched ourselves by a desire to become conversant in the **UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE**, and had procured, to that effect, most of the European publications on the subject. We found then, and we still think that there is much more in the *Volapük* craze—as many call it—than there ever was in most similar ventures. Mr. Sprague's work fortifies us strongly in this manner of thinking, as his Grammar settles the main points of the debate with quiet and precise arguments. There is no use denying, moreover, that the study of *Volapük* is making enormous strides in the business community all over the world, and that, for commercial correspondence—with the Eastern natives, for instance—it would be of inestimable value. No pretense is made—be it borne in mind—to create a literary language, but the desire of the eminent inventor, Father Schleyer, and of his enthusiastic disciple, Mr. Sprague, is to present to the world a medium of intercourse devoid of all difficulties of pronunciation and construction, and easily mastered in a few weeks. That such a result can be obtained we feel bound to admit, through personal experience. We may add that the *Volapük clientele* number now hundreds of thousands of adherents and that many men of high standing and scholarship endorse to the full the principles and the practical application of the *International Language*. [*The Office Company.*]

SONGS FROM THE SEASONS, by Dexter Carlton Washburn.—A bright young New York journalist presents to the public, under the above title, his maiden effort in the realm of poetry. There are many pleasing touches in these short poems which recall forcibly to the mind—with all due respect for that graceful lyrical form—the so-called Society verse. Perhaps Mr. Washburn did not look up any higher; in that case he may feel that he has scored a success. [*Charles T. Walter, St. Johnsbury, Vt.*]

EMINENT PUBLISHING HOUSES.

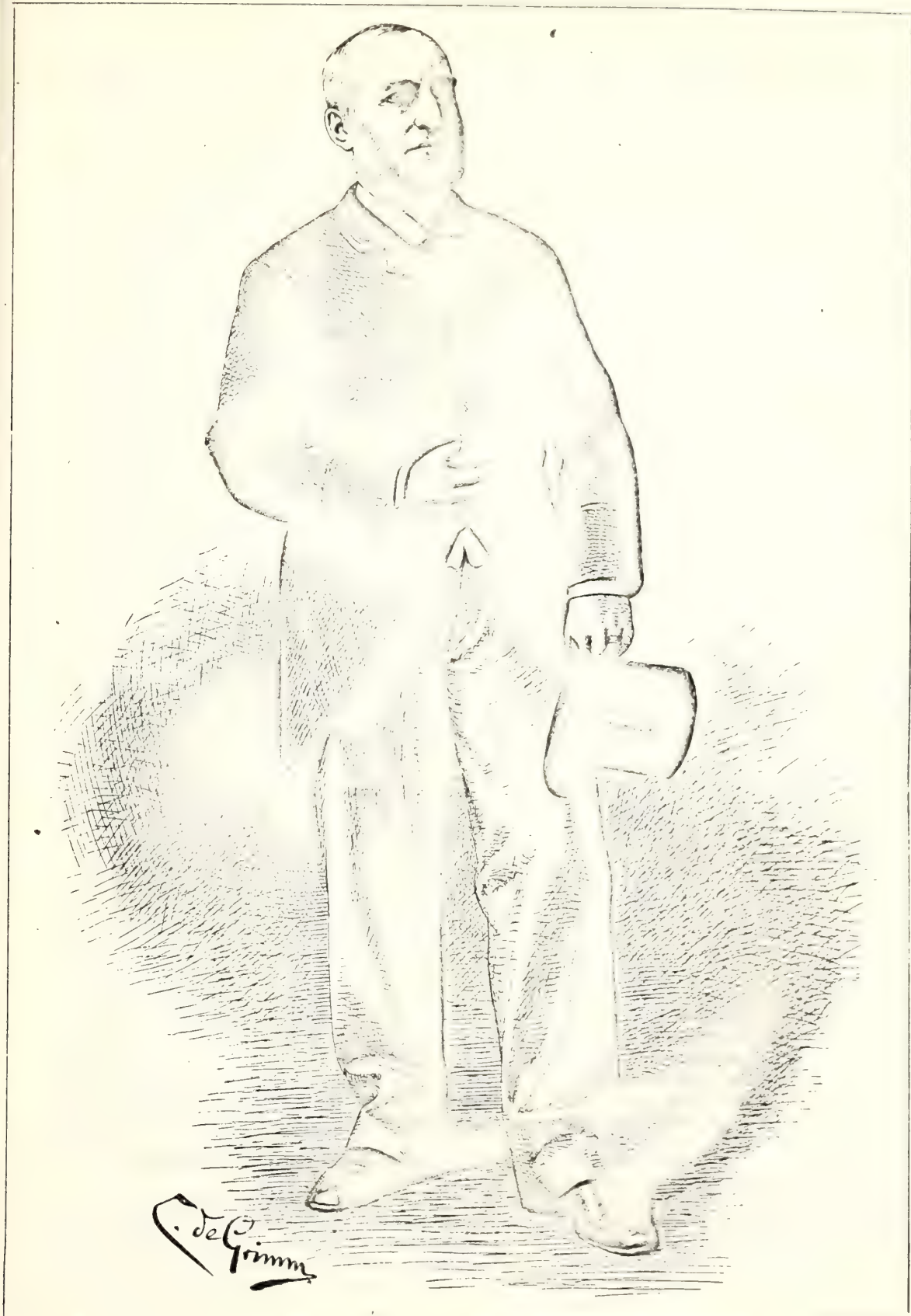
Benziger & Co. in EINSIEDELN, WALDSHUT, NEW YORK, CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO.—That one half the world does not know how the other half lives, is an adage that finds a fresh illustration in the subject of the present article. To many of our readers the firm which is known in Europe as Benziger & Co., in America as Benziger Bros., will be familiar enough; to others it will be a surprise to learn that a huge international business has developed out of the provision of devotional books, ornaments and other requisites for the members of the Church of Rome. And yet a moments consideration of the peculiar constitution of the Roman Church will show that such a development is natural and indeed necessary. The unity of theological doctrine which distinguishes the Church of Rome produces a unity of ritual and devotional expression which transcends the differences of clime and speech, and renders the

work of those who labor for the sanctuary like the artificers of old equally intelligible and welcome in all lands. And when we add to this that the Roman Church, taking heed of the innate tendency of the Aryan mind to seek for some embodiment of its highest thoughts, does much of its teachings by pictorial and plastic representation of holy things we need no longer wonder that the demand for such objects arises from all Roman countries alike, or that the supply of that demand should assume an international character. This is by no means the only point in which the contemplation of Messrs. Benziger's catalogues arouses interesting thoughts, but our space for sociological reflections is but limited and we must pass on to our legitimate subject.

The business, then, of Messrs. Benziger is the supplying of the books, pictures, statues, ornaments and other accessories required in the devotional life of the Roman Church. The house was first founded in 1792 by Joseph Karl Benziger and bade fair to prosper; but it fell upon the evil times of the Napoleonic wars, and when peace came at last in 1815, the work of foundation had practically to be done over again. In the last-mentioned year Joseph's son Karl entered the business, and was followed in 1824 by his younger brother Nicolaus. In 1833 the founder retired and the style of the house was changed to Gebr. Karl & Nicolaus Benziger. In the next year began business relations with America, which extended so rapidly that in 1853 a branch was opened in New York and in 1860 another in Cincinnati. At the same time three sons of each partner were admitted to a share in the business, namely Karl Benziger-Reding; Nicolaus Benziger-Benziger; Martin Benziger-Dietschy; Adelrich Benziger Sarntheim; Louis Benziger-Mächler. In 1873 a new branch was opened at St. Louis. Five years later Adelrich Benziger-Sarntheim died. In 1881 two more partners were admitted from the younger generation, Karl Benziger-Schnüringer and Nicolaus C. Benziger-Stoffel. This year (1888) further changes have taken place, and the firm branches are specially important. Next come fine illustrated works, of which the majority are of a religious character; others, however, like Kuhn's *Roma* and Tümler's *Thierleben*, appeal to the general public. Books for the young are issued in large numbers by the firm which also produces series of narrative stories—the *Familienfreund* and *Familienbibliothek*, and two periodicals, *Unsere Zeitung* and the *Alte und Neue Welt*. A richly illustrated almanac is issued every year in English, German, French and Italian, in an edition of more than 300,000 copies. Among secular works may be mentioned the 40 annual issues of the *Geschichtsfreund* and the *Mittheilungen des historischen Vereins des historischen Vereins des Kantons Schreyz*. A large stock of the best Roman liturgical works is also kept.

Now consists of Karl Benziger-Schnüringer, Louis Benziger-Mächler, Nicolaus C. Benziger-Stoffel, Carl M. Benziger-Gottfried, and Joseph Benziger. Nicolaus Benziger, sen., continues to sign by procuration. Simultaneously, further branches have been opened in Chicago and Waldshut.

An idea of the present extent of the operations of the house will be best gained by an enumeration of the branches with which it deals. In the publishing department the first place is naturally taken by prayer and other religious books in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Croatian and other languages, among them a *Biblical History* in ten languages. The religious publications and catholic school books of the American



"the after-dinner talker."

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The art department is perhaps even more imposing. Here are noticeable the large chromo pictures of events in the life of Our Lord and the Saints, reproduced from the finest paintings of the Old Masters. To these succeed many thousand smaller pictures, religious and emblematic cards in steel, lithography or wood-cut and printed either in black or colors or heightened with gold and silver. Of these, as of the larger chromos, it hardly needs to be said that they are distinguished by their artistic execution no less than by their devotional conception. The magnificent etchings illustrative of the Tell legend after the frescos of Stuckelberg in the Tellskapelle by the Vierwaldstättersee have also excited the admiration of the art-loving public. The sole right of reproducing these splendid pictures has been acquired by Messrs. Benziger.

But these departments do not exhaust the activity of the firm. We have yet to mention the ecclesiastical department. Here are produced all those manifold requisites which gave to the services of the Roman Church their magnificent character. Altar pieces, oil-paintings, medallions, medals, crucifixes, rosaries, these are only a few of the infinite variety of objects. The firm has its own manufactory at New York for ostensoriums, chalices, ciboriums, etc., and sells on a very large scale all kinds of Church goods, such as lamps of solid brass, pectoral crosses, solid gold pyxes, episcopal rings, altars, tabernacles, baldachins, baptismal fonts, vestments embroidered in silk and gold, banners, regalia, etc. The Royal Bavarian Art Institute for Stained Glass of F. H. Zettler in München has also entrusted Messrs. Benziger with its sole agency.

The productions of the firm have not failed to meet with the recognition which is deserved by their high artistic merit. Not only have the most important Roman churches throughout the world availed themselves of Messrs. Benziger's services, but testimonials and awards from distinguished persons and public exhibitions show the esteem in which the house stands in the world of art.

That such a gigantic production requires extensive machinery is obvious, particularly when we add that the house does work for other firms also. From the latest circular of Messrs. Benziger we gather that their establishment contains 17 steam and 5 hand printing presses; 8 steam and 11 handpresses for lithography; for copper-plate printing 11 presses and for heliogravure 2; that in addition they have facilities for chromolithography, steel engraving, wood engraving, photography and phototyping, for stereotyping and electrotyping, while the book-binding branch employs 50 machines.

We remarked at the outset how intimately the development of such an industry as Messrs. Benziger's was connected with the unique development of the Roman Church; we would not have it supposed that we underrate the skill, the vigor and the perseverance which were needed to overcome the difficulties which surrounded the house for many years after its foundation, and we gladly echo the apt quotation of an enthusiastic admirer of the firm:

Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

—G. Hecker.

HERE AND THERE.

THE ERDELYI NACZI ORCHESTRA.—THE CURIO does not often enter the domain of music, but when modern classicism is illuminated by the wild beauty of the oriental imagination,

there are suggestions of archaic quaintness which bring it appropriately to our attention.

The Hungarian civilization is a grafting of the enthusiasm of the East upon the culture of Europe. It is a rare and beautiful exotic whose wild luxuriance and brilliant coloring is only half concealed by the system under which it has developed. There is indeed in all the Hungarian life a suggestion of the East, of fire and passion, of enthusiasm and daring which impresses itself upon everything and most of all on music. When Erdelyi Naczi and his orchestra play the "Mikado Waltz," they adorn Sullivan's music with a distinct element of interest, just as, without adding or taking away a single note, they make the weird music of Schubert's "Erl-König" teem with wild suggestions of darkness and terror. The pathos, the strangeness with which the Magyar genius will endow the most familiar strains and transport the music of the Rhine to the banks of the Danube is almost marvellous.

But it is in the performance of their own music that the Gypsy musicians most excel. Listening with closed eyes to these productions, the mind is filled with pictures of strange forms, of galloping horses, of sabres flashing in the light of camp fires, of brilliant costumes and strange faces. All is *bizarre* and picturesque, and the almost barbaric beauty of the music seems a fit accompaniment to the phantasms which it suggests. This may be read between the lines of the programme at the Eden Musée and furnishes a reason for THE CURIO to glance back into the past which has so enriched the music of to day. [M.]

—We expected to publish in this number of THE CURIO, photo-engravings taken from Mr. Norio Komori's remarkable oil paintings. The works of this self-made Japanese artist—a resident of this city for many years—were to be appreciated by one of his distinguished countrymen, Mr. H. Shugio, a regular contributor to this magazine. The photo engravings proved so defective that we had to postpone article and reproductions until our March issue. But our visit to Mr. Wooley, of 123 Fifth Avenue, where Mr. Komori's pictures are exhibited, was not to be entirely without profit to our readers. This distinguished connoisseur, who for many years has given all his time to the studying and collecting of Far-Eastern curiosities, showed us over his place with great courtesy. Mr. Wooley is brimful of information and seems to take a genuine pleasure in imparting his knowledge to the well-disposed inquirer. Among the many objects of *virtue* that struck our fancy we may name an Izado vase (blue and white) with a quaint Buddhist decoration. An Imperial yellow dish made under the Ming dynasty, was there in all the splendor of perfect preservation, and so of many other rare specimens of china and faience ware.

Japanese ivory carved subjects and figures showed the ingenuity of the modern sculptors and for their gifted Island. One of these represented the famed Empress Kingo-Kogo, who avenged her country's defeat and her husband's death in conquering the cruel Koreans.

Siam rose-wood (improperly called teak-wood) is found there, as imported, under the form of tables, screens, cabinets, etc., etc.

Lovely embroideries multi-colored and bright with real gold thread, count among the many treasures imported direct by Mr. Wooley.

THE PERIODICALS OF THE MONTH.

The following articles, treating of subjects kindred to those topics THE CURIO is devoted to, were published since our last issue under the headings given hereafter :

Africa, Ivory Trade of.....	<i>Jeroboam's Weekly.</i>	Don Juan, Legend of.....	<i>Rev. B. W.</i>
Alaskan Society at Sitka.....	<i>Science.</i>	Edward IV., Accounts of.....	<i>Antiq.</i>
Archæology, Ancient Brasses in Kent.....	<i>Antiquary.</i>	Egypt, Exploration in.....	<i>Antiq.</i>
Archæology in U. S. Columbia.....	<i>Am. Antiq.</i>	Embroidery, Decorative.....	<i>Decorative and F.</i>
Art, Carpeaux.....	<i>Portfolio.</i>	Florence, Santa Maria del Fiore.....	<i>Am. Arch.</i>
Art, Carved Clay Wares.....	<i>Building.</i>	Gems in the United States.....	<i>Am. Arch.</i>
Art, Christ Ideals in America.....	<i>Amer. Mag.</i>	George Eliot's Roma.....	<i>Science.</i>
Art, Crown Collection of Pictures.....	<i>Art Journal.</i>	Gros, Baron.....	<i>Art Journal.</i>
Art, Decorative Embroidery.....	<i>Decorator and F.</i>	Harvard College.....	<i>Mag. Am. Hist.</i>
Art, Engravings of the Century.....	<i>New. Rev.</i>	Heraldry applied to Decoration.....	<i>Am. Arch.</i>
Art, Gros and Delacroix.....	<i>Art Journal.</i>	India Parable in Art.....	<i>Saturday Rev.</i>
Art, Institute of Painters in Oil.....	<i>Saturday Rev.</i>	Indians, Aboriginal Communal Life.....	<i>Amer. Antiq.</i>
Art, Interior Decoration.....	<i>Art Amateur.</i>	Japan, Art of.....	<i>China Decorator.</i>
Art, Japanese.....	<i>China Decorator.</i>	Jewels in History.....	<i>Jeroboam's Rev.</i>
Art, Lorraine, Claude.....	<i>American Art.</i>	Jews, Literature of.....	<i>Menorah.</i>
Art, Mary Stuart Portraits.....	<i>Leisure Hour.</i>	Keat's (John), Poems of 1820.....	<i>Harvard Mo.</i>
Art, Metropolitan Museum of.....	<i>Art Amateur.</i>	Lafayette, Visit to America.....	<i>Mag. Am. Hist.</i>
Art, Millet Jean F.....	<i>Connoisseur.</i>	Leather-Stocking, Prototype of.....	<i>Mag. Am. Hist.</i>
Art, Old London Exhibits.....	<i>Art Journal.</i>	Library Ass'n of the United Kingdom.....	<i>Book Lore.</i>
Art, Pre-Raphaelites on.....	<i>Beck's Journal.</i>	Lighthouses, Ancient and Modern.....	<i>Am. Arch.</i>
Art, Private American Galleries.....	<i>Connoisseur.</i>	Magic Mirror of Japan.....	<i>F. L. Pop. Mo.</i>
Artists, Royal Society of British.....	<i>Saturday Review.</i>	Manor Customs.....	<i>Antiquary.</i>
Art, Scottish Painters.....	<i>Portfolio.</i>	Middle Ages.....	<i>Chatting.</i>
Art, Tapestry Painting.....	<i>Decorator and F.</i>	Minnesota, Early History of.....	<i>Mag. W. Hist.</i>
Art, Verestchagin, Vassili.....	<i>Am. Architect.</i>	Mommisen.....	<i>Nation.</i>
Art, Leonard de Vinci.....	<i>Rev. Bleue.</i>	New Orleans, Street in old.....	<i>Amer. Mag.</i>
Art, Wolfe Collection.....	<i>Independent.</i>	Ohio, History of.....	<i>Mag. W. Hist.</i>
Art, Astor Library.....	<i>Women.</i>	Popes Tombs in France.....	<i>Gaz. d. Beaux A.</i>
Auld Robin Gray, Story of.....	<i>Girl's Own Paper.</i>	Printing Incunabula.....	<i>Book Lore.</i>
Boleyn Pedigree.....	<i>Athenæum.</i>	Raia Moeris of Middle Egypt.....	<i>Proc. R. G. Soc.</i>
Books, Amateur Annotators of.....	<i>Book Lore.</i>	Rosicrucian Brotherhood.....	<i>Gentleman's.</i>
Book-binding, Suggestions about.....	<i>Bookmart.</i>	Rossetti, Dante Gabriel.....	<i>Antiq.</i>
Books, Dedications of.....	<i>Bookmart.</i>	Satires of the Seventeenth Century.....	<i>Welcome.</i>
Books, Title Pages of.....	<i>Book Lore.</i>	Shakespeare and Byron.....	<i>Phoen. Jour.</i>
Borgia Caesar, Portraits of.....	<i>Gaz. d. Beaux A.</i>	Shakespeare Stratford-upon-Avon.....	<i>Bookmart.</i>
Brussels (Paris in Miniature).....	<i>F. L. Pop. Mo.</i>	St. Louis of France and his Barons.....	<i>Welcome.</i>
Chaldea, Metals of.....	<i>Pop. Sci. Mo.</i>	Swinburne's "Loquace".....	<i>Gentleman's.</i>
China, Collecting in.....	<i>Art Amateur.</i>	Swinburne's Philosophical Poetry.....	<i>Book Lore.</i>
China, Porcelaines in.....	<i>China Decorator.</i>	Tapestry, Manufacture of.....	<i>Gaz. d. Beaux A.</i>
China, Manufacturers of Sévres.....	<i>Gaz. d. Beaux A.</i>	Tapestry Painting.....	<i>Art Amateur.</i>
Clocks, Elegant Curious.....	<i>Decorator and F.</i>	Tolstoi, Leo (Count).....	<i>Fortnightly.</i>
Costumes, Studies in English.....	<i>Mag. of Art.</i>	Trollope (Anthony) as Novelist.....	<i>St. Louis Mag.</i>
Delacroix, Eugène.....	<i>Art Journal.</i>	Upholstery at Home.....	<i>Amateur Work.</i>
Domesday Book.....	<i>Athenæum.</i>	Vinci, Leonard de.....	<i>Revue Bleue.</i>
Domesday Book, Early Custody of.....	<i>Antiquary.</i>	Volapük.....	<i>Mod. Lang. Notes.</i>

THE "CURIO" CAMERA.

NO. 5.—"THE AFTER-DINNER TALKER."

The Honorable Chauncey M. Depew, sometime Secretary of State of New York, now the effective head of our most powerful Railroad.

Of French descent, he shows the kindly courtesy and the quick-witted common-sense of his race. Has the ready tongue of these Gauls of whom Cæsar wrote that "they loved the noise of battle and the noise of tongues." Has also their warm enthusiasm for noble causes and their surprising divination of the morrow. A lawyer's mind, too, like a Norman peasant: the gift of anecdote like a Tourangeau *curé*; the lightning-repartee like a *Boulevard* journalist. Still retains the tenacity of purpose of the Huguenot; thrifty, patient, vigilant. No gambler's nature; a workman who bides his time. The counsel, not the associate, of the Wall Street crowd.

Has not said his final farewell to politics, its snares and vanities. Holds in his broad, friendly palm the heart and hand of his employees. A monopolist of good deeds. Worth all the money he can earn . . . and more.

The Sibyl.

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